



THE #1 NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLING SERIES **THE NEW 52!**

BATMAN

VOLUME 6
GRAVEYARD
SHIFT

"Scott Snyder has reinvented
Batman, deepening and humanizing
the Dark Knight's myth like no one
since Frank Miller in the 1980s."

— THE NEW YORK TIMES

Capullo
'13
+fco

SCOTT SNYDER GREG CAPULLO



BATMAN

VOLUME 6 GRAVEYARD SHIFT



BATMAN

VOLUME 6
GRAVEYARD SHIFT

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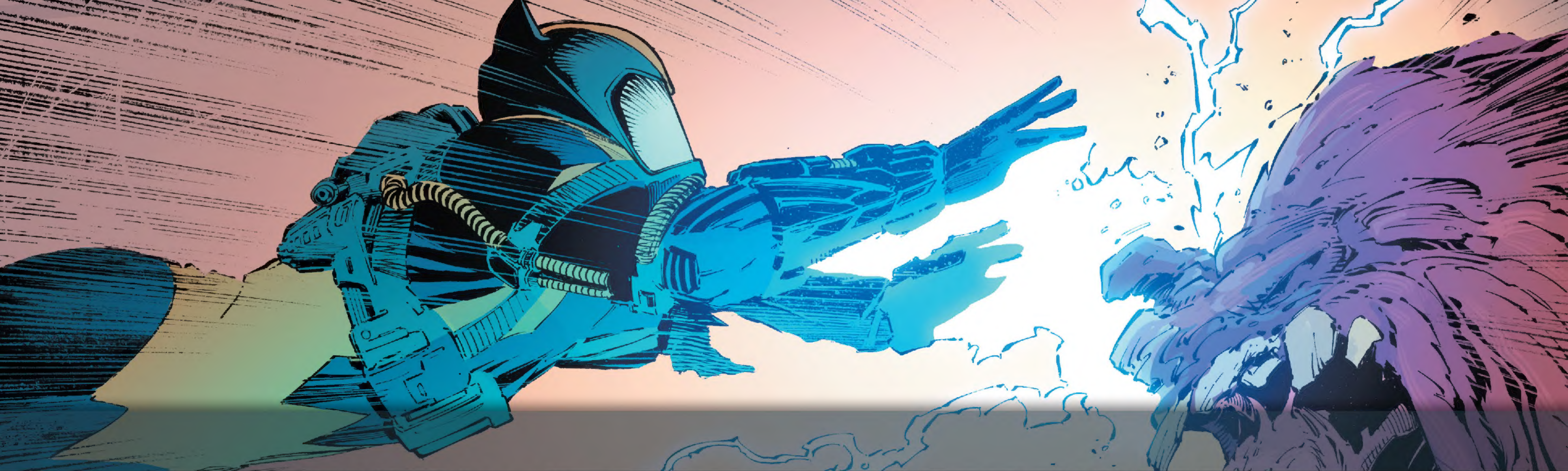
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BATMAN VOL. 6: GRAVEYARD SHIFT

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In these pages are a selection of exceptional standalone stories from Scott Snyder and Greg Capullo's acclaimed BATMAN, following the Dark Knight through his past and future and tying into ZERO YEAR, BATMAN INCORPORATED, BATMAN ETERNAL and more.

In the first of these lost tales, "Bright New Yesterday," readers flash back six years to the time now known as the Zero Year, when the newly returned Bruce Wayne was not yet calling himself Batman, but was already at work fighting Gotham's underworld. Likewise, "Tomorrow" and "Ages" explore the long-lasting effects of Batman's actions during the pivotal Zero Year.

Back in the present in "Resolve" and "Ghost Lights," Batman must process the death of his son and crime-fighting partner, Damian Wayne (whose tragic end in BATMAN INCORPORATED rocked all of Gotham's crime-fighters), before getting back to his detective roots in the mysteries "Nowhere Man" and "The Meek."

Finally, flashing forward to the near future in "Gotham Eternal," the Dark Knight and his new partner explore the darker world of BATMAN ETERNAL...



Capullo
12
+fco

BRIGHT NEW YESTERDAY

SCOTT SNYDER writer GREG CAPULLO penciller JONATHAN GLAPION inker FCO PLASCENCIA colorist cover by GREG CAPULLO and FCO PLASCENCIA



MINIMUM BLEED 1/4" ALL AROUND

LIVE AREA

CROP

BLEED

Gotham City...

Six Years Ago...

WHAT WAS ONCE
 OLD...

...WILL
 BE NEW
 AGAIN.

THAT
 WAS OUR
 MISSION.

PERHAPS SOME
 WILL ACCUSE US OF
 RAZING OUR OWN PAST
 TOO QUICKLY, TOO
 AGGRESSIVELY. WELL, TO
 THEM I SAY, "BEFORE YOU
 CRITICIZE OUR NEW
 GOTHAM NATIONAL
 BANK..."

...AT LEAST
 TRY OUR FREE
 COFFEE!"

HAHHAHA
 HA!

YOU REMEMBER HOW
 MANY COMPLAINTS WE GOT
 ABOUT THAT MACHINE? THE
 GROUNDS GETTING THROUGH ALL
 THE TIME? CUSTOMERS COMING
 UP WITH THOSE SPECKS IN
 THEIR TEETH? MY LORD...

SERIOUSLY,
 THOUGH. WELCOME TO
 YOUR NEW BANK, TEAM. IT'S
 MODERN AND FRESH, BUT IT
 HONORS THE *RICH HISTORY*
 OF GOTHAM NATIONAL BY
 OFFERING BETTER SERVICE,
 BETTER STRATEGY AND
 BETTER SECURITY.

NOW EAT
 CAKE!

THIS IS
 DELICIOUS,
 SAM. WHERE DID
 YOU FIND THE
 PLACE?

IT'S
 FROM THIS
 LITTLE BAKERY
 NEAR THE OLD
 POWERS--

KNOCK,
 KNOCK.



WHO'S THERE?
HISTORY.

HISTORY? WH--
BANG.
YOU'RE DEAD,
YOU IDIOT.
BECAUSE YOU
FORGOT
ME.



SO
REMEMBER
YOUR HISTORY,
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN.

AND
HISTORICALLY, AT
THE OLD GOTHAM
NATIONAL, THE WAY IT
WORKED WAS YOU
GOT DOWN ON THE
GROUND AND WERE AS
QUIET AS *CHURCH
MICE* AND WE DIDN'T
DECORATE THE
WALLS WITH
YOU.

ALL RIGHT?



NOW, RED
HOOD GANG--
*ROB THEM
BLIND!*



YOU...
YOU HAVE
NO RIGHT!
HOW DID
YOU GET IN
HERE?



WITH *THIS* LITTLE
DOODAD. MADE
BY YOUR OWN
SECURITY TEAM,
STOLEN BY
US.

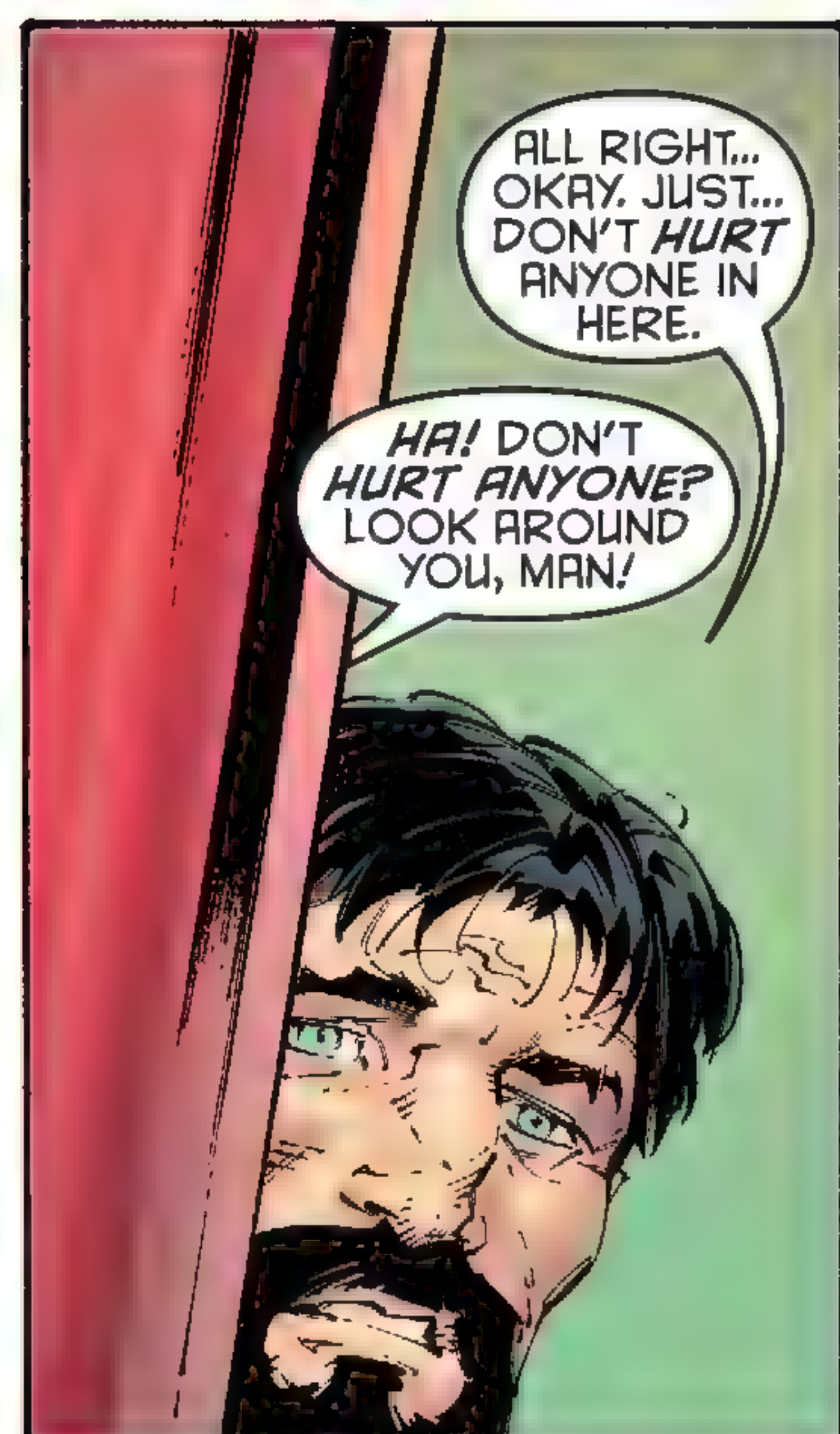
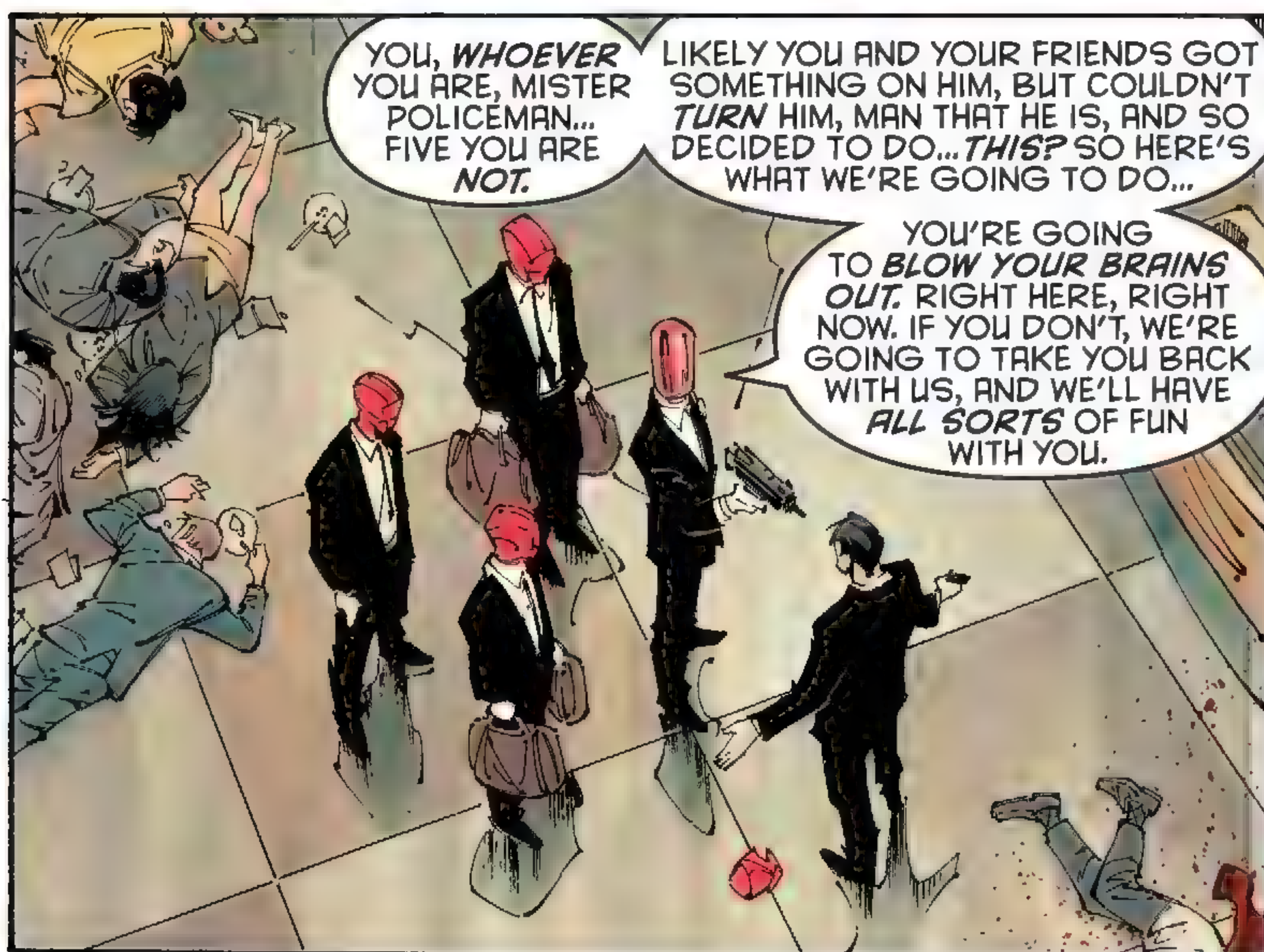
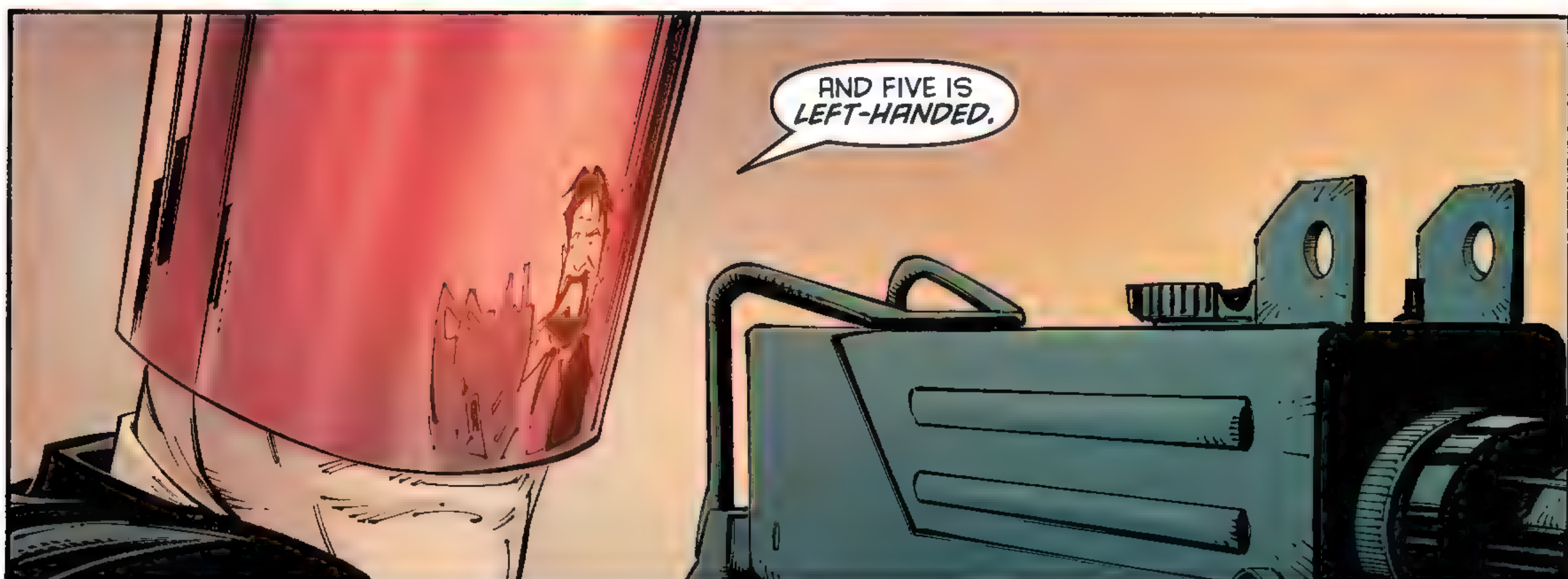
IT'S ALREADY
KNOCKED OUT
YOUR VAULT
CONTRACTION
SYSTEM, YOUR
SILENT ALARM, THAT
BRAND NEW COFFEE
MACHINE--THE ONE
THAT KEEPS THE
GROUNDS *IN* THE
PACKETS--

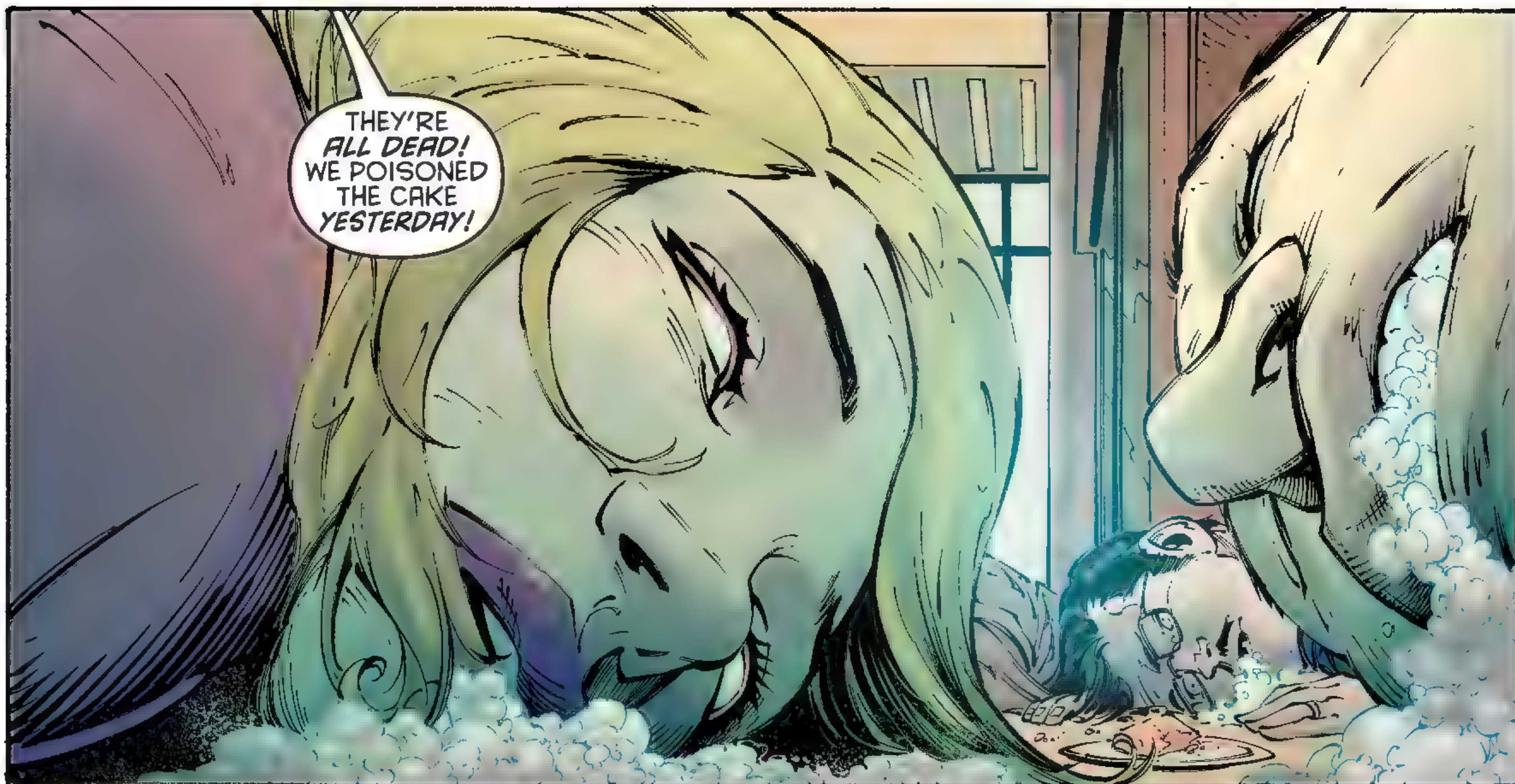
BUT SEE
I'M AFRAID
YOU WEREN'T
LISTENING TO
MY HISTORY
LESSON,
MR. DEKE.



RED HOOD FIVE,
PUT HIM DOWN.







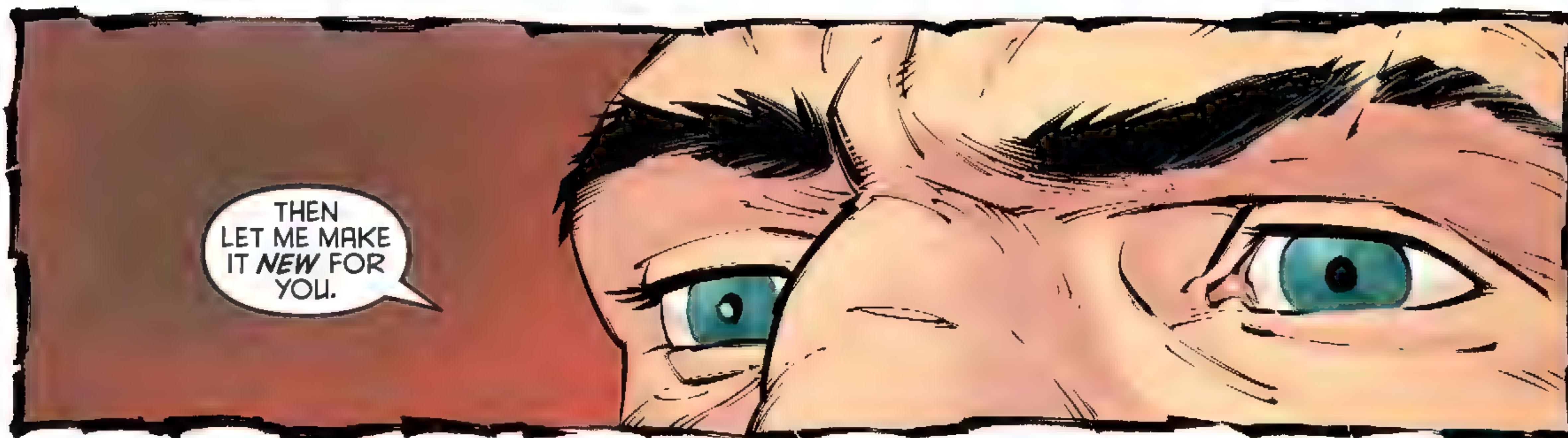
NOW GO ON,
LITTLE COPPER.
IN YOUR MOUTH.
NOW.



...COME ON
ALREADY, WILL
YOU? THIS IS
GETTING
OLD!



THEN
LET ME MAKE
IT NEW FOR
YOU.





Stupid, Bruce.
Stupid.

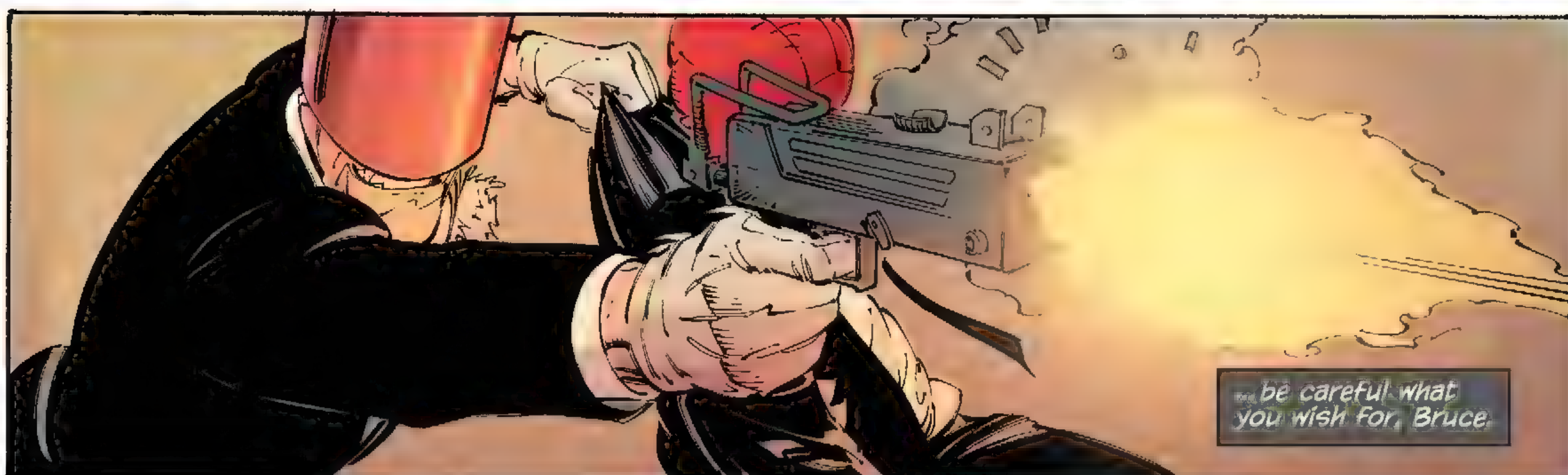
Should have done your homework.
Should have taken more time
studying him and the whole gang.



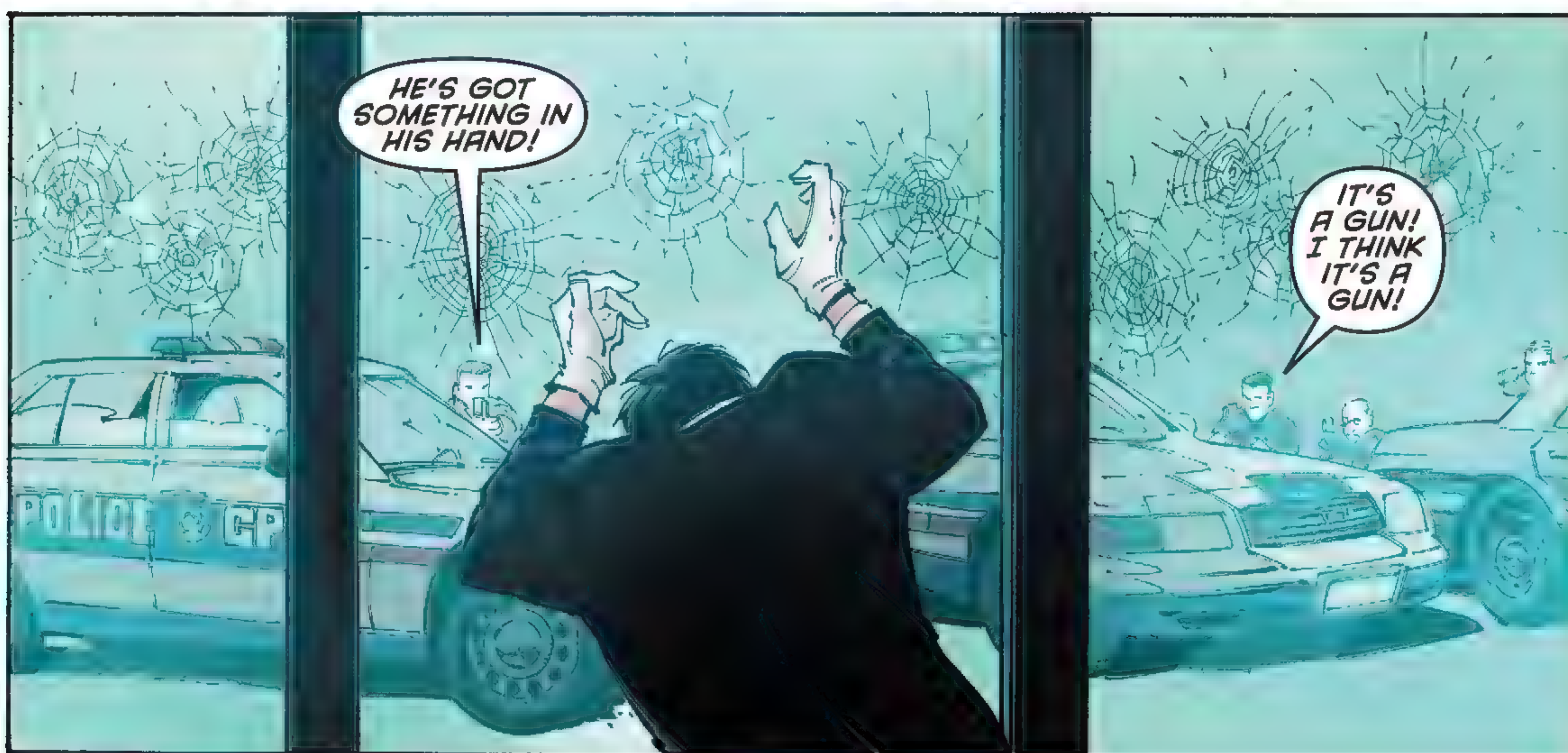
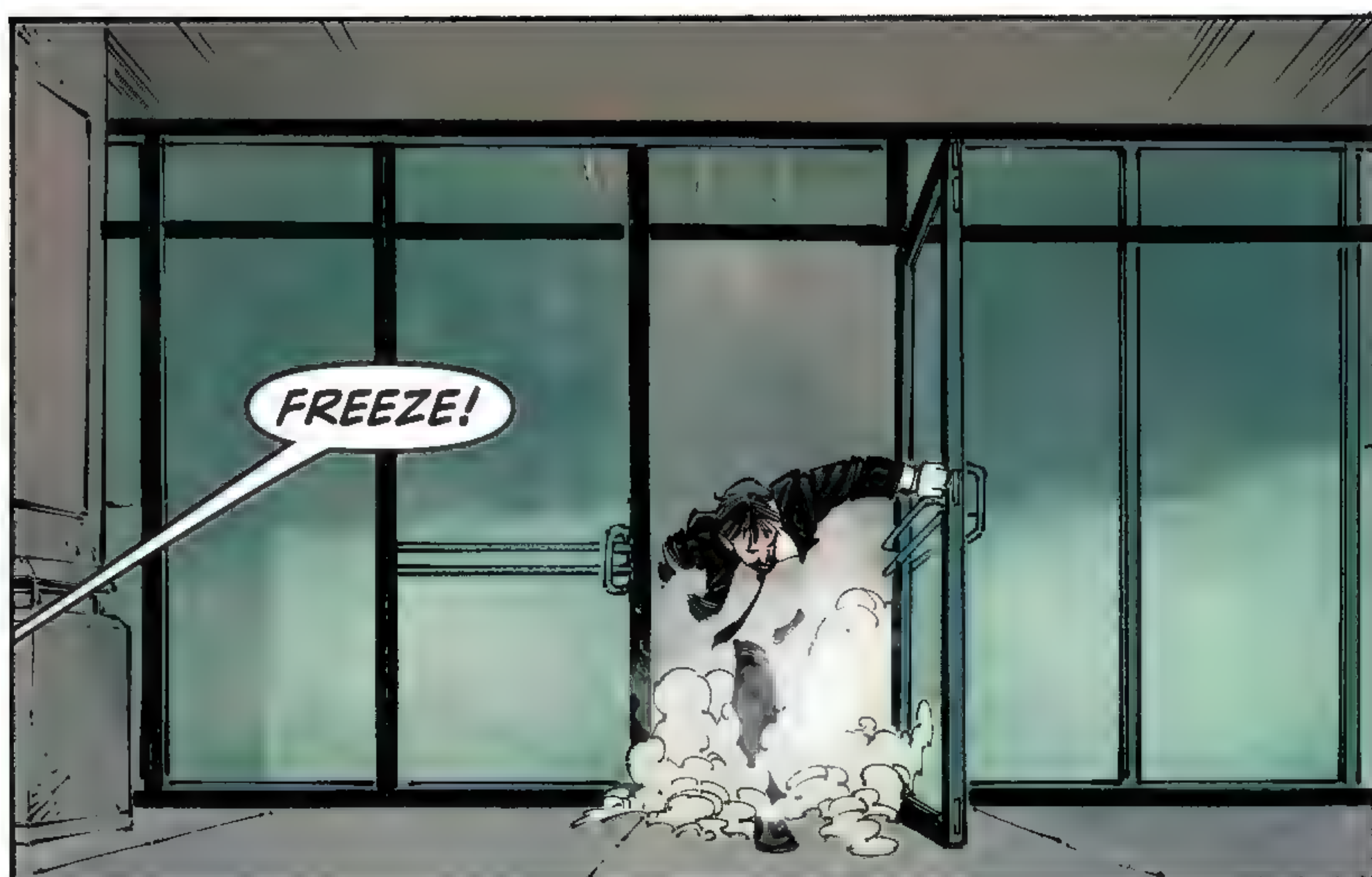
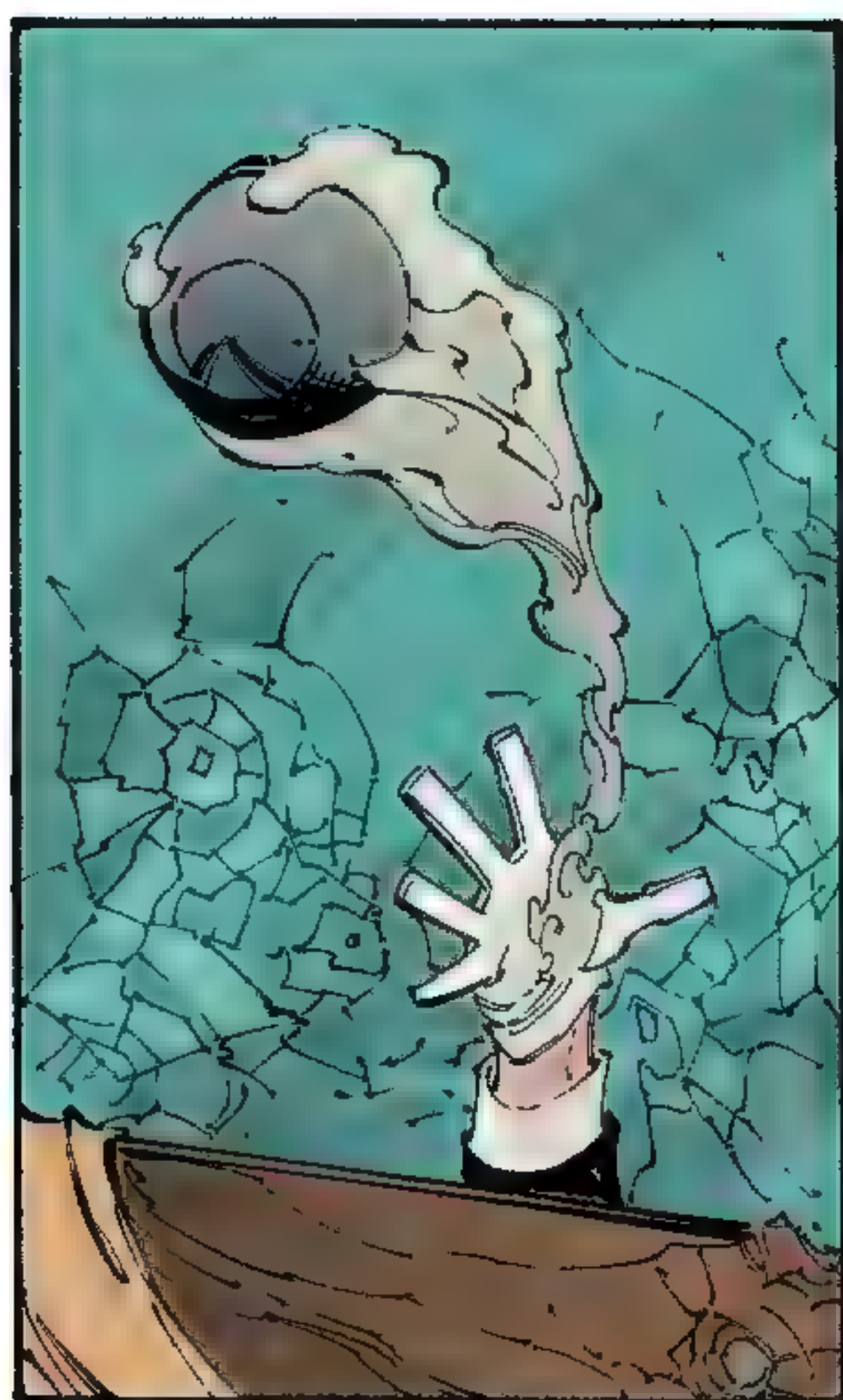
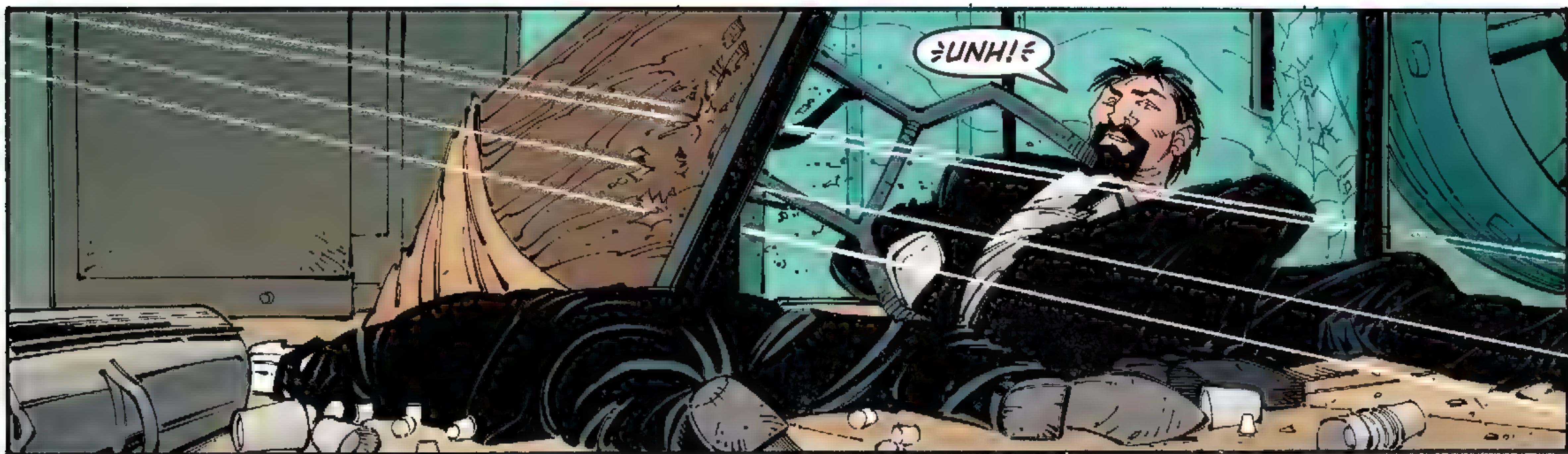
But no, you wanted to
get into the Red Hood
Gang before the robbery.
See them in action.

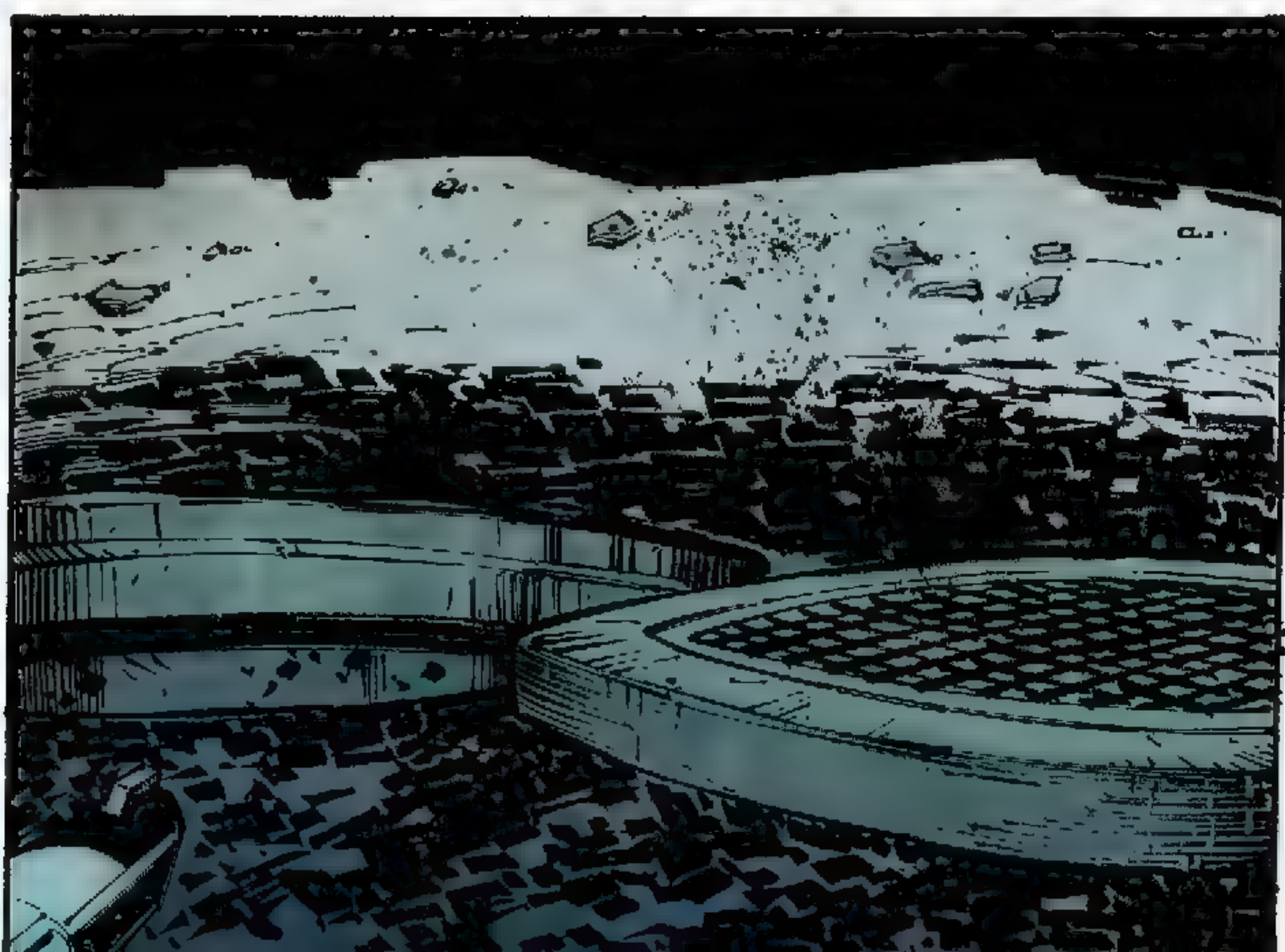
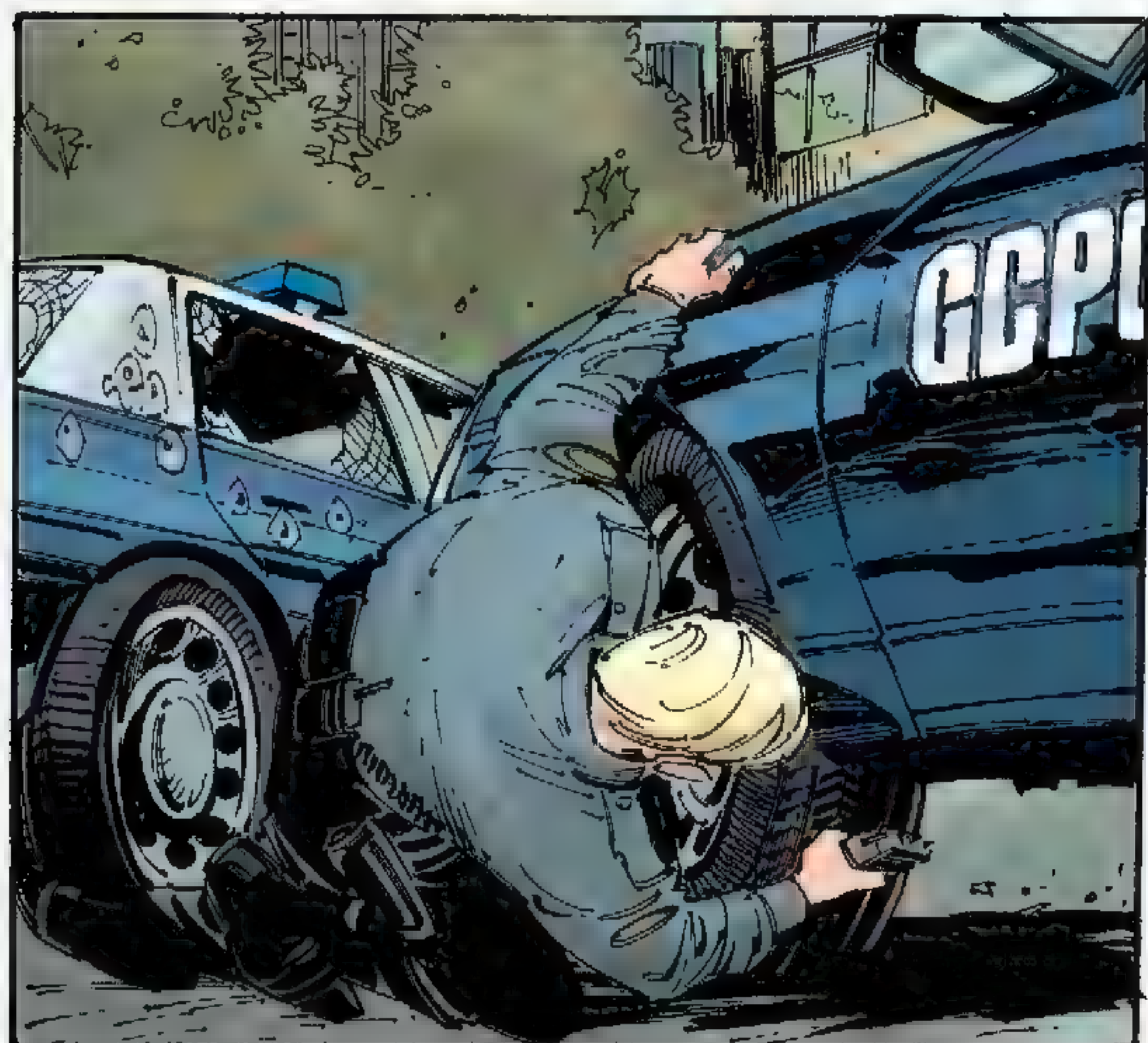


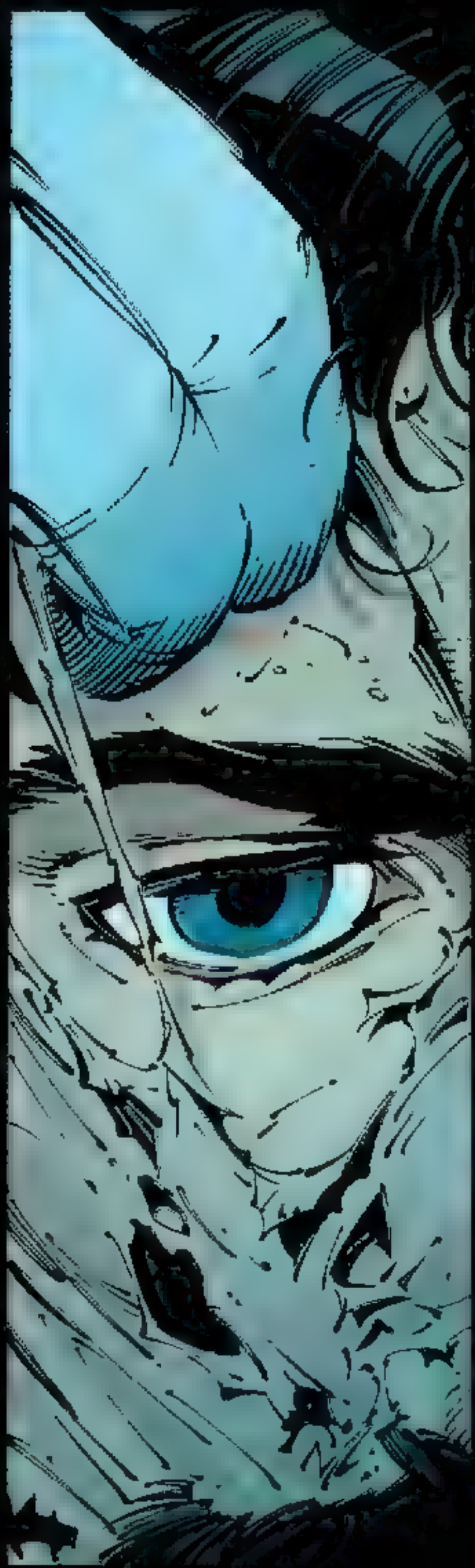
As Alfred
would say...



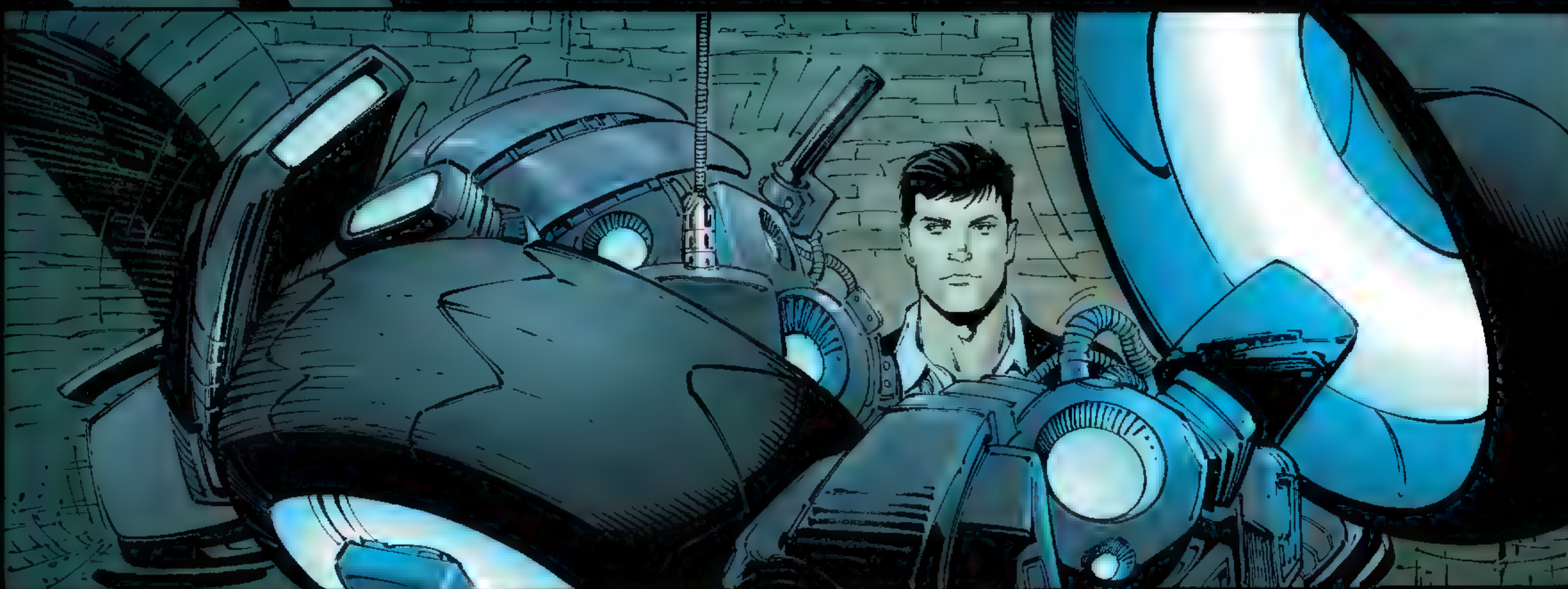
Be careful what
you wish for, Bruce.







VALET.

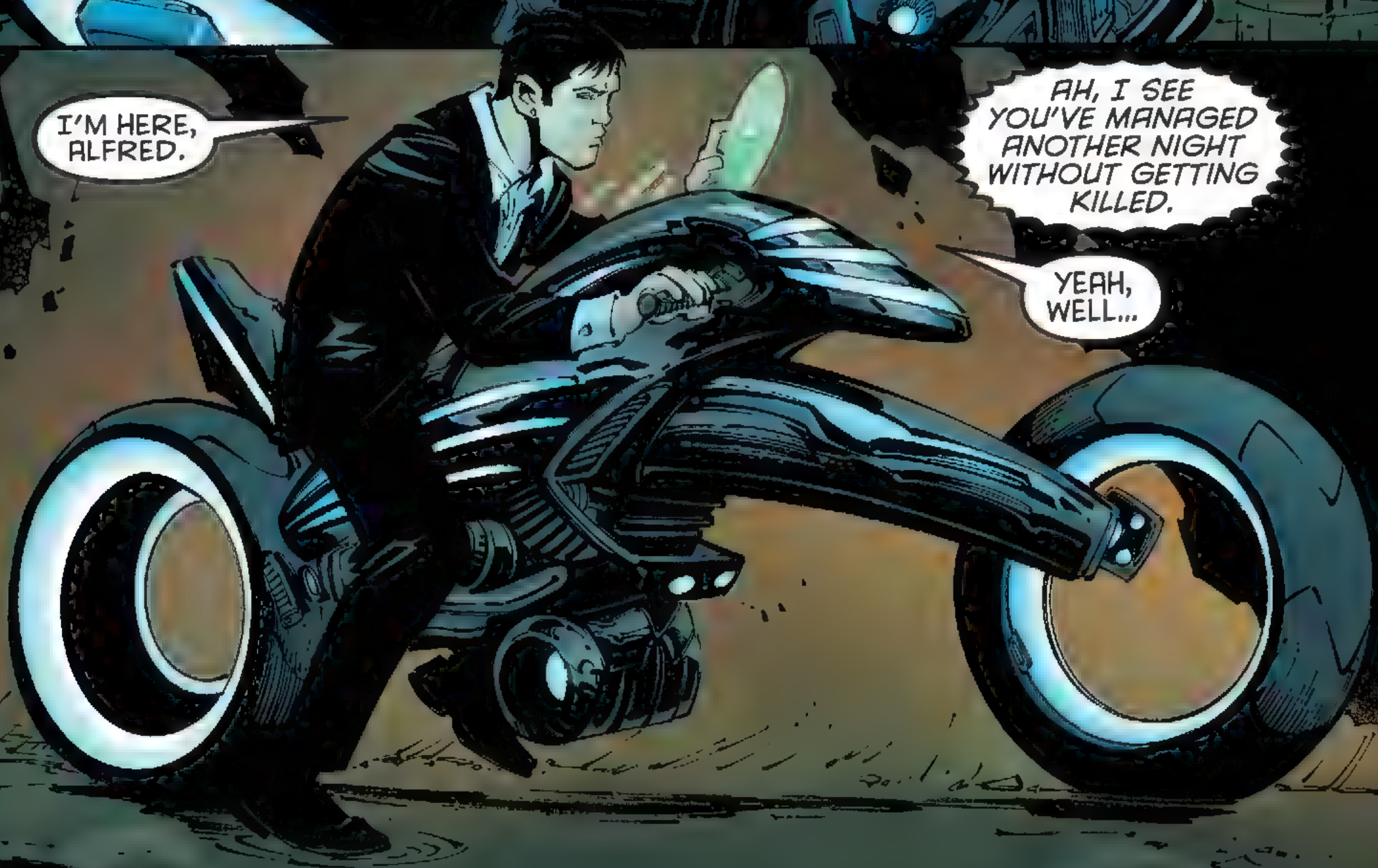


MASTER
BRUCE?

I'M HERE,
ALFRED.

AH, I SEE
YOU'VE MANAGED
ANOTHER NIGHT
WITHOUT GETTING
KILLED.

YEAH,
WELL...



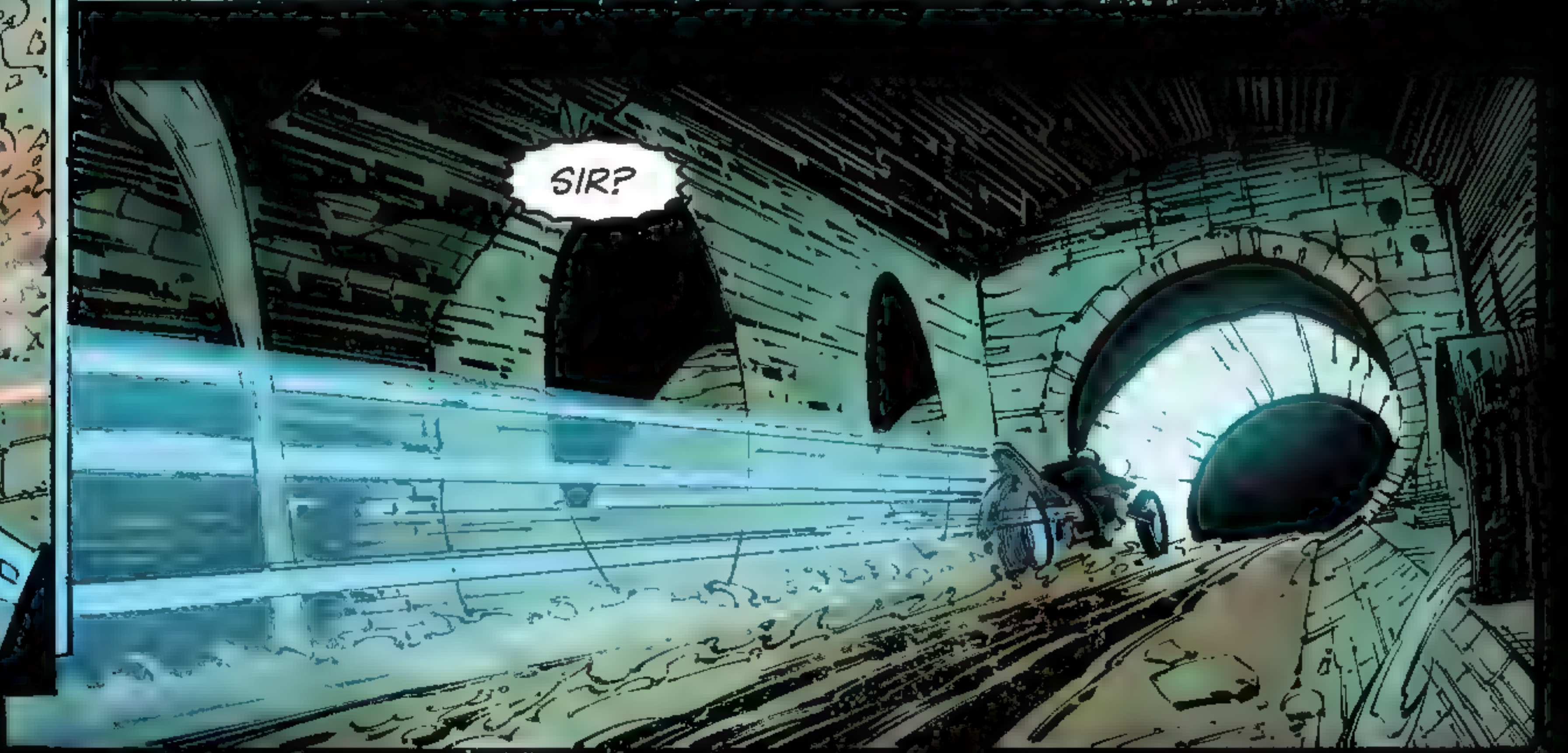


...THE NIGHT'S STILL YOUNG.

THERE YOU ARE! DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'RE ALLIGATORS DOWN HERE?



ARE THOSE GUNSHOTS, SIR?



SIR?



THE BACKDOOR IS STILL REGISTERING AS SHUT...

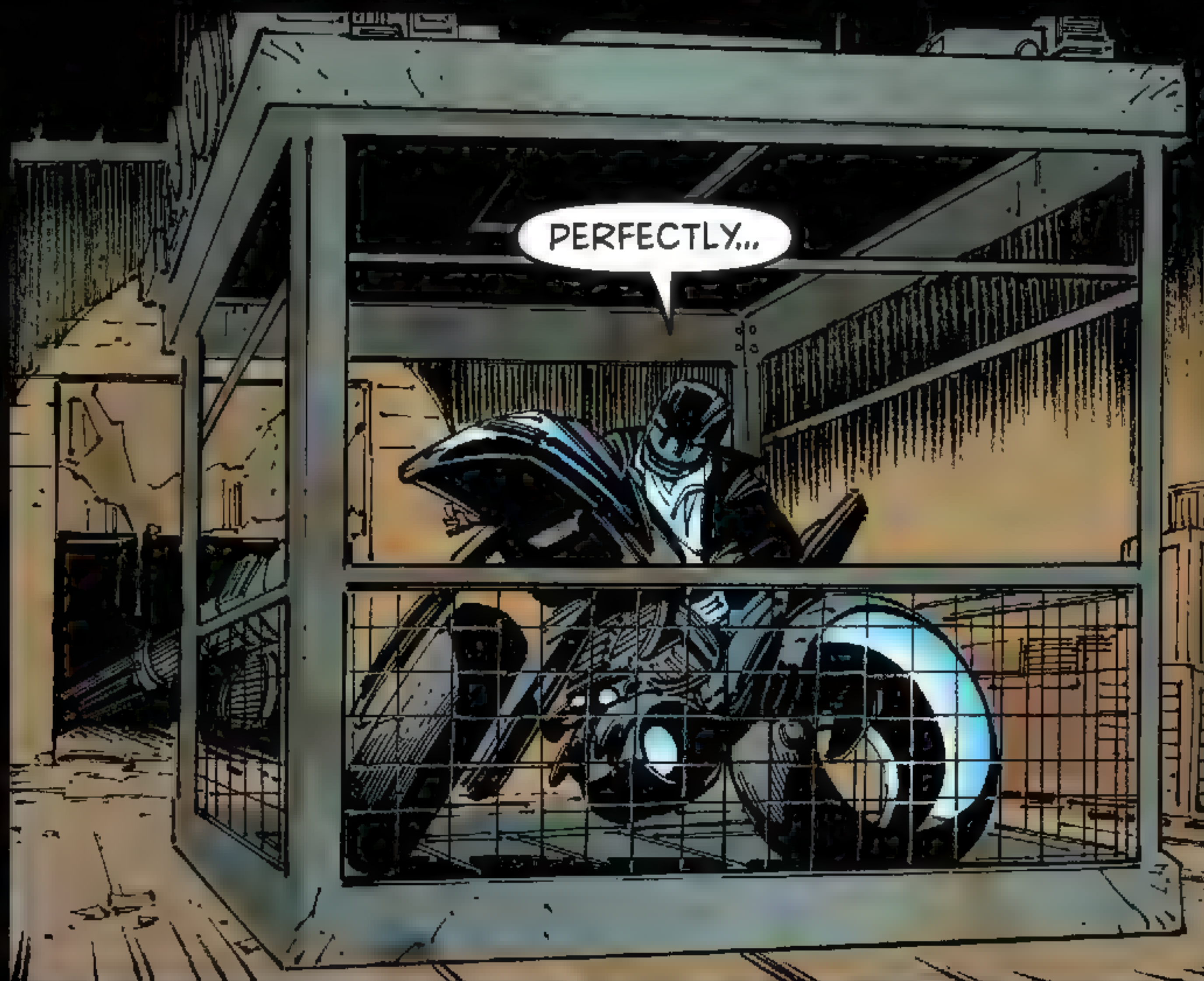
FORGIVE ME, SIR. I DID WARN YOU THAT OPERATING A SUPERCOMPUTER WAS A BIT OUTSIDE MY TYPICAL JOB PURVIEW.

JUST A MOMENT, NOW...

I DON'T HAVE A MOMENT, ALFRED.



FOR GOODNESS SAKE... THERE! DID THAT WORK?



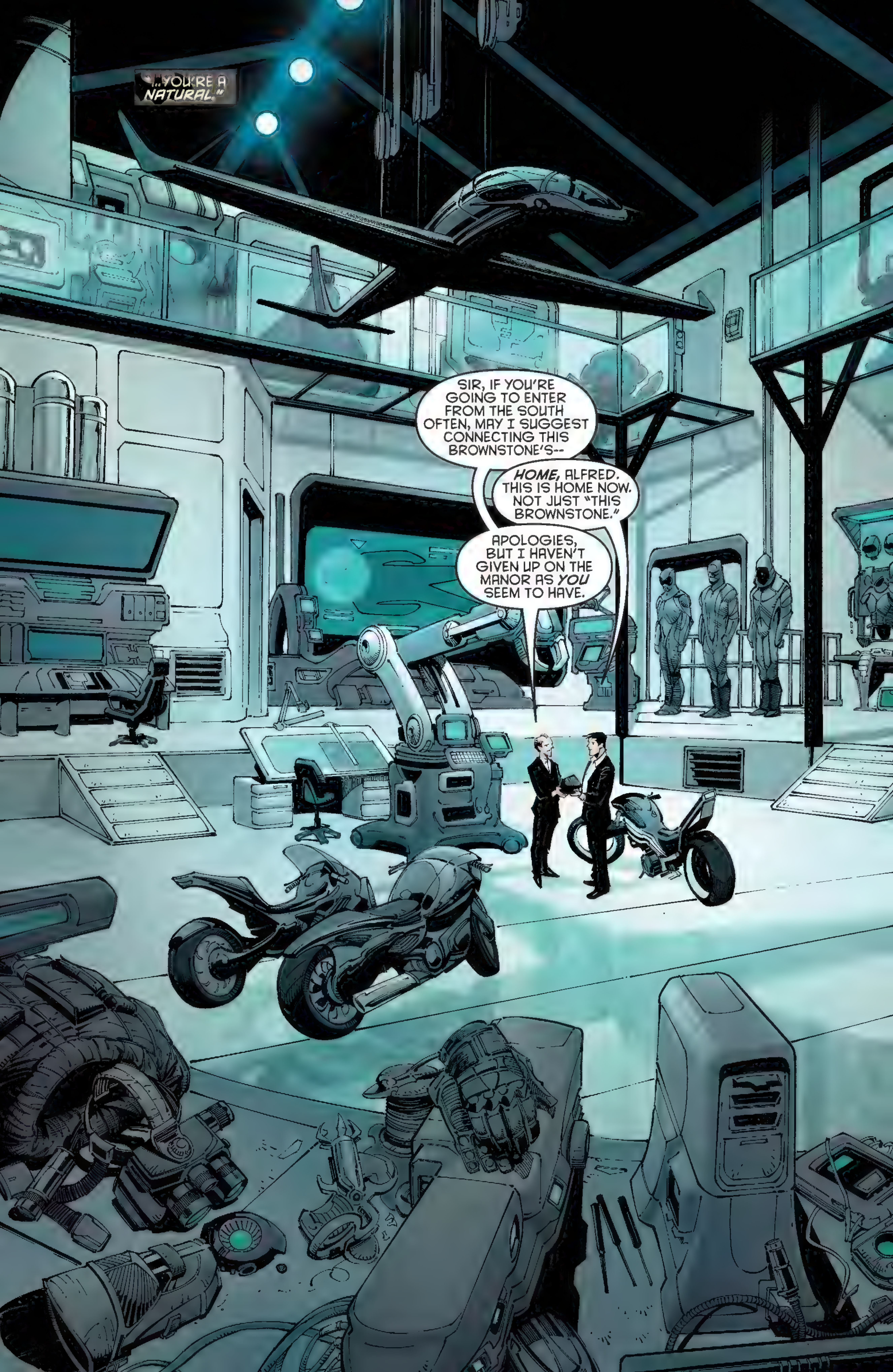
PERFECTLY...

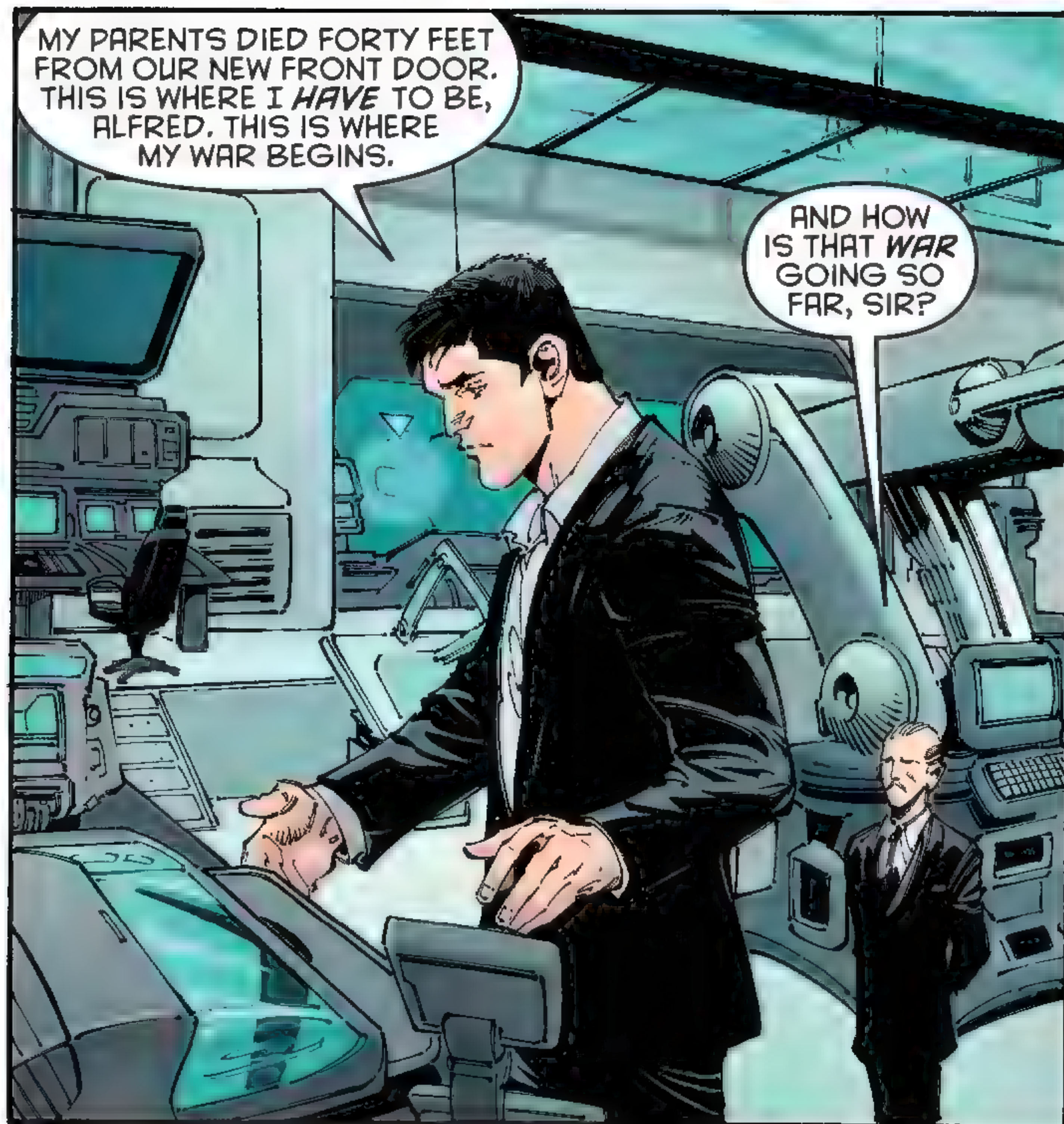
...YOU'RE A
NATURAL."

SIR, IF YOU'RE
GOING TO ENTER
FROM THE SOUTH
OFTEN, MAY I SUGGEST
CONNECTING THIS
BROWNSTONE'S--

HOME, ALFRED.
THIS IS HOME NOW.
NOT JUST "THIS
BROWNSTONE."

APOLOGIES,
BUT I HAVEN'T
GIVEN UP ON THE
MANOR AS *YOU*
SEEM TO HAVE.



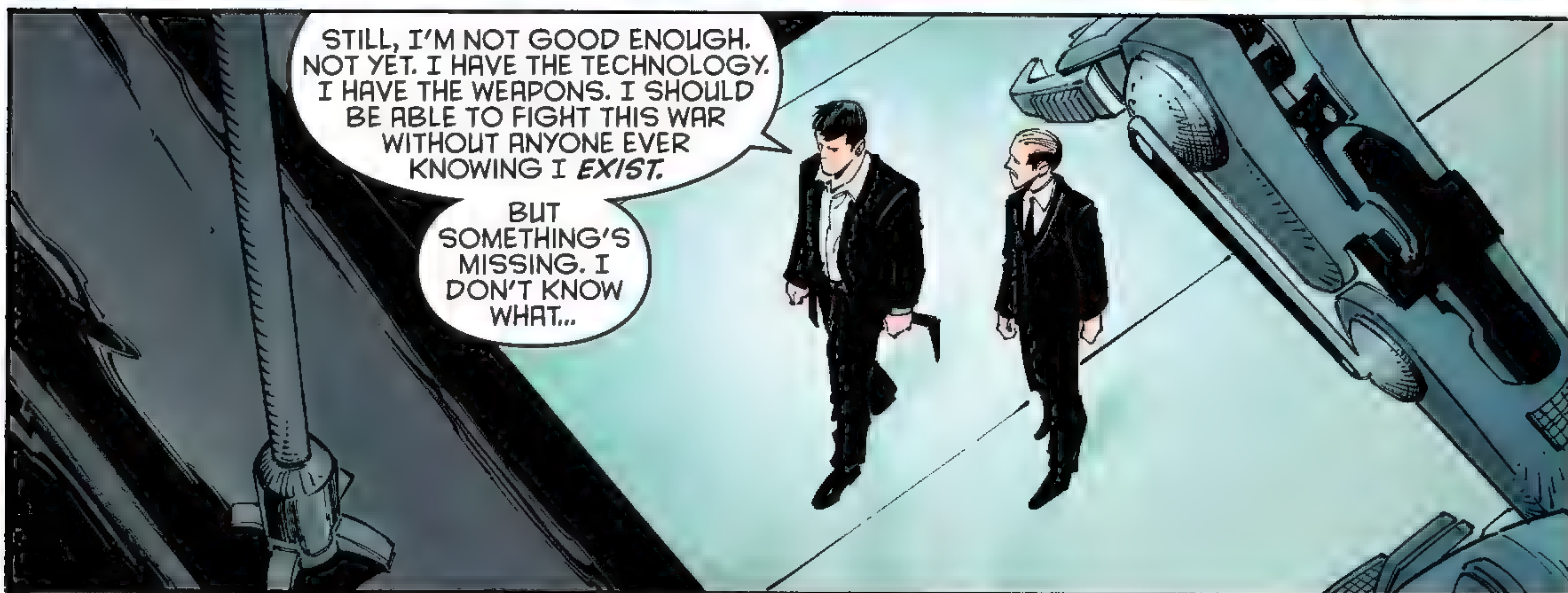


MY PARENTS DIED FORTY FEET FROM OUR NEW FRONT DOOR. THIS IS WHERE I *HAVE* TO BE, ALFRED. THIS IS WHERE MY WAR BEGINS.

AND HOW IS THAT *WAR* GOING SO FAR, SIR?



SAY WHAT YOU WANT. BUT I AM IMPROVING. NOT FAST ENOUGH, BUT I AM.



STILL, I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH. NOT YET. I HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY. I HAVE THE WEAPONS. I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIGHT THIS WAR WITHOUT ANYONE EVER KNOWING I *EXIST*.

BUT SOMETHING'S MISSING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT...

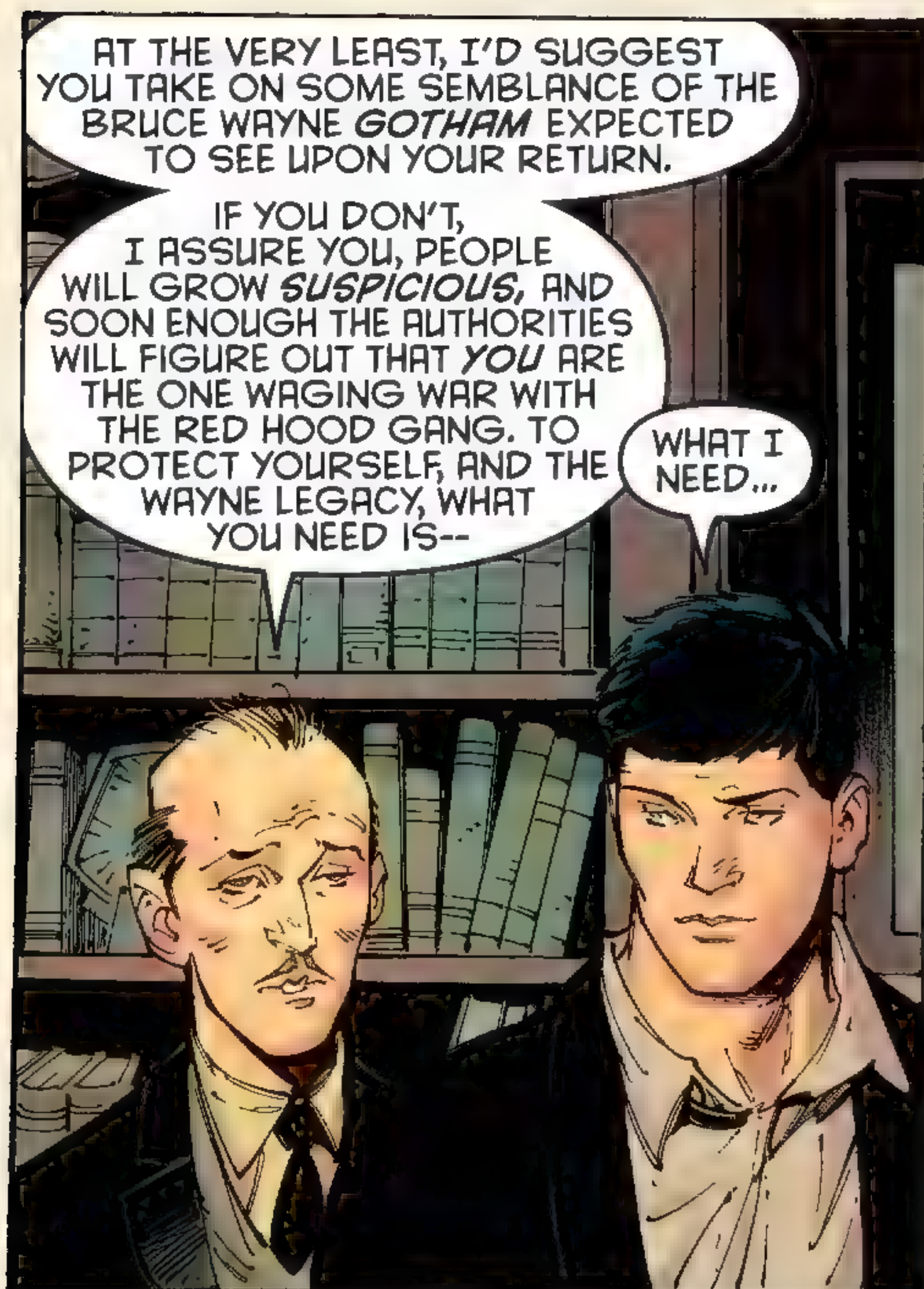


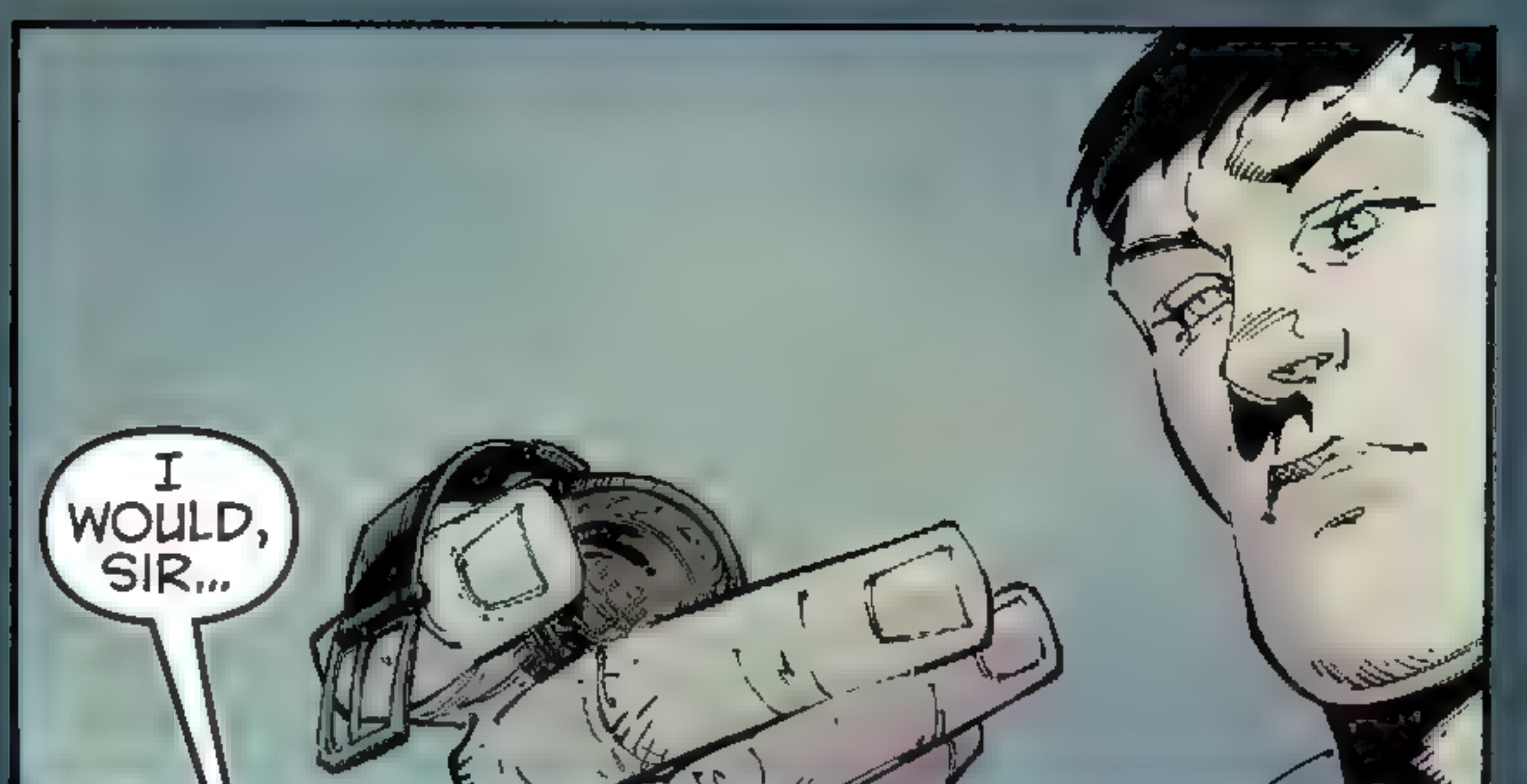
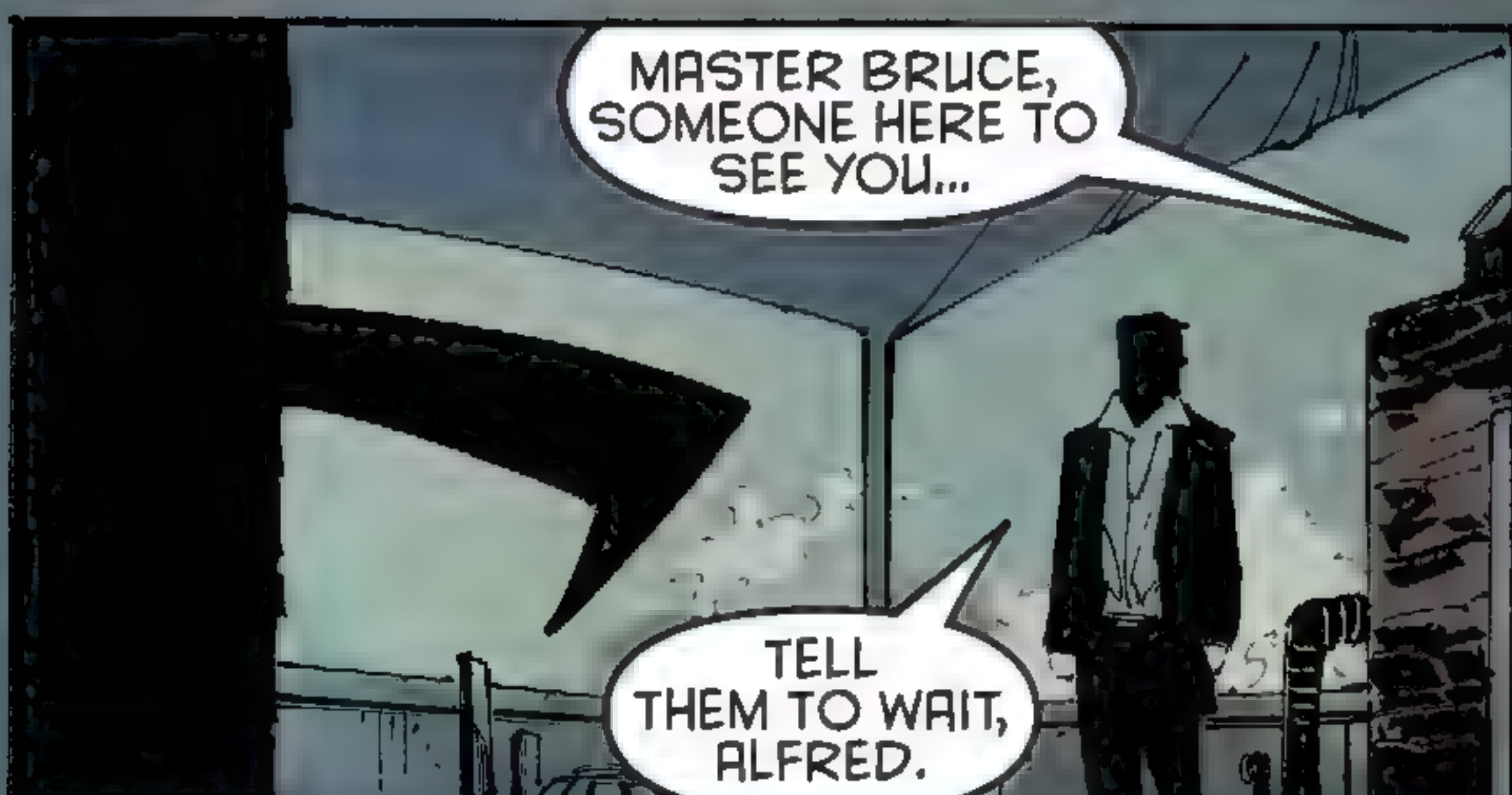
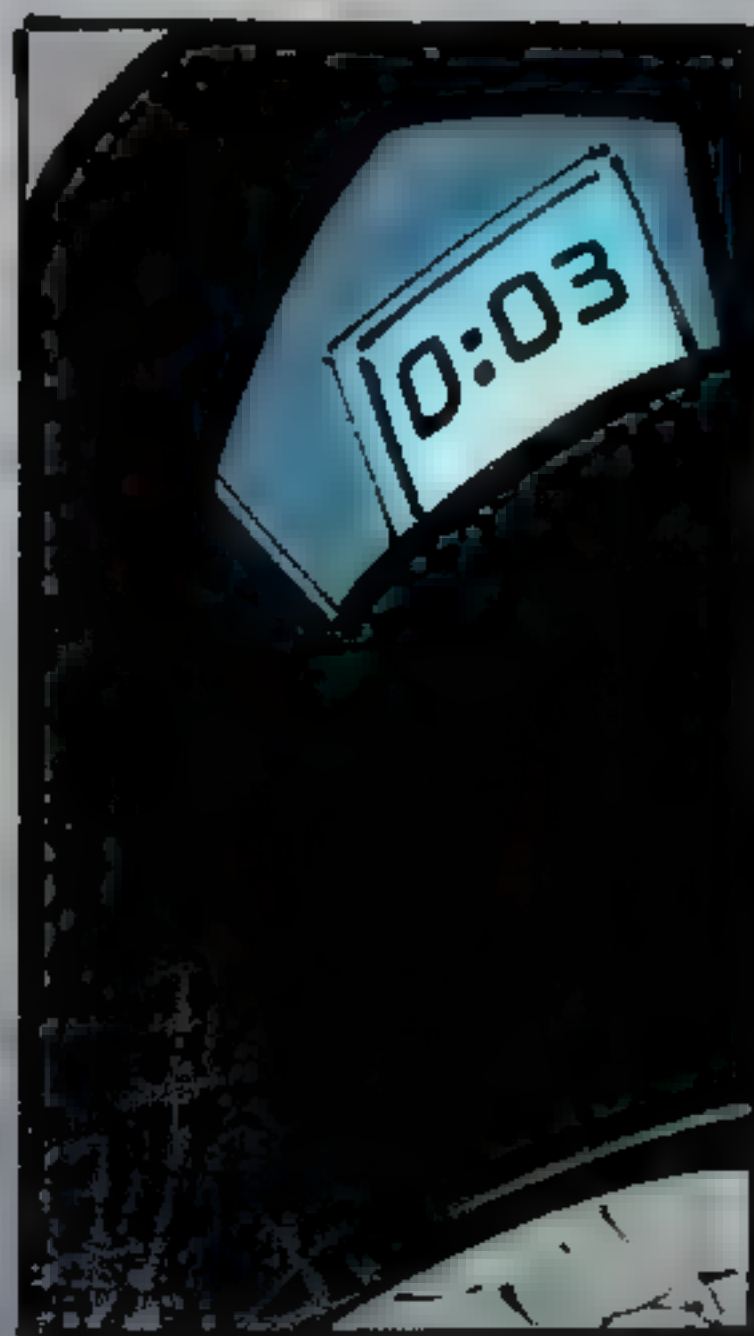
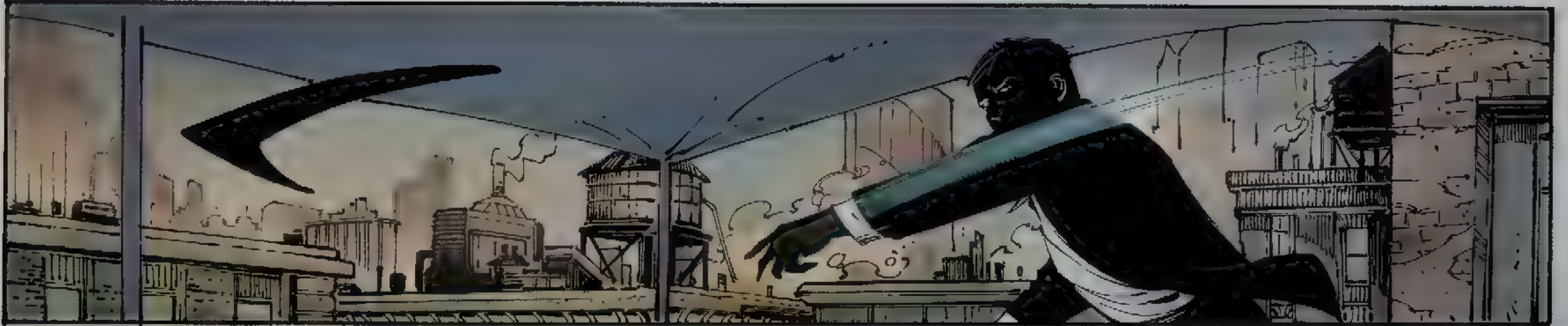
PERHAPS GOING BACK TO YOUR FAMILY HOME WOULD PROVIDE YOU WITH THE GROUNDING YOU NEED. SPEND SOME TIME GETTING TO KNOW *BRUCE WAYNE* AGAIN.

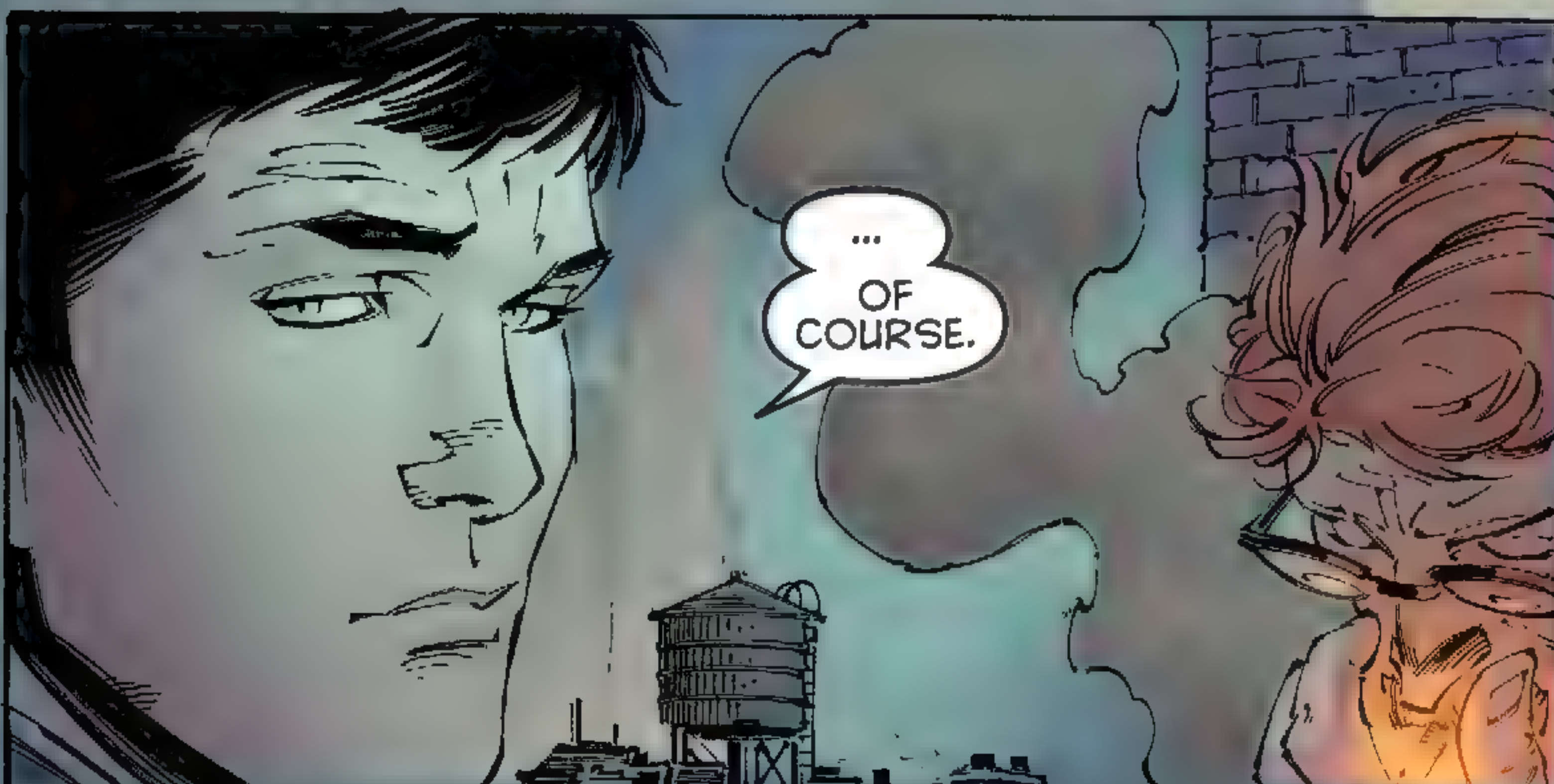
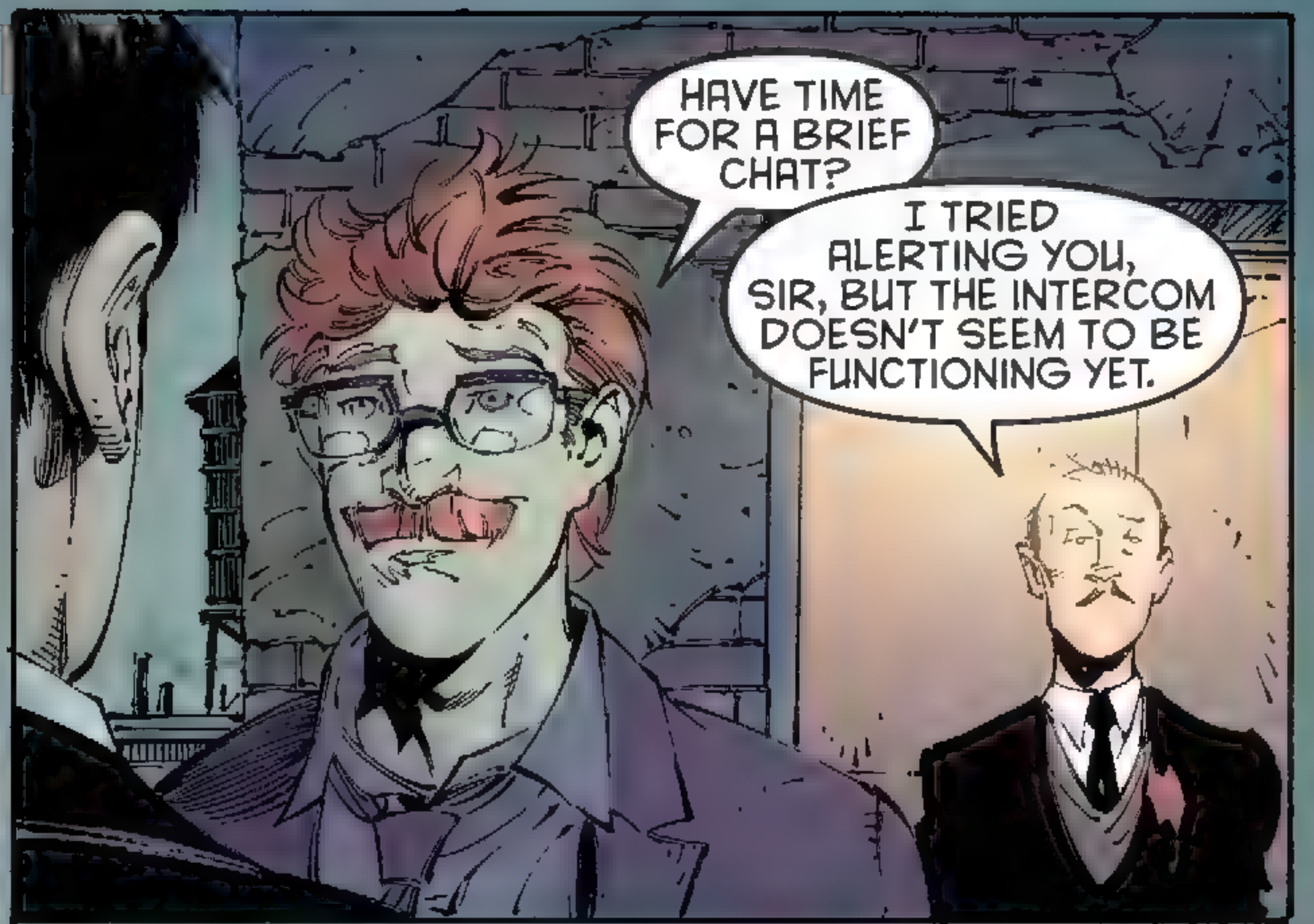


BRUCE WAYNE ISN'T IMPORTANT, ANYMORE, ALFRED. HE'S A *MASK*.

THIS IS ALL I NEED TO BE. IT'S WHO I AM.











I UNDERSTAND THAT. BUT DAY BY DAY, I'M GROWING CONCERNED ABOUT THE LEGALITY OF THE PROJECTS HE'S DEVELOPING HERE ON CITY LAND.

DO YOU HAVE *PROOF*, LIEUTENANT?

~SIGH~ NO. I DON'T. I HAVE WHISPERS AND A HUNCH. AND A HELL OF A LOT OF *RED TAPE*.

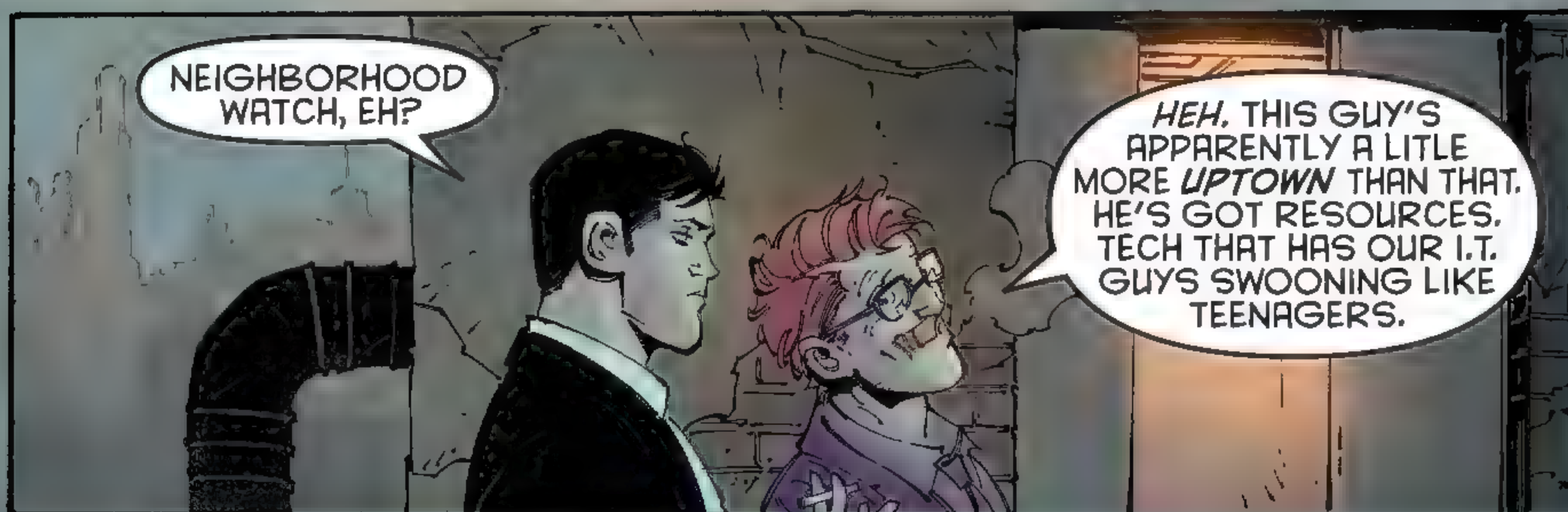
WELL, I'M SORRY, BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HELP YOU. SO IF THAT'S ALL...

OF COURSE.



THOUGH THERE IS ONE MORE THING...

WE'VE HAD REPORTS OF A... *VIGILANTE* IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. SOMEONE SNEAKING AROUND AT NIGHT, STOPPING CRIMES.



NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH, EH?

HEH. THIS GUY'S APPARENTLY A LITTLE MORE *UPTOWN* THAN THAT. HE'S GOT RESOURCES. TECH THAT HAS OUR I.T. GUYS SWOONING LIKE TEENAGERS.

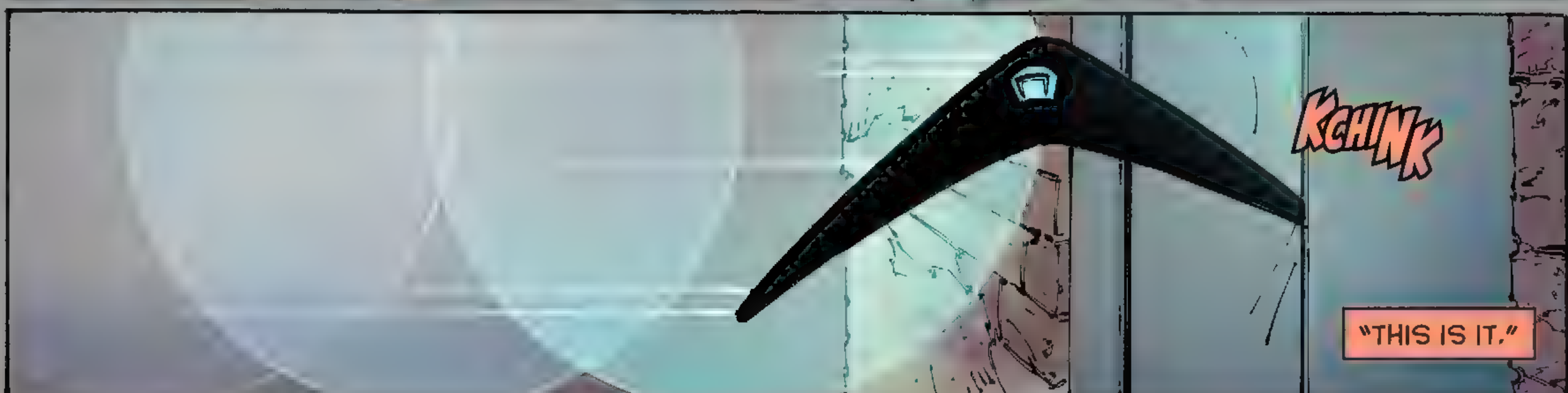
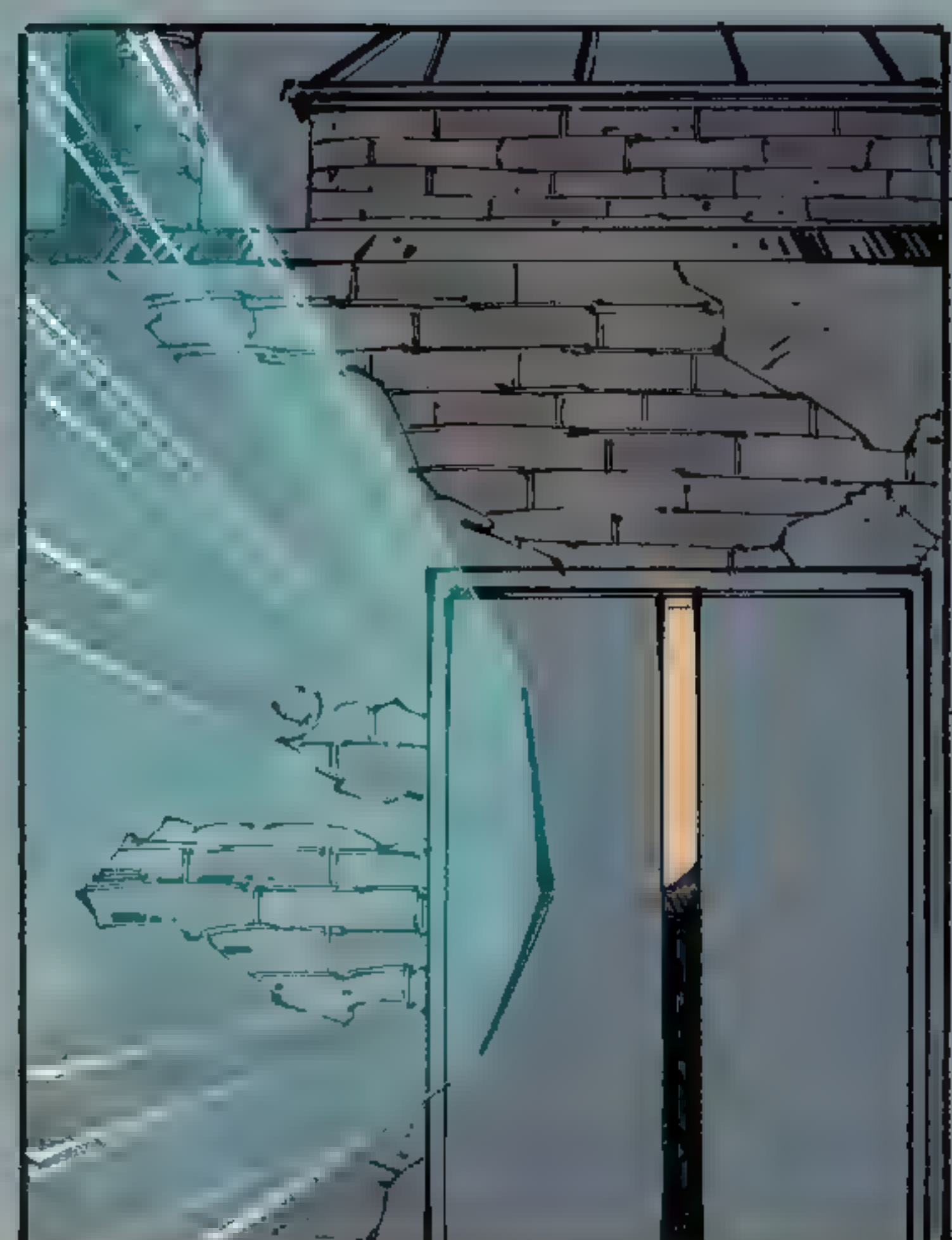
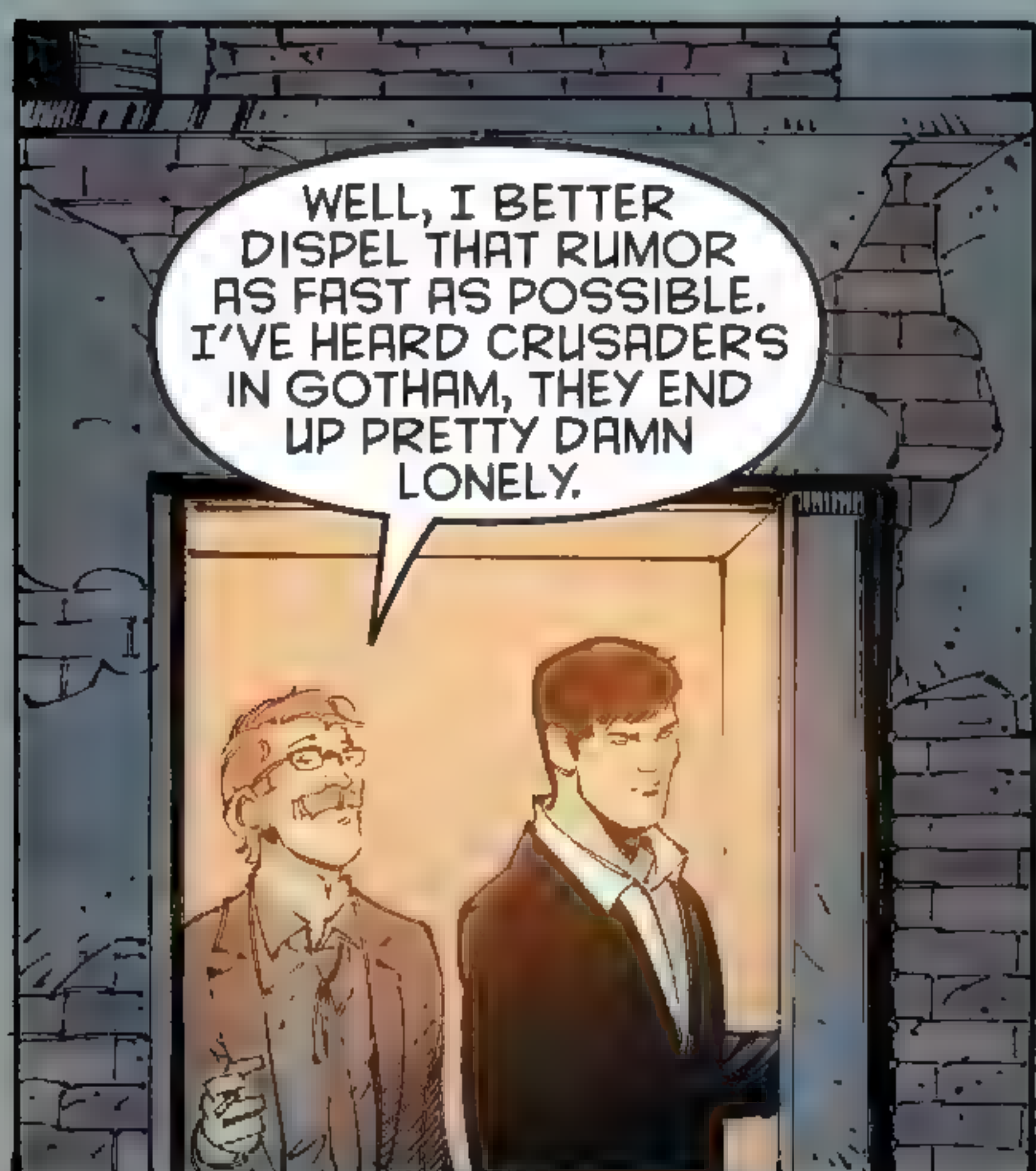
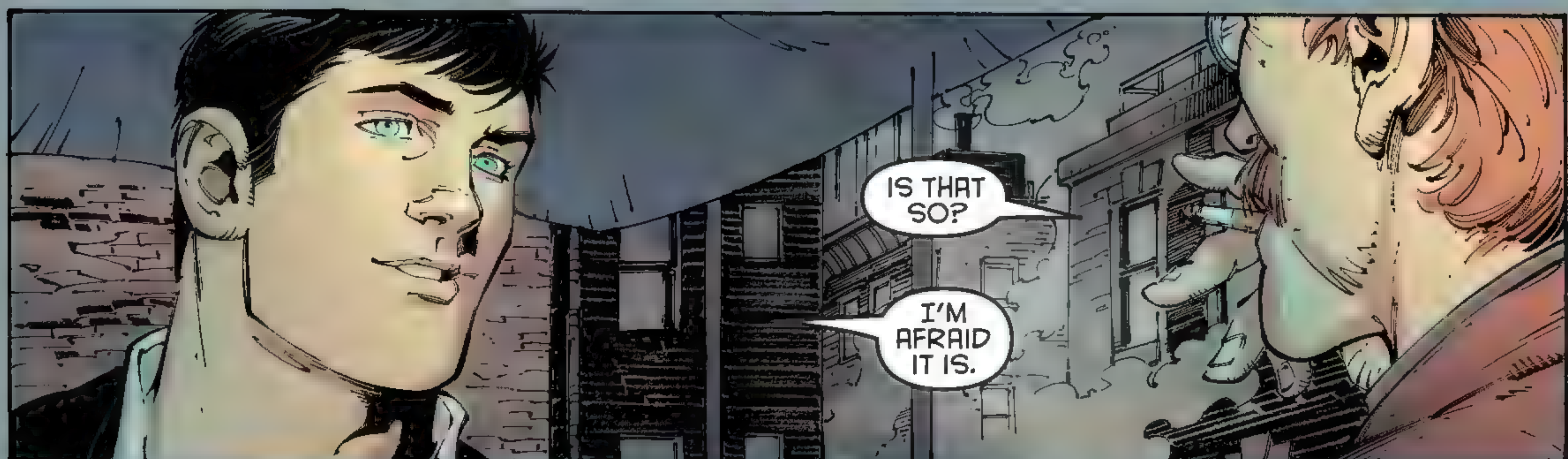
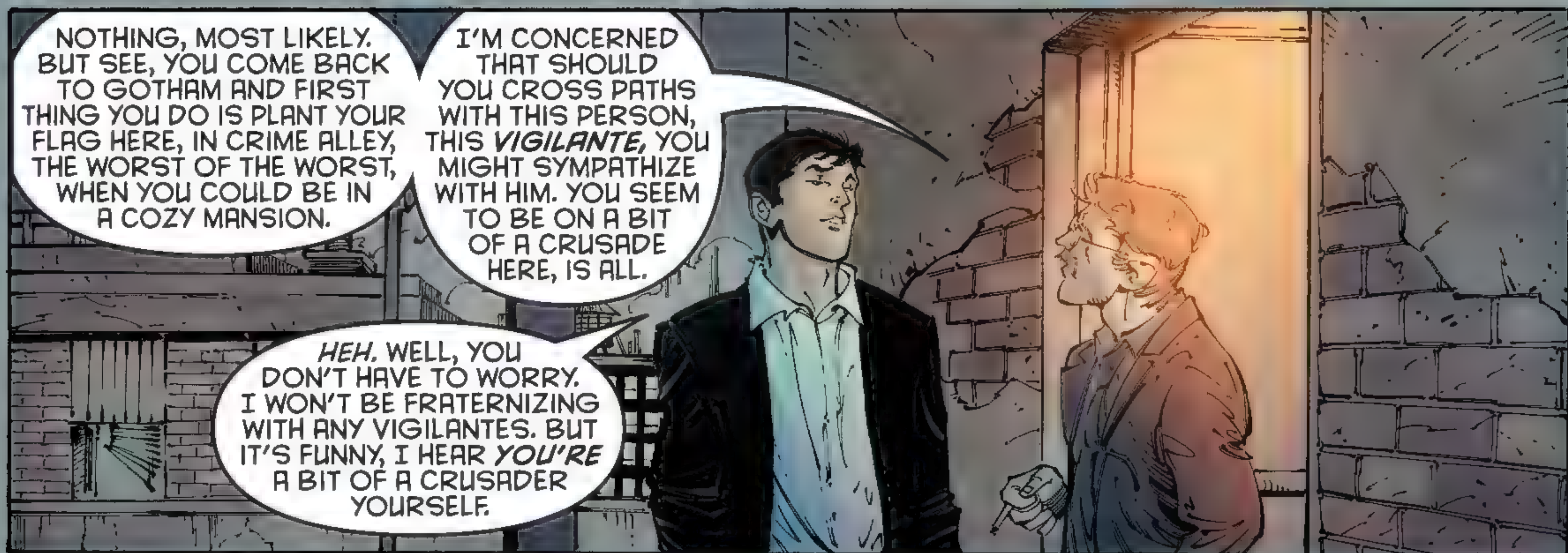


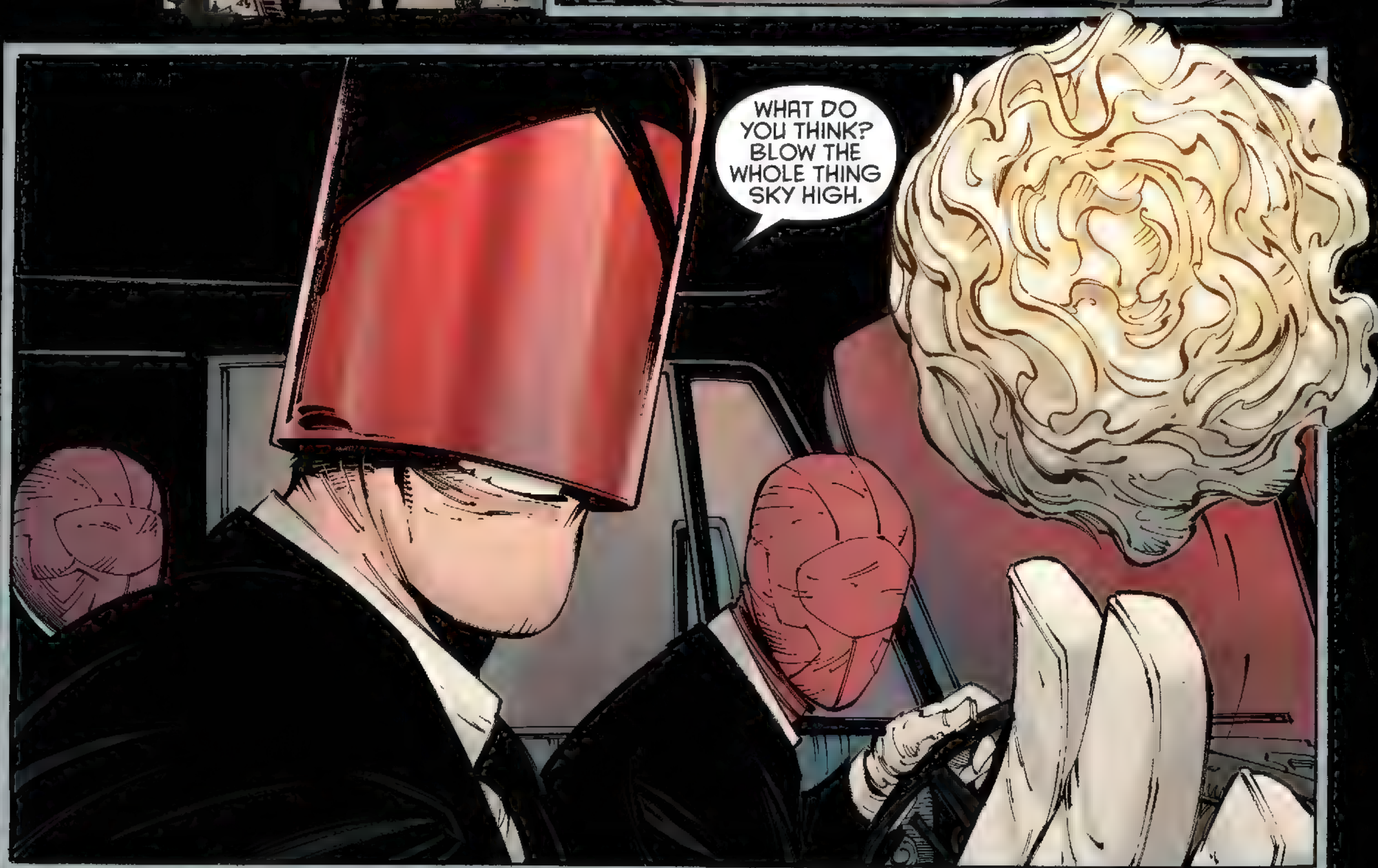
WHAT ARE YOU ASKING ME, LIEUTENANT?

I'M ASKING YOU IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT, THAT'S ALL.



I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HELP YOU.





THE STORY CONTINUES IN BATMAN: ZERO YEAR



TOMORROW

JAMES TYNION IV writer | ANDY CLARKE artist | FCO PLASCENCIA colorist | variant cover by ANDY CLARKE



FIVE YEARS AGO...

EXPLAIN IT
TO ME AGAIN, DAD.
EXPLAIN TO ME HOW
THIS SOMEHOW
ISN'T *CRAZY*.

DON'T
YOU HAVE
SOME KIND
OF STUDYING
TO DO,
BARBARA?

DAD. *PLEASE*.
DOING THIS IS THE
SAME AS TELLING
THE WORLD THAT
YOU HAVE NO
CONTROL.

YOU'RE
GOING TO TURN
THE ENTIRE *JUSTICE
SYSTEM* IN GOTHAM
UPSIDE DOWN!

⇒SIGH⇒

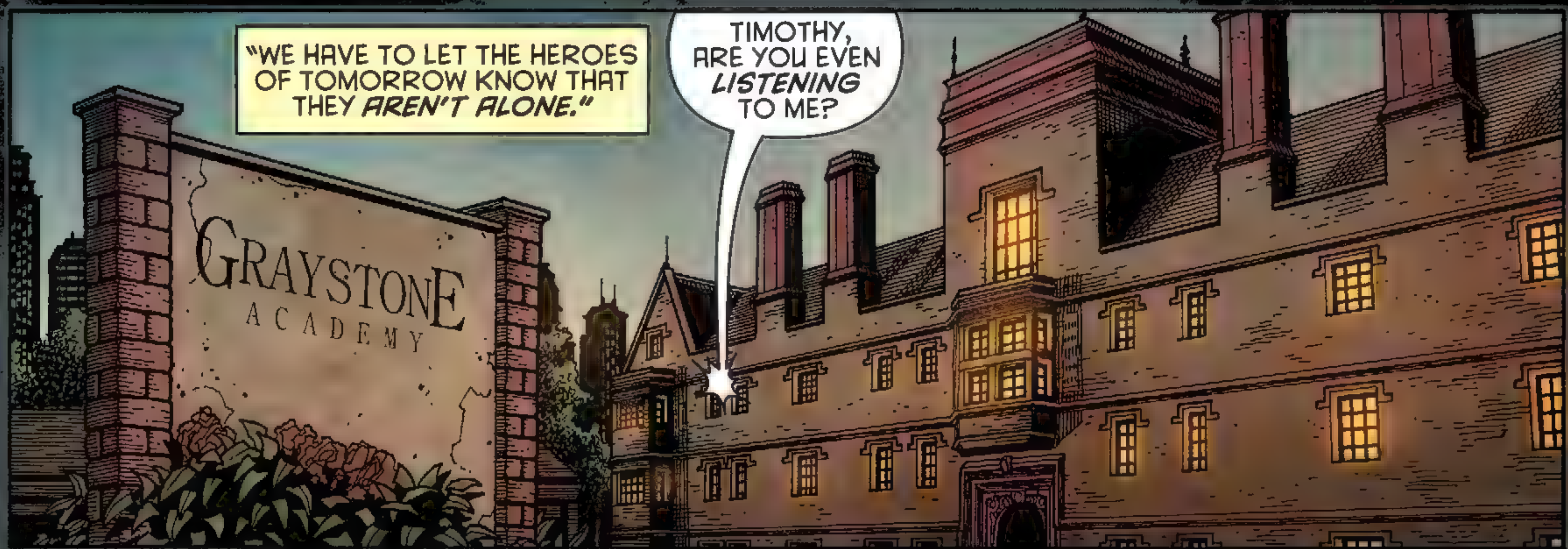
THAT'S EXACTLY THE
POINT. THERE *IS* NO JUSTICE
SYSTEM IN GOTHAM CITY.
BUT THERE IS *JUSTICE*, AND
WE NEED TO *FIGHT* TO
KEEP IT ALIVE.

THE VERY FACT
THAT I'M STANDING
HERE AND THAT OTHER
DECENT CIVIL SERVANTS
ARE STARTING TO RISE
UP...IT'S ALL BECAUSE
OF ONE MAN...
THE BATMAN.

YOU SAW HIM JUST THE
OTHER WEEK IN THIS
VERY BUILDING... SAW
WHAT HE CAN *DO*.
THAT'S WHY I WANTED
TO BRING YOU HERE
TONIGHT.

THE PEOPLE OUT THERE...
THEY THINK HE'S NOTHING
BUT A *MYTH*... A BOGEYMAN
FOR CRIMINALS THAT THE
PRESS CAME UP WITH TO
SELL PAPERS.

WE HAVE TO
CHANGE THAT,
BARBARA. OTHERWISE,
THERE'S NO HOPE FOR
THE FUTURE OF THIS
CITY.



"WE HAVE TO LET THE HEROES OF TOMORROW KNOW THAT THEY *AREN'T* ALONE."

TIMOTHY, ARE YOU EVEN *LISTENING* TO ME?



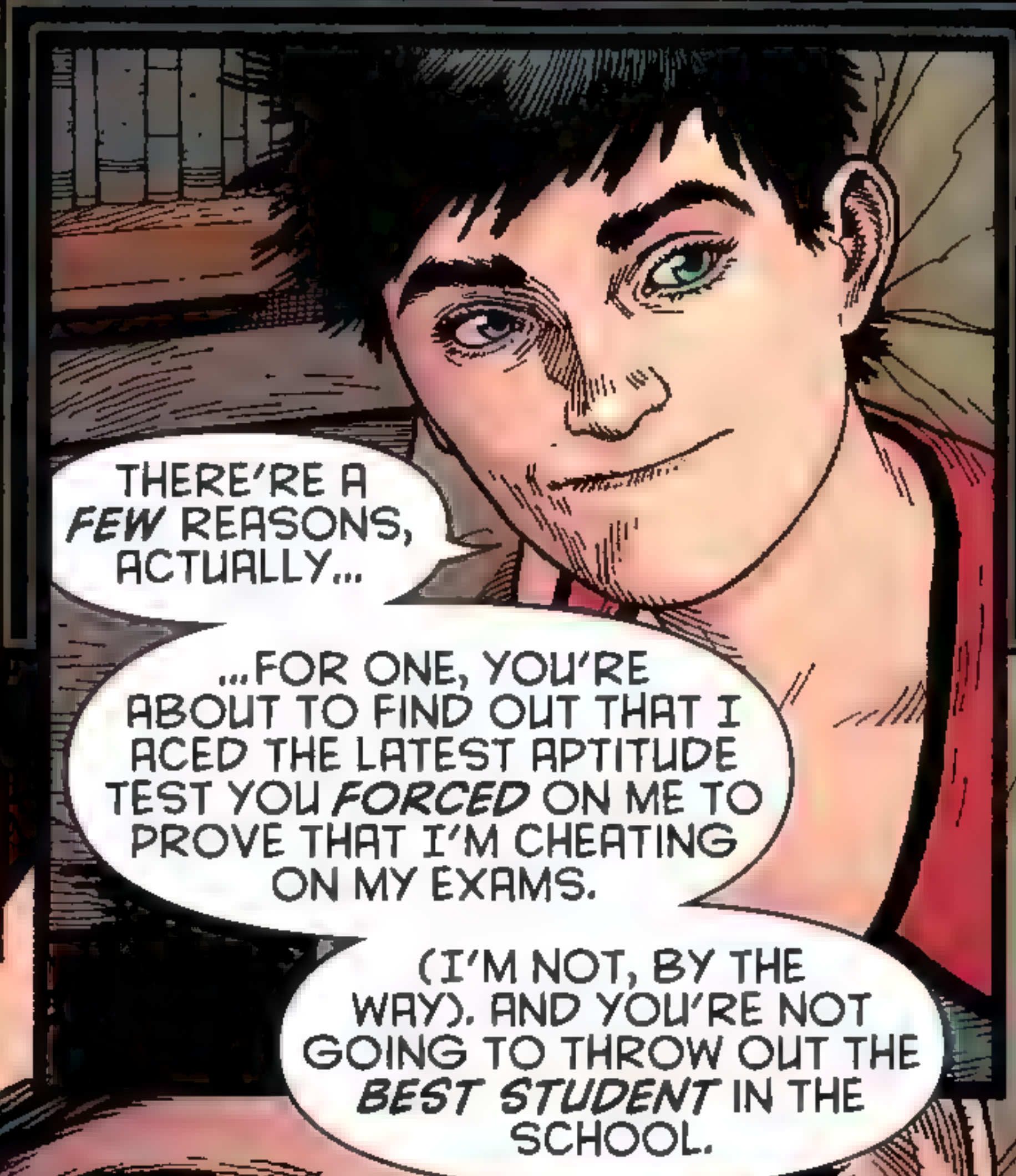
OH, I ABSOLUTELY AM. JUST SHOOTING OFF A QUICK E-MAIL. YOU KNOW...BUSY DAY AND ALL.

I JUST TOLD YOU YOU'VE BEEN *EXPELLED* FOR TAMPERING WITH MR. ARCHER'S COMPUTER, AND YOU'RE WRITING E-MAILS ON A DEVICE *SPECIFICALLY BANNED* IN THIS SCHOOL?



YOU'D THINK THAT EXPULSION WOULD KINDA WASH OUT THE WHOLE SMART PHONE DEAL...BUT THEN AGAIN, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO EXPEL ME, MR. RENFIELD.

AND *WHY NOT?* I DIDN'T PULL YOU OUT OF YOUR EVENING GYMNASTICS TRAINING TO GIVE YOU A PAT ON THE BACK, TIMOTHY.



THERE'RE A *FEW* REASONS, ACTUALLY...

...FOR ONE, YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT THAT I ACED THE LATEST APTITUDE TEST YOU *FORCED* ON ME TO PROVE THAT I'M CHEATING ON MY EXAMS.

(I'M NOT, BY THE WAY). AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO THROW OUT THE *BEST STUDENT* IN THE SCHOOL.



THEN THERE'S THE FACT THAT I DIDN'T *JUST* GET INTO MR. ARCHER'S COMPUTER--I GOT INTO THE *ENTIRE TEACHERS' NETWORK*...

AND, WELL, THAT REASON KINDA LEADS INTO THE *NEXT* ONE. I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO STAY PRINCIPAL VERY LONG, MR. RENFIELD.

TIMOTHY,
WHAT--

YOU'VE TAKEN ROUGHLY
\$1.6 MILLION FROM THE ACADEMY
OVER THE LAST DECADE. I'VE
GOT THE ENTIRE MONEY TRAIL
RIGHT HERE ON MY PHONE.

FRANKLY, I
THOUGHT IT'D BE
A BIT MORE FUN TO
CATCH YOU IN THE
ACT... A CHALLENGE,
YOU KNOW?
BUT YOU MADE
IT RIDICULOUSLY
EASY.

I MEAN...HOW *STUPID*
DOES A MAN HAVE TO BE
TO USE HIS *SCHOOL*
E-MAIL TO SOLICIT
MONEY FOR ACADEMIC
PROJECTS THAT
DON'T EXIST?

HOW...

I'VE BEEN
PUTTING IT TOGETHER
FOR MONTHS. THE
FLASHY CAR, THE NEW
WATCH... BUT THAT'S NOT
IMPORTANT. IT'S REALLY
MORE AN ISSUE OF
CHARACTER.

THE WAY
YOU TREAT YOUR
STUDENTS AND
YOUR FACULTY...
YOU'RE A *BAD*
MAN, MR. RENFIELD.
I JUST NEEDED
TO DIG A LITTLE
TO FIND OUT
HOW BAD.

*KNOCK
KNOCK*

OH, I BET THAT'S
THE POLICE.

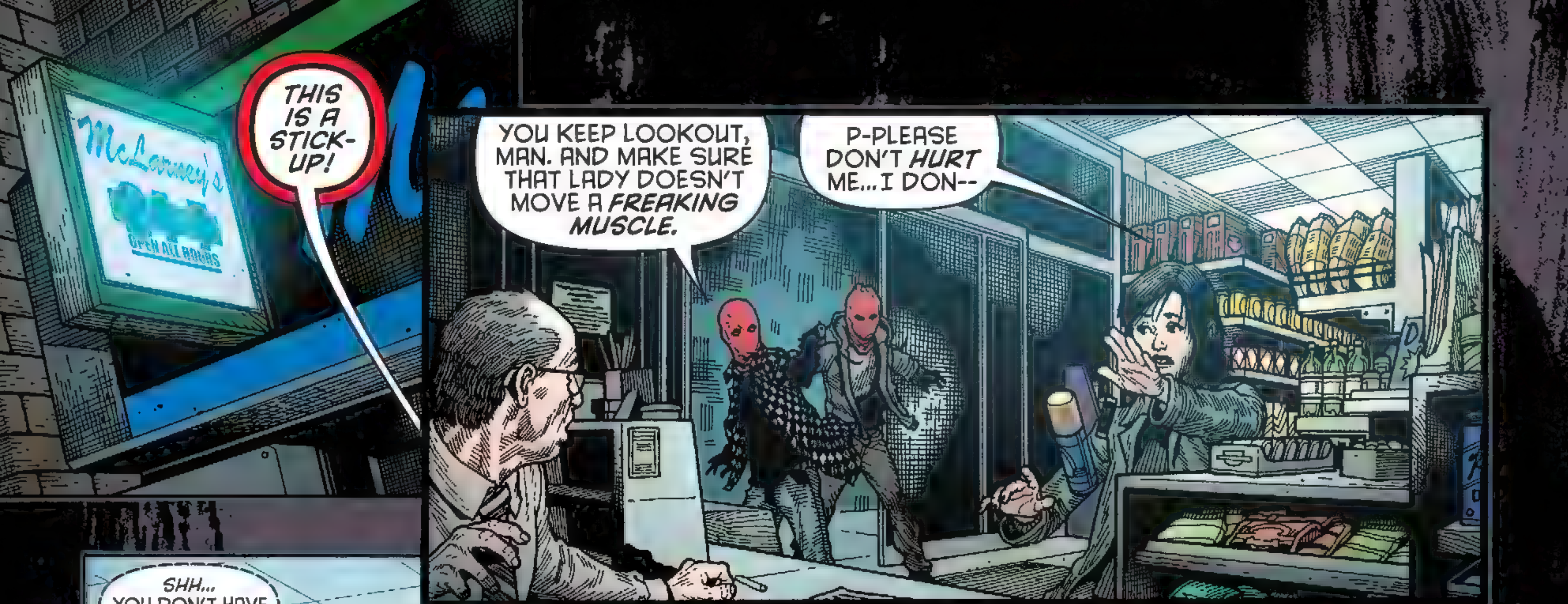
THAT WAS THE E-MAIL I
WAS SENDING, BY THE WAY. I
JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE I
COULD ASK YOU SOMETHING
BEFORE THEY TOOK YOU
AWAY...

THAT LAST
TEST... WAS IT
WHAT I THINK
IT WAS?

...IT WAS
LAST YEAR'S
S.A.T.

WELL
THEN, I
BETTER
START
PICKING
COLLEGES,
HUH?

BUT IF IT'S
ALL THE SAME TO YOU,
I WOULD LIKE TO FINISH
MIDDLE SCHOOL FIRST.
NOT THAT YOU REALLY
HAVE ANY SAY ABOUT
IT ANYMORE...



THIS IS A STICK-UP!

YOU KEEP LOOKOUT, MAN. AND MAKE SURE THAT LADY DOESN'T MOVE A *FREAKING* MUSCLE.

P-PLEASE DON'T *HURT* ME...I DON--



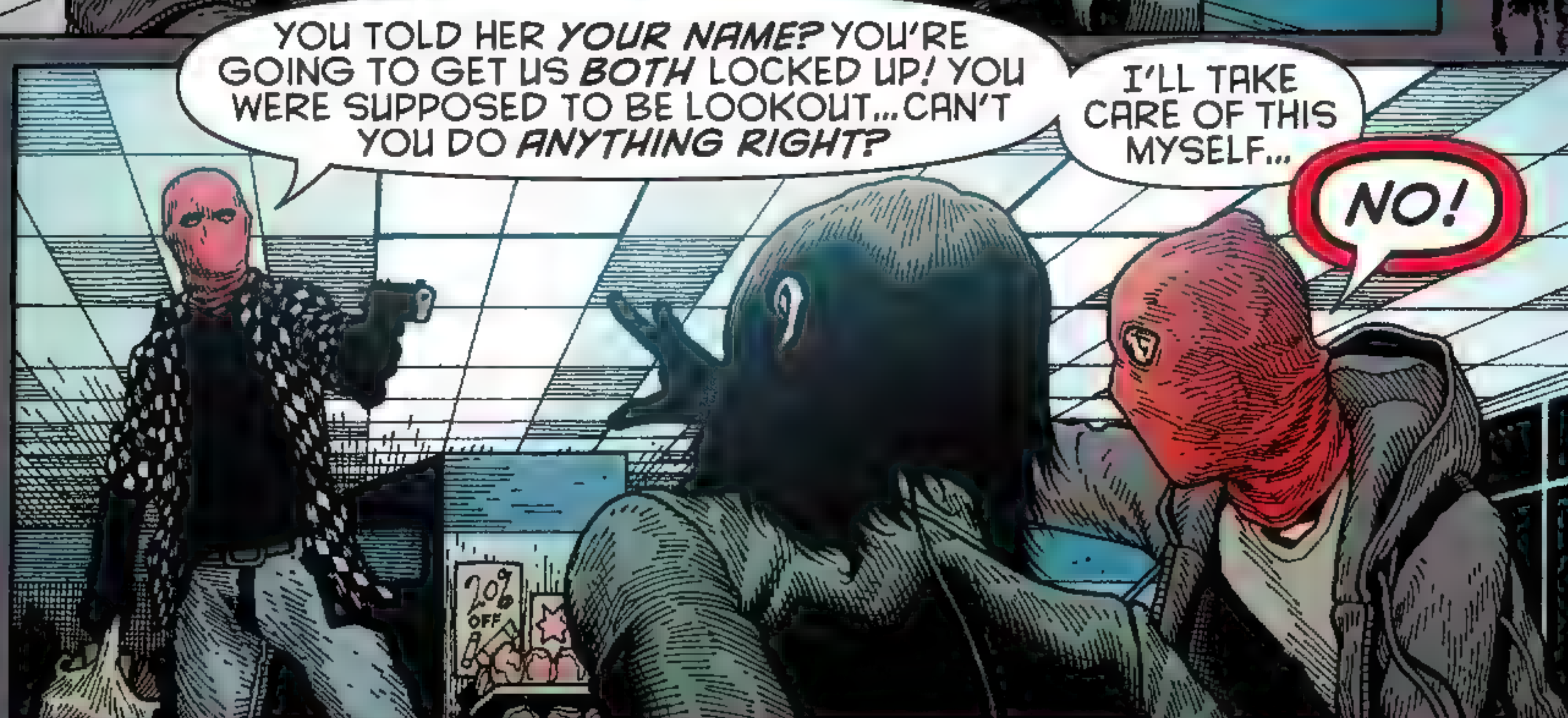
SHH... YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY.

I'M JUST A REGULAR GUY IN A ROUGH PLACE. ALL WE'RE TRYING TO DO IS GET SOME MONEY FOR RENT AND GROCERIES.



MY NAME'S JASON...AND I *PROMISE* YOU WON'T GET HURT. THIS'LL ALL BE OVER IN A MINUTE.

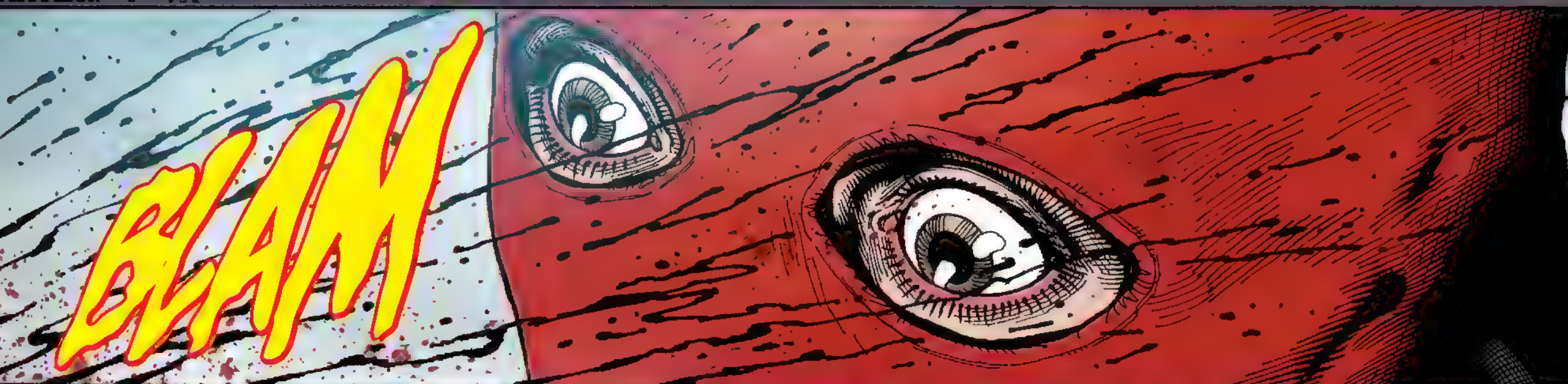
YOU IDIOT...



YOU TOLD HER *YOUR NAME*? YOU'RE GOING TO GET US *BOTH* LOCKED UP! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKOUT...CAN'T YOU DO *ANYTHING* RIGHT?

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS MYSELF...

NO!



COME ON, MAN! WE HAVE TO RUN!

C'MON,
JASON =>PANT
PANT<...WE
HAVE TO KEEP
MOVING...

SHE WON'T...
SHE WON'T
EVER MOVE
AGAIN.

THIS WAS JUST
ABOUT THE *MONEY*,
CHRIS! YOU SAID
THE GUN WAS
UNLOADED!

YOU
PROMISED
ME NOBODY
WOULD GET
HURT!

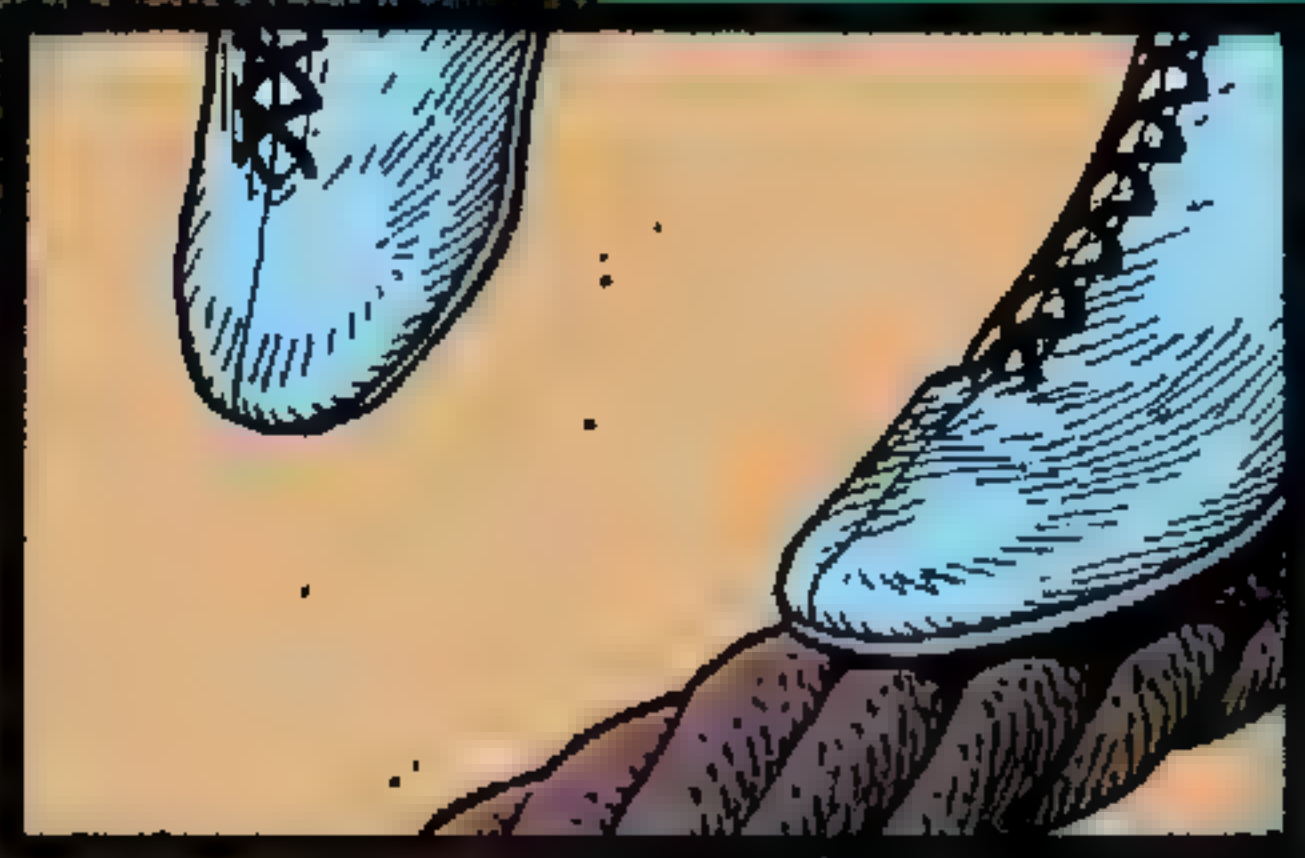
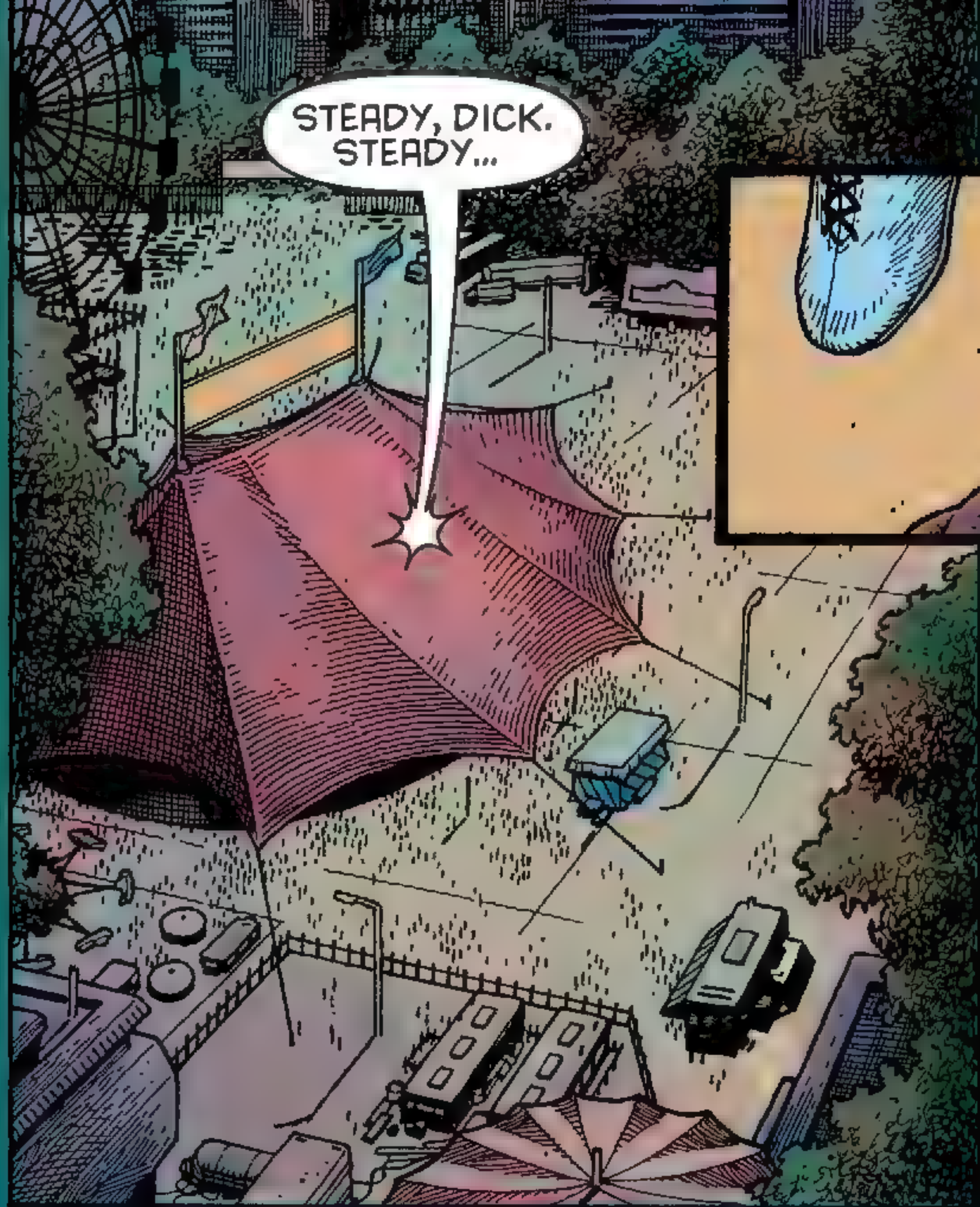
GOING TO MAKE
SURE... YOU NEVER
HURT ANYONE
AGAIN.

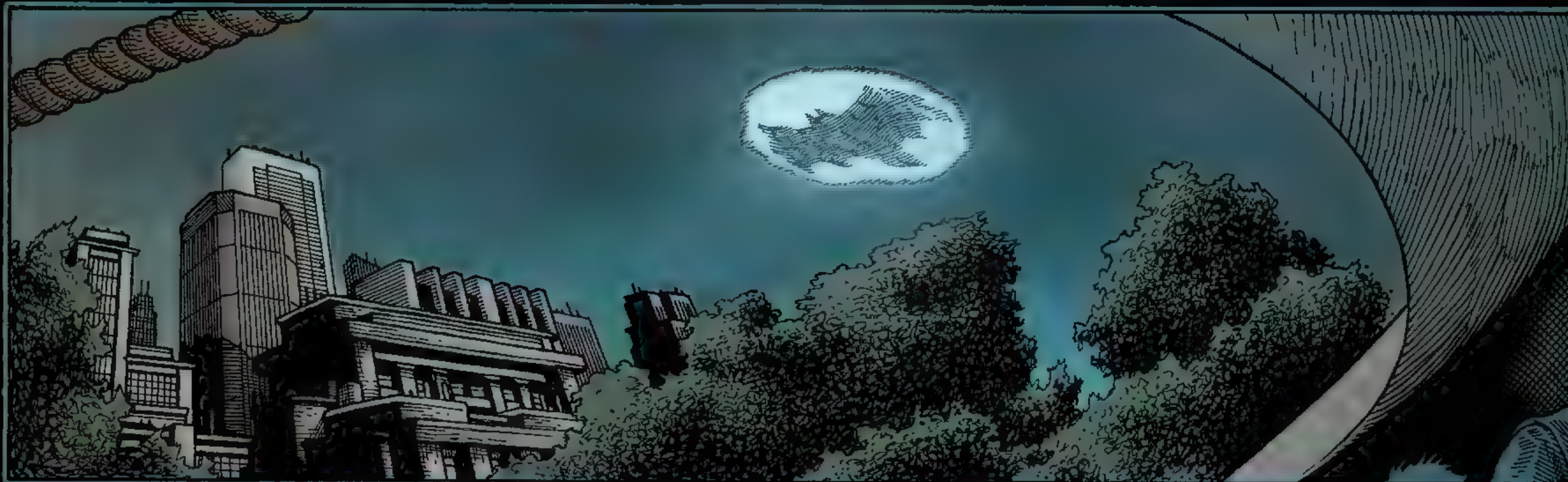
GET
OFF
HIM!

HE SHOT THE
WOMAN DOWN THE
STREET. *KILLED* HER... I
JUST... I *STOPPED* HIM. I
NEEDED TO STOP
HIM.

WELL, YOU
DID THE JOB,
SON... DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE MUCH
OF A THREAT
NOW, DOES
HE?

WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
OFFICER.





IT'S MORE THAN
JUST A LIGHT,
BARBARA.

IT'S A
SIGNAL.

A SIGNAL TO GOTHAM
THAT THEIR SECRET HOPE
FOR JUSTICE, FOR A BETTER
TOMORROW, ISN'T JUST
A FANTASY.

NOT TO
MENTION THE
FACT THAT IT'S
BEEN IMPOSSIBLE
TO GET **HOLD**
OF HIM UNTIL
NOW...

NOW LET'S JUST
HOPE THE RIGHT
PEOPLE SEE
IT.

THEY
WILL, DAD. I
BELIEVE IN
YOU.

THEN
BELIEVE
IN **HIM**,
TOO.

ANYONE WHO ACTUALLY STANDS
FOR WHAT'S RIGHT IN THIS
WICKED TOWN... THEY NEED ALL
THE BELIEF THEY CAN GET.

YOU COMING DOWN?
I THINK I CAN HEAR THE
PHONES RINGING ALL
THE WAY UP HERE.

NOT
YET...

...I JUST
NEED
ANOTHER
MINUTE.

END



Capullo
12
+fco

RESOLVE

Chapter One SCOTT SNYDER writer ANDY KUBERT penciller SANDRA HOPE inker BRAD ANDERSON colorist
Chapter Two SCOTT SNYDER JAMES TYNION IV writers ALEX MALEEV artist NATHAN FAIRBAIRN colorist
cover by GREG CAPULLO & FCO PLASCENCIA





WE DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS, YOU KNOW.

I CAN TURN THIS VAN AROUND RIGHT NOW, AND WE CAN GRAB TAKE-OUT FROM ONE OF THE FANCY CHINESE PLACES IN MIDTOWN...

...MAYBE THAT ONE THAT PUTS THE LITTLE PIECES OF PINEAPPLE IN THE FRIED RICE?

THINK ABOUT IT, WE CAN GO HOME AND WATCH SOMETHING DUMB FILLED WITH PRETTY PEOPLE.

-sigh-

LIKE YOU'D STICK AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO WATCH ANYTHING, HARPER. WE BOTH KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING THE *SECOND* WE GET HOME.

CULLEN, I'M JUST LOOKING OUT FOR YOU.

WE'LL STOP.

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, ANYWAY...LOOK, THEY PUT IN MORE LIGHTS.

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT, CULLEN...

...NOW THE
DAMN PLACE
LOOKS DOWN
RIGHT
COZY.

Family can take you
to some pretty dark
places...

...this, for example, is the
largest prison in the
western hemisphere, and
one of the worst kept.

The A.C.L.U. keeps trying
to shut it down after
years of systematic
abuse and inhumane
conditions.

Here in Gotham,
we know that's
not an option. We
need this place to
hold the scum of
the city...

...the ones who
lack the touch of
insanity that
gets you a
one-way ticket to
Arkham Asylum.

I can't think
of any place in
Gotham I'd
like to be less
than here.

They call it
Blackgate
Penitentiary...





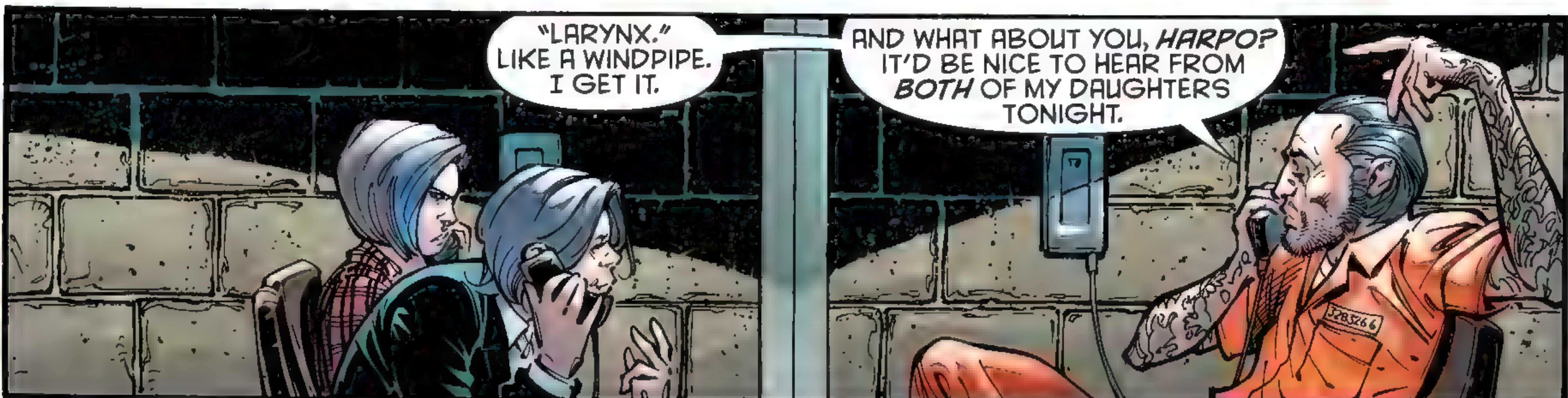
...I call it *Dad's*.

SO YOU
READ FROM
PEOPLE'S
DIARIES?



UM... NO. IT'S LIKE A
LITERARY JOURNAL THING.
LIKE A MAGAZINE? KIDS
SUBMIT STORIES AND THEN
ME AND THE STAFF, WE PICK
WHICH ONES GO IN. IT'S
CALLED "LARYNX."

I'M ACTUALLY
THE YOUNGEST
EDITOR THEY'VE
EVER HAD.



"LARYNX."
LIKE A WINDPIPE.
I GET IT.

AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, *HARPO*?
IT'D BE NICE TO HEAR FROM
BOTH OF MY DAUGHTERS
TONIGHT.



I...UM...
NEED TO USE THE
BATHROOM.

HARPER,
JUST GIVE
ME A MINUTE,
OKAY?

ARE YOU
SERIOUS?!

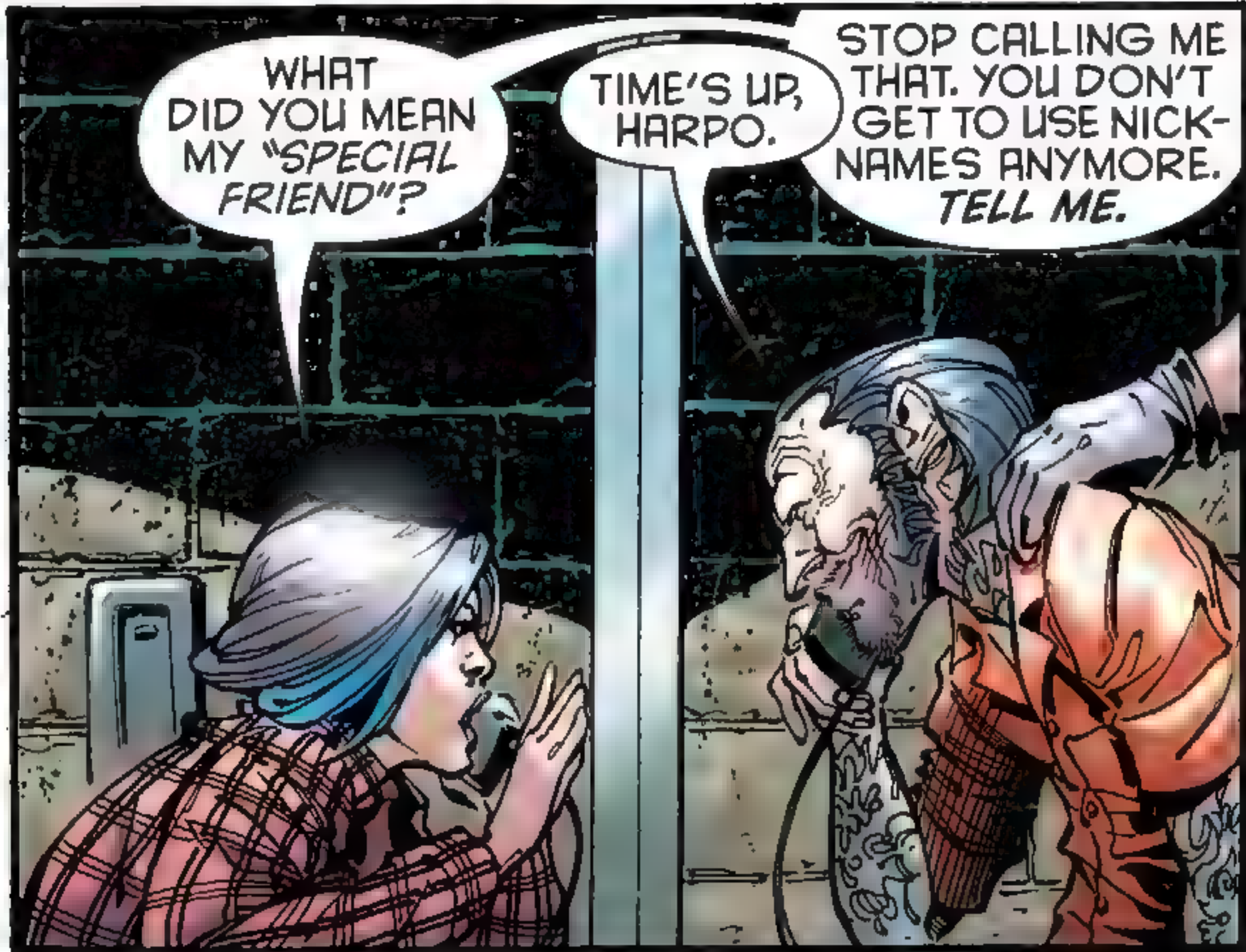
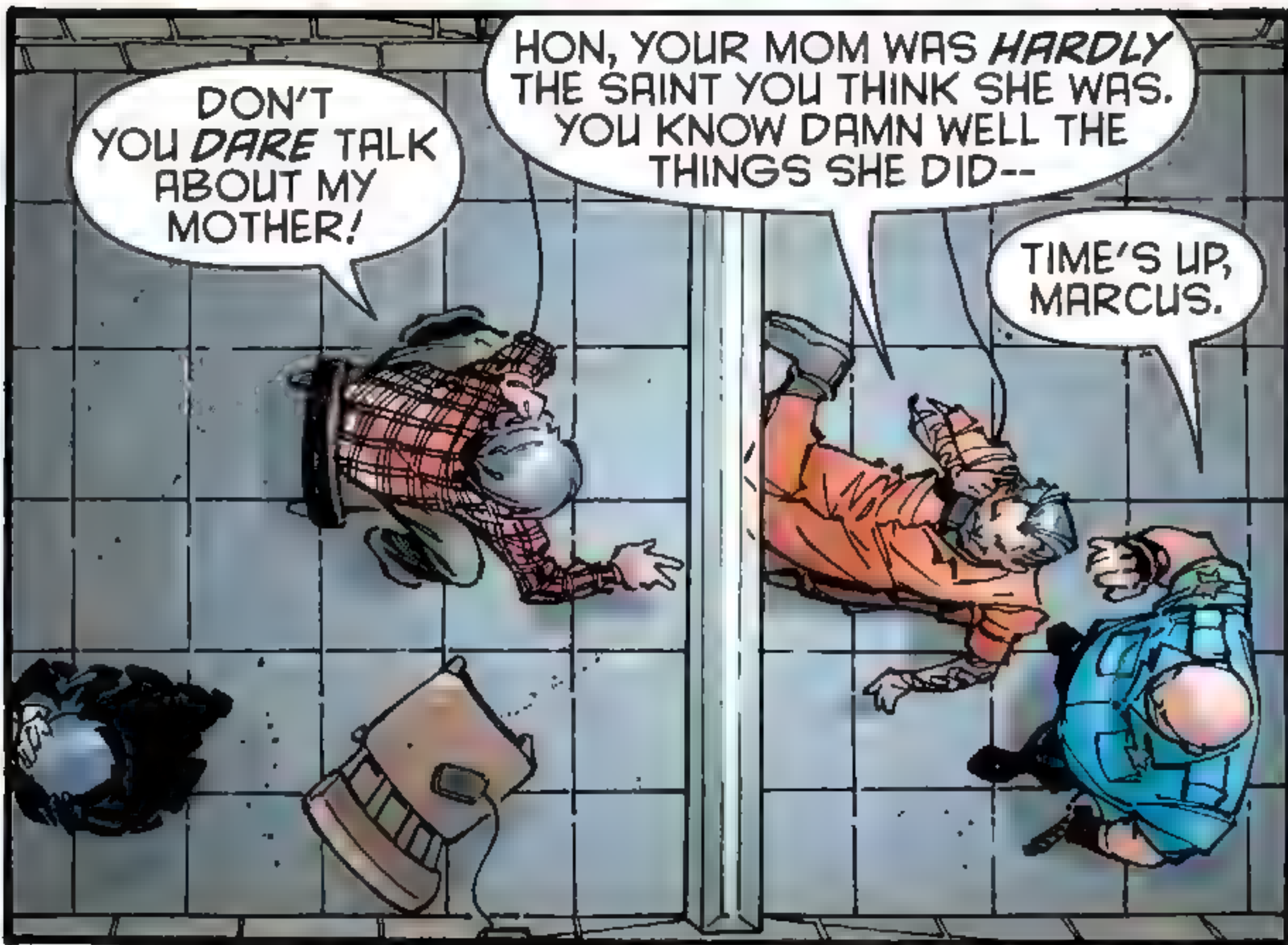
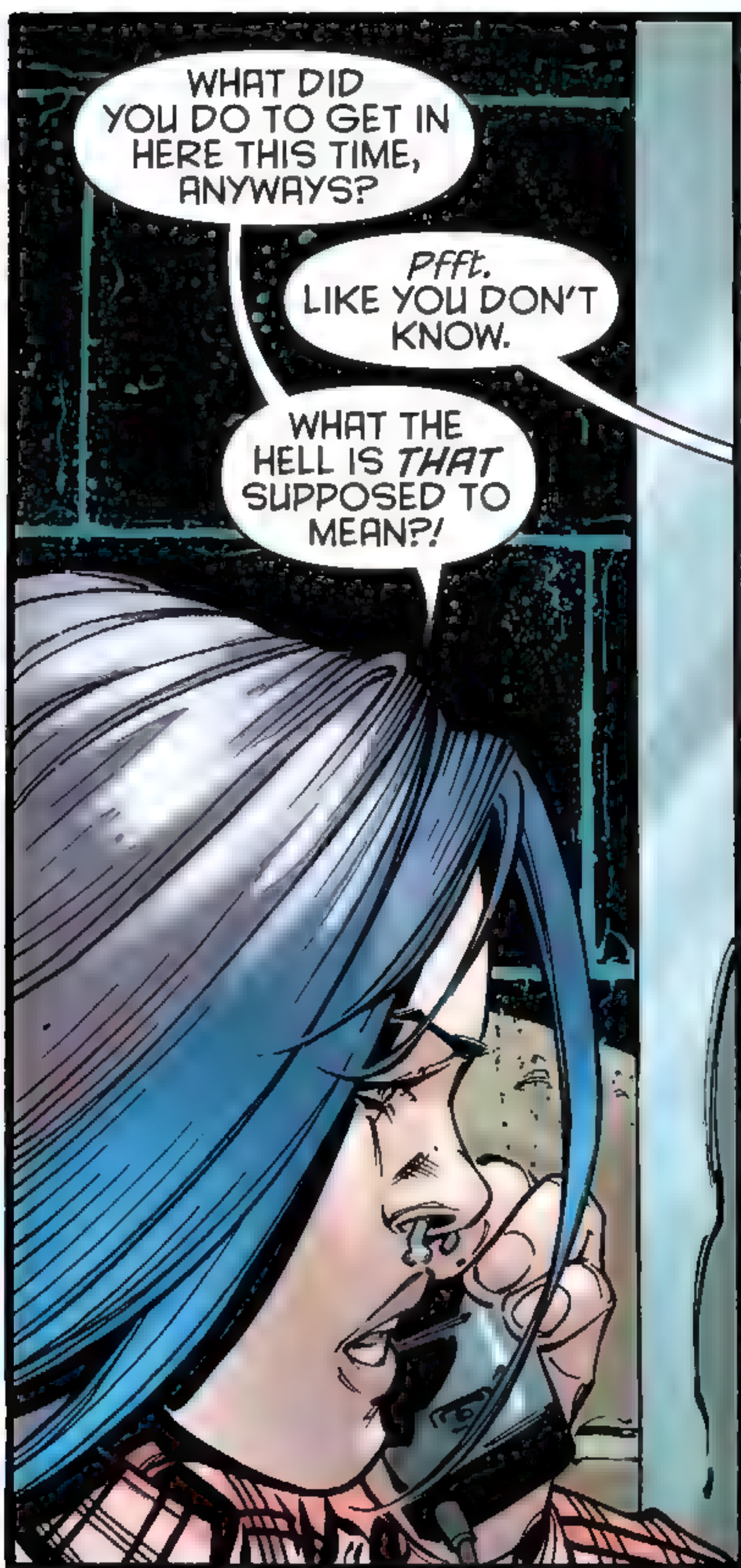


AWW HELL, I WAS MAKING
A *JOKE*! IF HE'S GONNA BE
HOW HE IS, HE NEEDS TO GET
USED TO PEOPLE TAKING
SHOTS. HELL, I'M DOING
HIM A *FAVOR*.



YOU DO REALIZE *HE'S* THE
ONLY REASON WE'RE HERE,
RIGHT?

HE *INSISTED*.
SAID YOU GETTING
LOCKED UP IS THE
ONLY TIME HE GETS
TO SEE YOU.





IT'S GOING TO BE NICE TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE, HUH? PRESUMING THE WAYNE FOUNDATION KEEPS ITS WORD...

YEAH, SURE...



...I'M TOTALLY READY NOT TO BE LIVING IN A HOTEL. THOUGH THE BUZZING FROM THAT GIANT NEON "O" DOES HAVE ITS CHARMS.

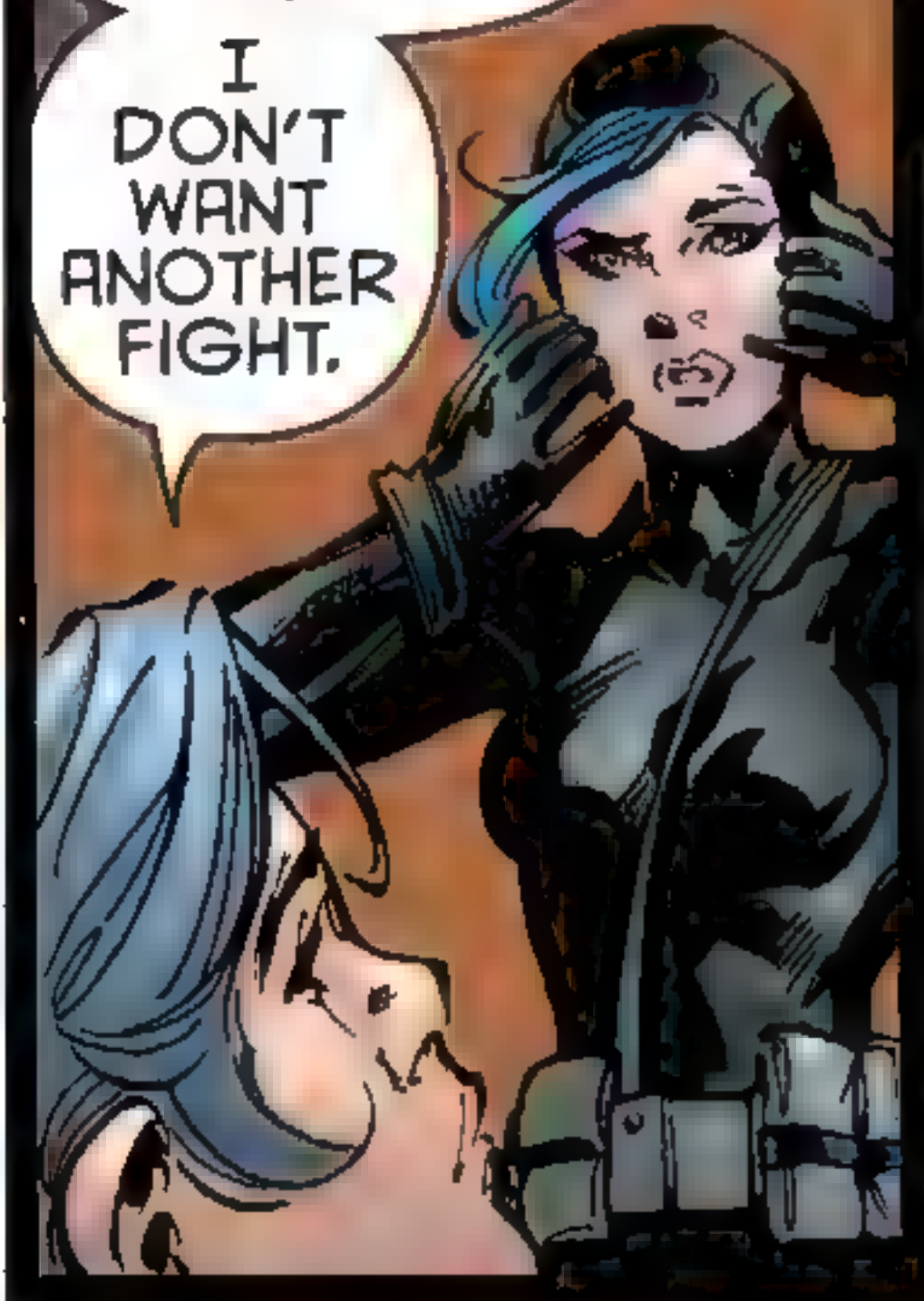
LOOK, YOU WANT TO BE OUT THERE. SAME AS EVERY NIGHT. YOU KNOW IT. I KNOW IT.

STOP MAKING SMALL TALK. I'M FINE.

IT'S OKAY NOT TO BE FINE, CULLEN. ESPECIALLY WHEN IT COMES TO HIM.

I WON'T SEE HIM AGAIN. THERE, YOU HAPPY?

I DON'T WANT ANOTHER FIGHT.



I DON'T WANT ONE EITHER...LOOK...HE'S A JERK AND YOU'RE THE SWEETEST PERSON IN THE WORLD!

YOU'RE LIKE EVILLY, HELLISHLY SWEET. AND I JUST DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU HURT! OKAY?

I KNOW, I KNOW.



SO BUCK UP, AND CHECK YOUR HARD DRIVE. LEFT A COUPLE OF YOUR FAVORITE SUPERNATURAL EPs ON THERE.



SHIRTLESS WINCHESTERS?

YOU KNOW IT, BRO.



LOVE YOU, BIG SISTER...BE SAFE.

CROSS MY HEART.

So, maybe this isn't the very definition of "safe," but I don't want to get Cullen any more upset than he already is.

I've been tracking **Batman** through Gotham for months. Ever since he told me in no uncertain terms to stop.

Never have been all that good about people telling me what to do, really. And how could I stop?

It doesn't matter how many times he keeps moving his black boxes or encrypting his code. If Batman's electric footprint touches Gotham's grid...I can find him.

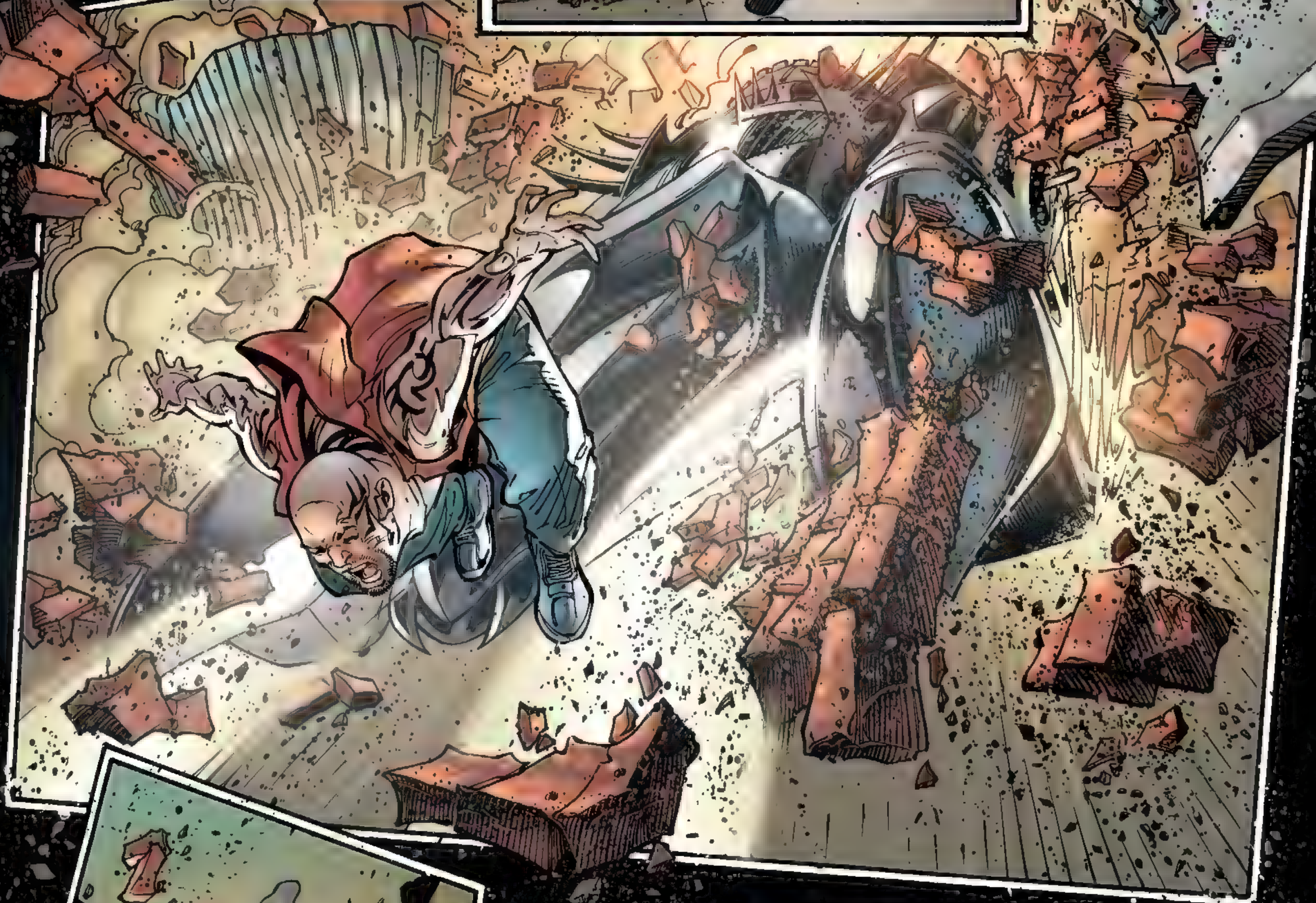
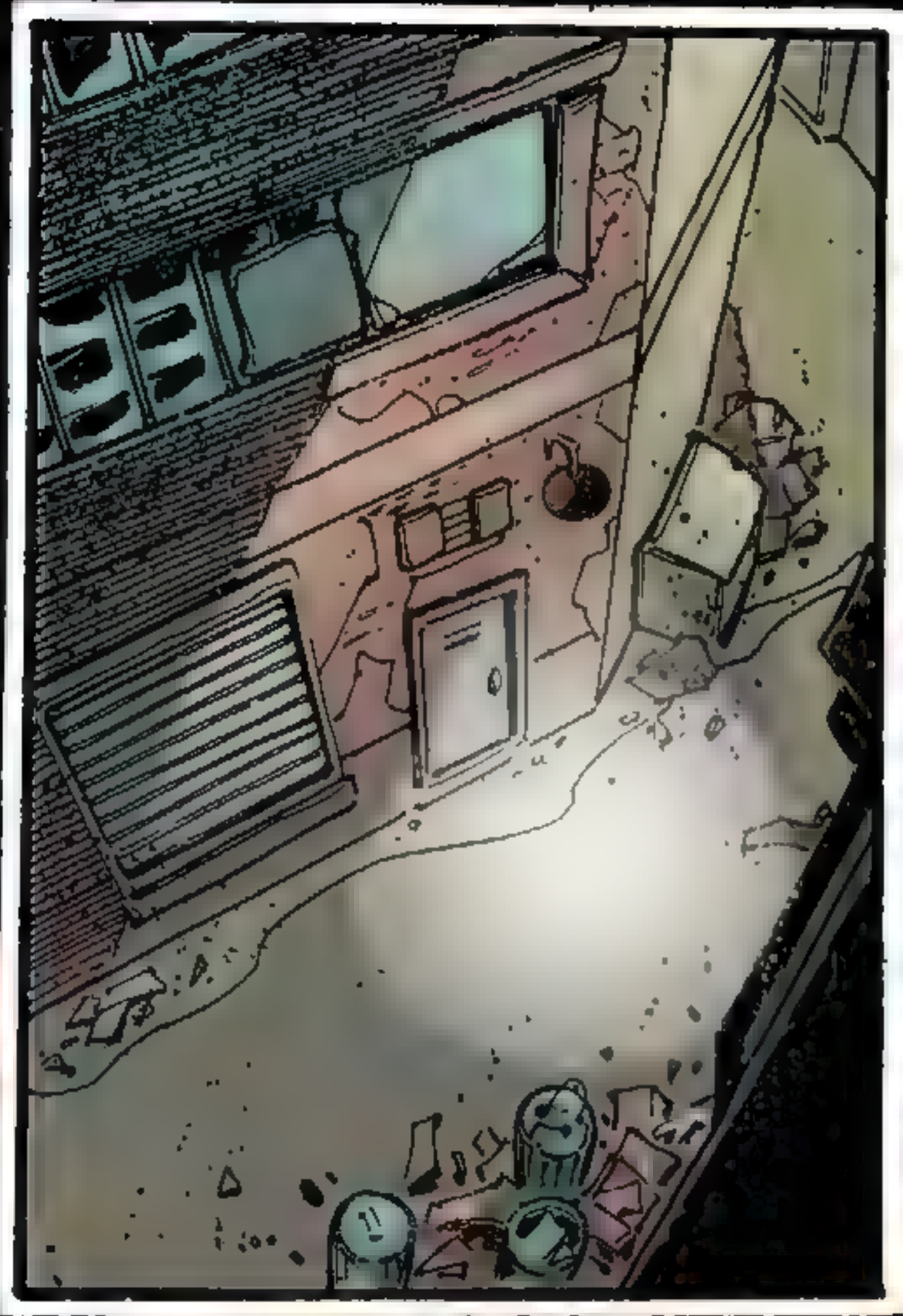
CLINK

Presuming I can get there, that is. Moving rooftop to rooftop isn't exactly the easiest thing in the world.

But these last few nights, I haven't been able to stop myself. If I'm being honest, it's because I'm worried. I've never seen him like this before.

And I'm terrified of what might happen next.

ANY MINUTE NOW...





I'M NOT
DONE WITH YOU
YET.

Gotham
Gotham

EMC

It's been like this for a week.

Batman with an unbridled ferocity he usually reserves for his greatest enemies.

Not even stopping with the sunrise.

That's right. Batman out during the day. I know, pretty crazy, but based on my tracker, he's been working nonstop.

I can't imagine he's slept since it all began.

There's no hint at what's pushed him here. What's making him this relentless force of nature...

... I can't help but find it familiar.

When I get close enough,
I see it in his face. The
pain I know all too well.

Trying to find meaning in the
world in familiar actions.
Pushing himself to keep going,
long past its making any sense.

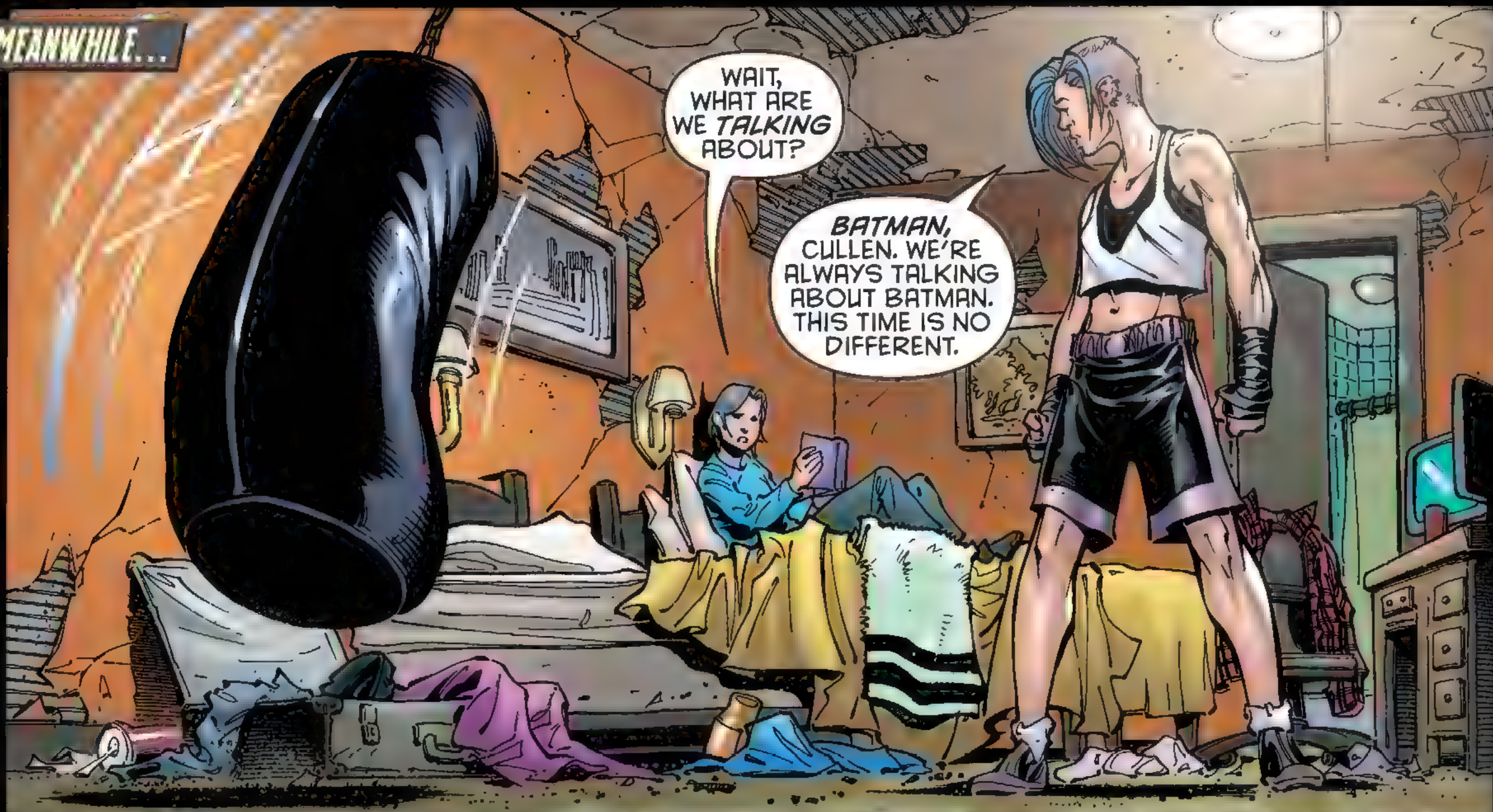
It's a pain
that comes
with loss.

With grief.

It's the kind of
pain that eats away
at you until there's
nothing left.

HE CAN'T KEEP
DOING THIS, CULLEN.
HE'S GOING TO GET
HIMSELF KILLED!

MEANWHILE...



WAIT,
WHAT ARE
WE TALKING
ABOUT?

BATMAN,
CULLEN. WE'RE
ALWAYS TALKING
ABOUT BATMAN.
THIS TIME IS NO
DIFFERENT.



WELL, I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE
THAT YOU WATCHING HIM FOR A
FEW MONTHS MAKES YOU
AN EXPERT.

I'M BEING
SERIOUS!



EVERY DAY IT'S A LITTLE
WORSE. YESTERDAY, I SAW
HIM GET STABBED IN THE
LEG BY A MUGGER...

I'M SURE HE
GETS HIT LIKE
THAT ALL THE
TIME.

BY NINJA
CYBORG
ASSASSINS!
NOT HALF-DRUNK,
BACK ALLEY
MUGGERS!



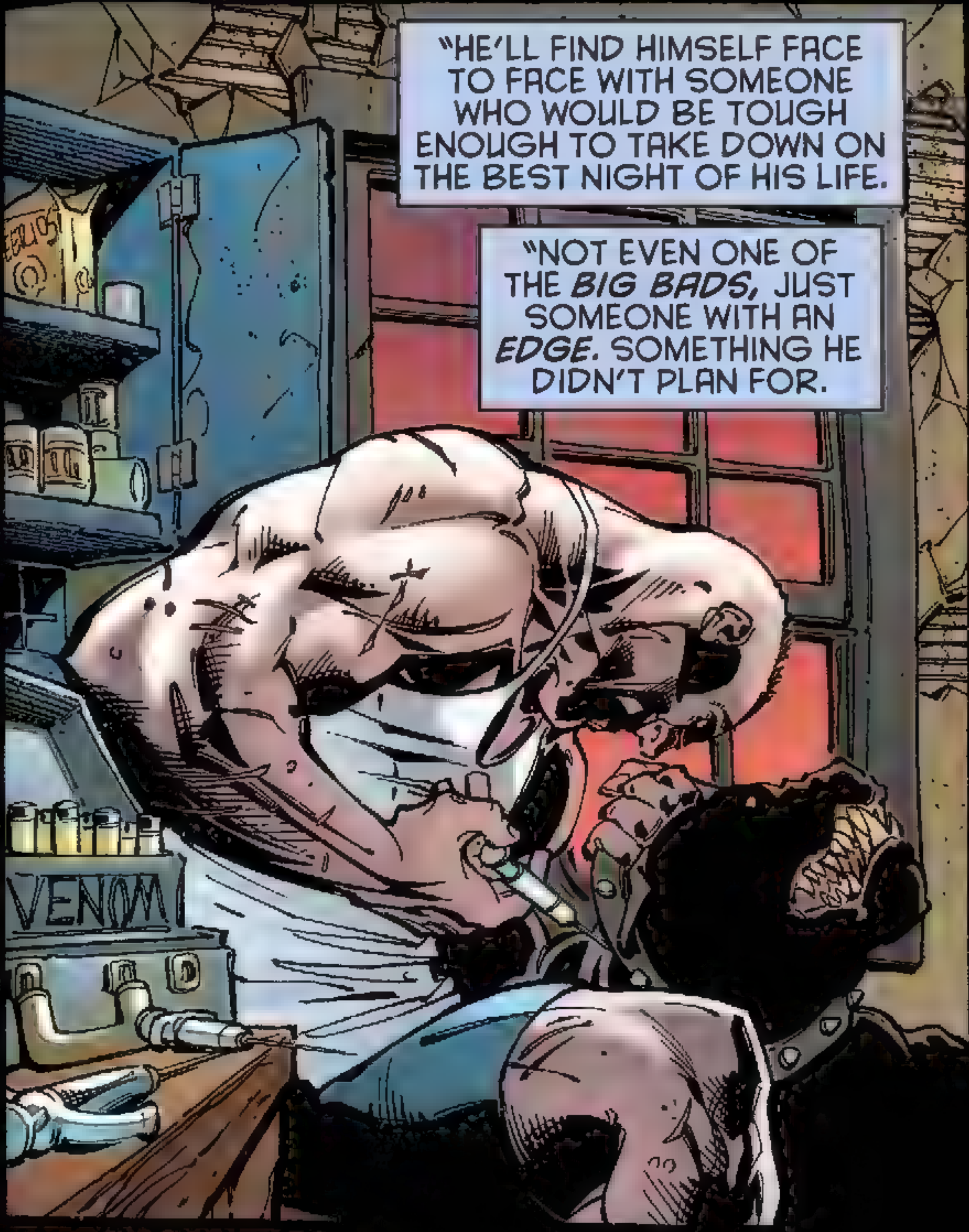
THE IDEA THAT SOME *NOBODY*
COULD GET THAT CLOSE, AND
HURT HIM...ACTUALLY HURT
HIM...IT'S TERRIFYING.

HE'S
BATMAN!
HE'S GOING
TO BE FINE.



YOU HAVEN'T
SEEN HIM, CULLEN.
HE'S GETTING SLOWER.
HE'S MISSING PUNCHES...
AND SO FAR HE'S JUST
BEEN RUNNING UP
AGAINST LOW-RENT
NOBODIES.

BUT
ONE OF THESE
NIGHTS, THAT
WON'T BE THE
CASE.





HOW ABOUT RIGHT HERE?

THWEEEEEEE

THEY GOT ALL SORTS AT THE **ULTRA-DOG** FIGHTS, BATMAN. GENETICALLY MODIFIED FREAKS WITH NO EYES AND SHARK TEETH.

STEEL-PLATED SKELETONS... POISONOUS SALIVA... I'VE SEEN IT ALL.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A BIT MORE **CONSERVATIVE** IN MY WORK. FIVE SHOTS OF VENOM A DAY. TWO OF THOSE DIRECTLY INTO THE JAW MUSCLES.

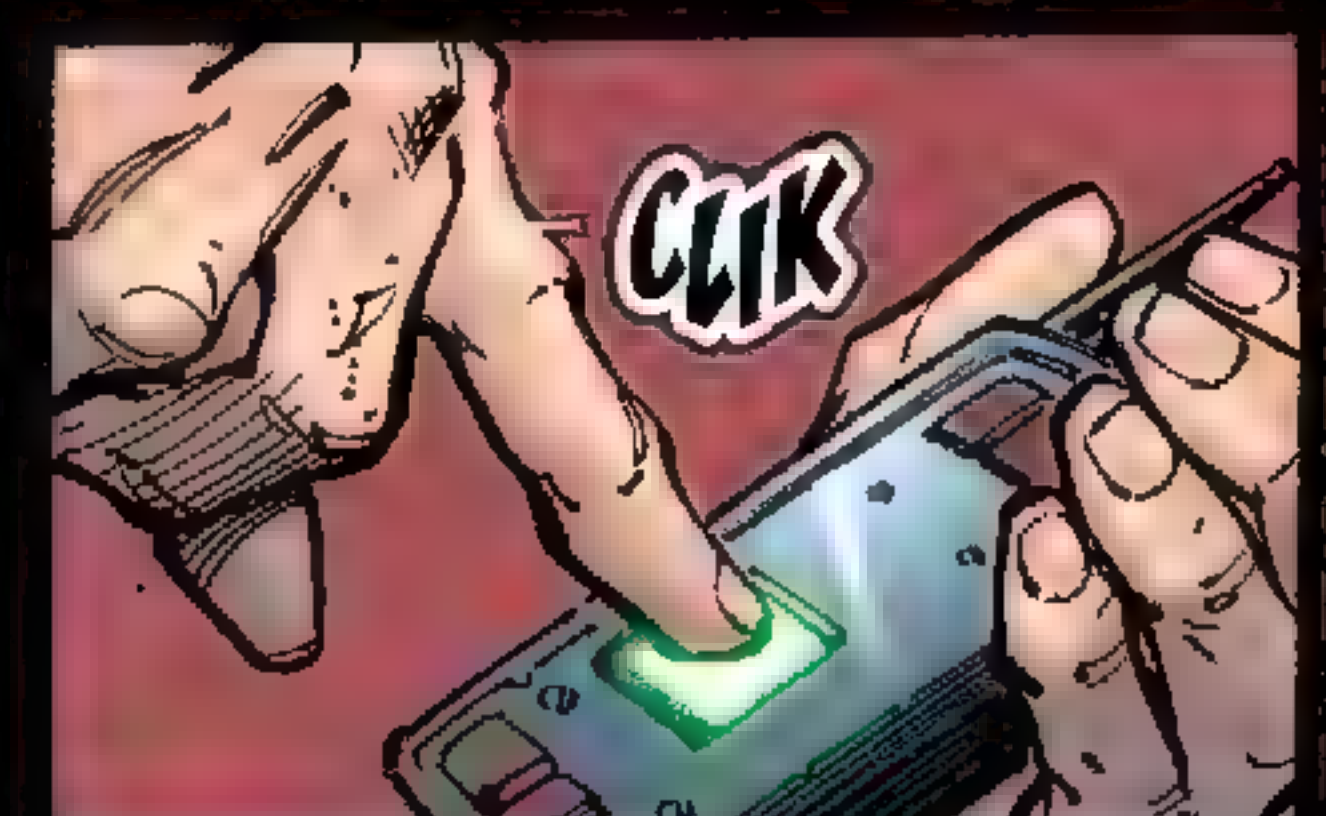
THE STRONGEST DOG BITES RUN ABOUT 450 PSI ON AVERAGE.

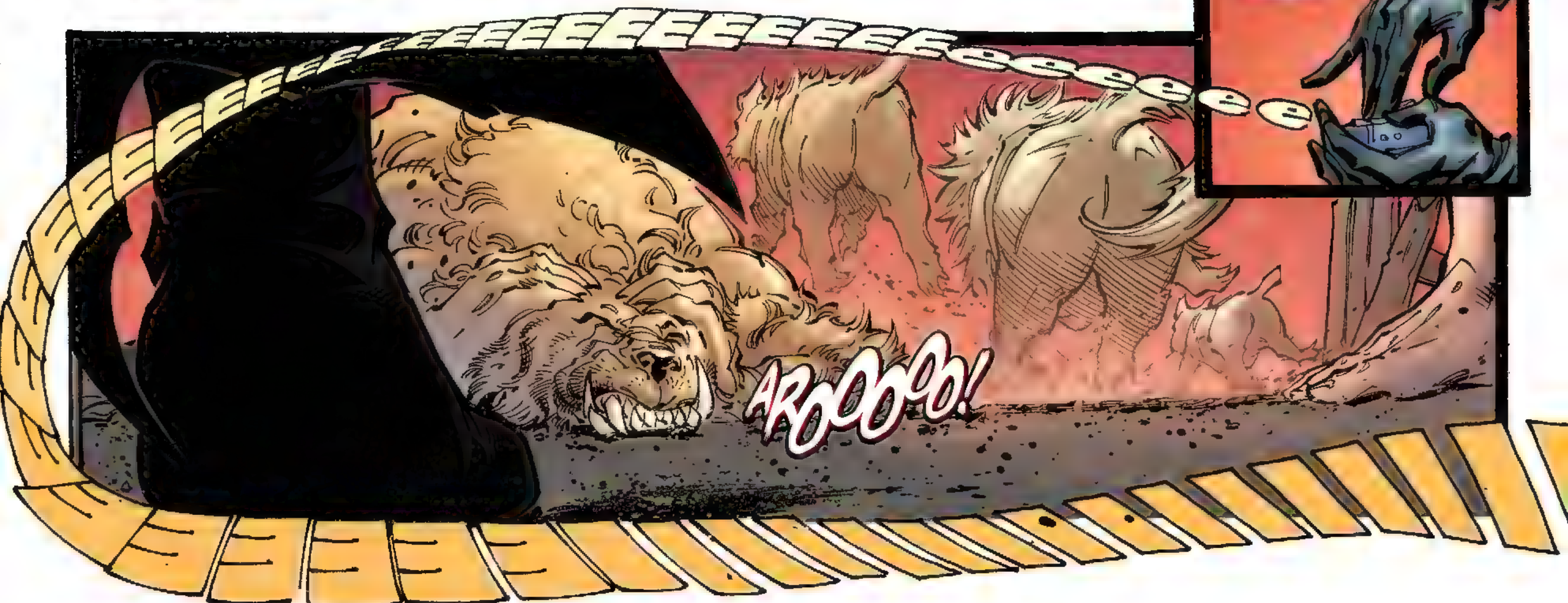
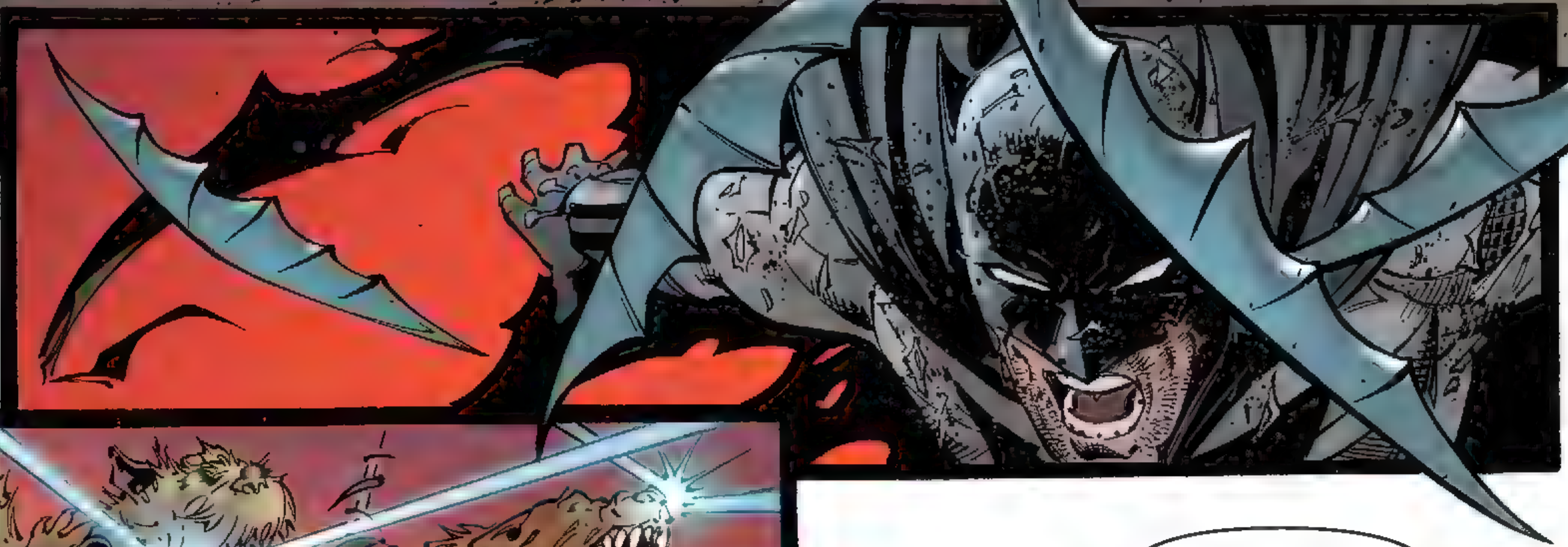
THESE BEAUTIES CHOMP DOWN AT 1500. STRONGER THAN A TIGER.

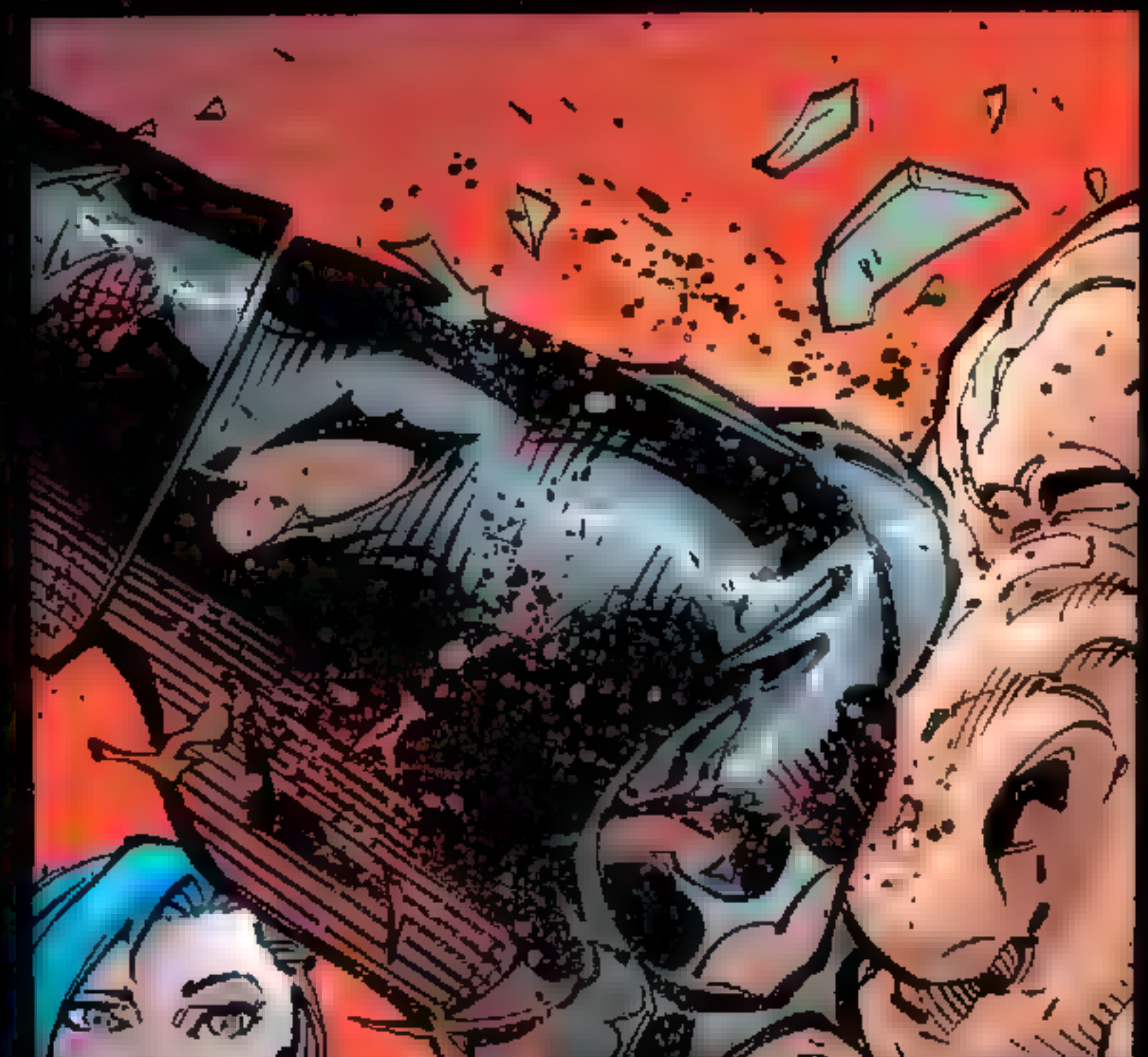
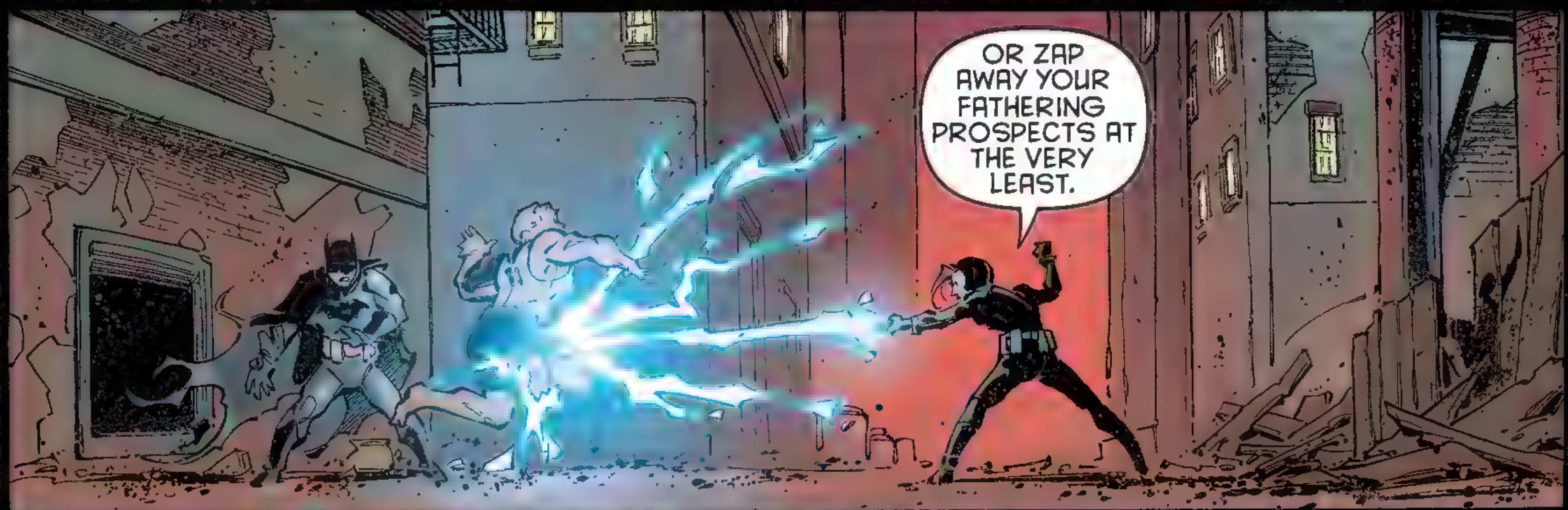
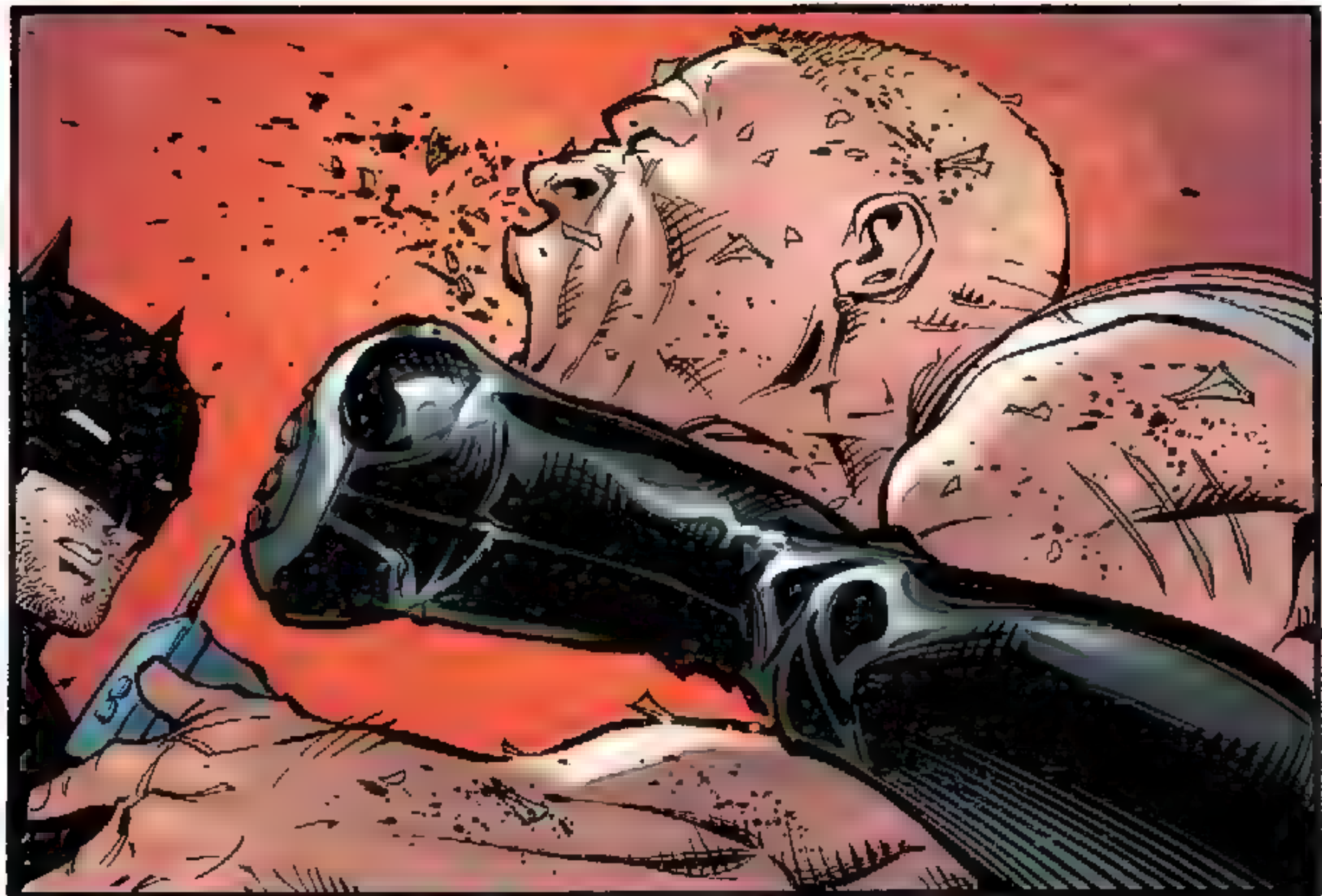


THE BODY STARTS SHUTTING ITSELF DOWN AFTER A WHILE...

...BUT THAT'S WHY I'VE ALWAYS GOT MORE WAITING IN THE WINGS TO PICK UP THE FIGHT.









FOUND THAT RADIO CHANNEL A FEW MONTHS BACK. ALWAYS MAKES THE NEIGHBORS' DOGS GO CRAZY. FIGURED IF I AMPED IT UP, IT'D DO THE TRICK.

Hh.



LOOK. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY...BUT YOU'VE GOTTA ADMIT, SINCE I'VE BEEN TRAINING, I ACTUALLY DID PRETTY WELL, HUH?

IF YOU'VE BEEN TRAINING, WHY DON'T YOU BLOCK THIS?

WAIT, WHU--



YOUR TRAINING ISN'T WORTH *ANYTHING* TO ME.

THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO'VE TRAINED THEIR *ENTIRE LIVES* AND FALLEN IN THIS WAR. DID YOU REALLY THINK IT WAS AS EASY AS PICKING UP A TASER?



WHAT DID YOU *THINK*? THAT I WOULD SEE HOW MUCH YOU'VE GROWN AND TAKE YOU BACK TO MY *BASE*? TELL YOU MY *REAL NAME*? GIVE YOU A CAR AND A CAPE AND LET YOU FIGHT BY MY *SIDE*?

THIS ISN'T A *GAME*, HARPER! IF YOU PURSUE THIS, YOU WILL *DIE*, DO YOU UNDERSTAND *ME*?!

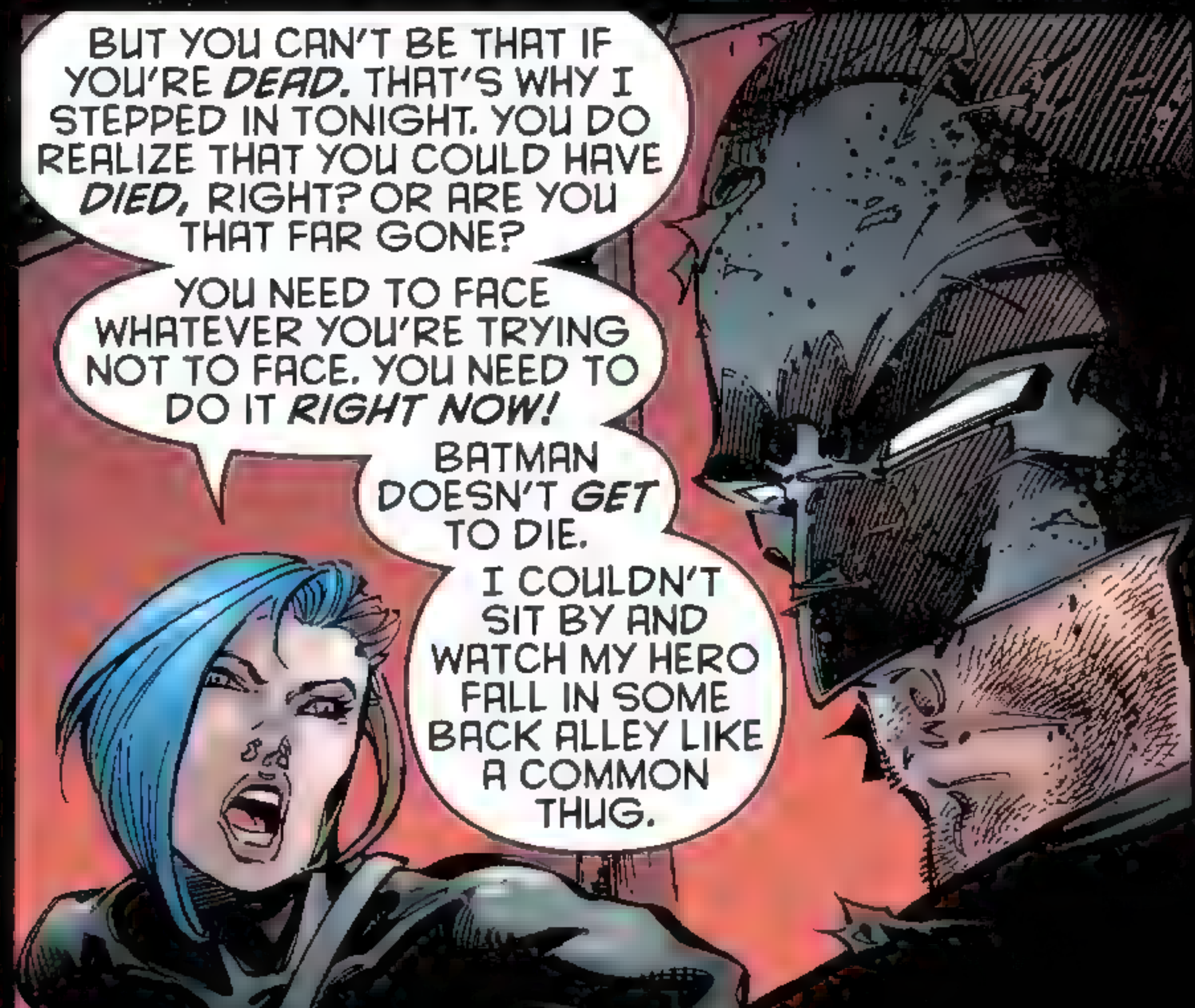


I'M NOT AN *IDIOT*, BATMAN. I KNOW I'M NOT READY. NOT YET. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'M GOING TO STOP. YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T MAKE ME.



AND JUST TO MAKE IT CLEAR... I HAVE *NO INTEREST* IN KNOWING WHOEVER'S UNDER THAT MASK. I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE A *PERSON*.

PEOPLE HAVE NEVER DONE ANYTHING BUT DISAPPOINT ME. YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE A PERSON. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AN *IDEA*.



BUT YOU CAN'T BE THAT IF YOU'RE *DEAD*. THAT'S WHY I STEPPED IN TONIGHT. YOU DO REALIZE THAT YOU COULD HAVE *DIED*, RIGHT? OR ARE YOU THAT FAR GONE?

YOU NEED TO FACE WHATEVER YOU'RE TRYING NOT TO FACE. YOU NEED TO DO IT *RIGHT NOW*!

BATMAN DOESN'T *GET* TO DIE.

I COULDN'T SIT BY AND WATCH MY HERO FALL IN SOME BACK ALLEY LIKE A COMMON THUG.

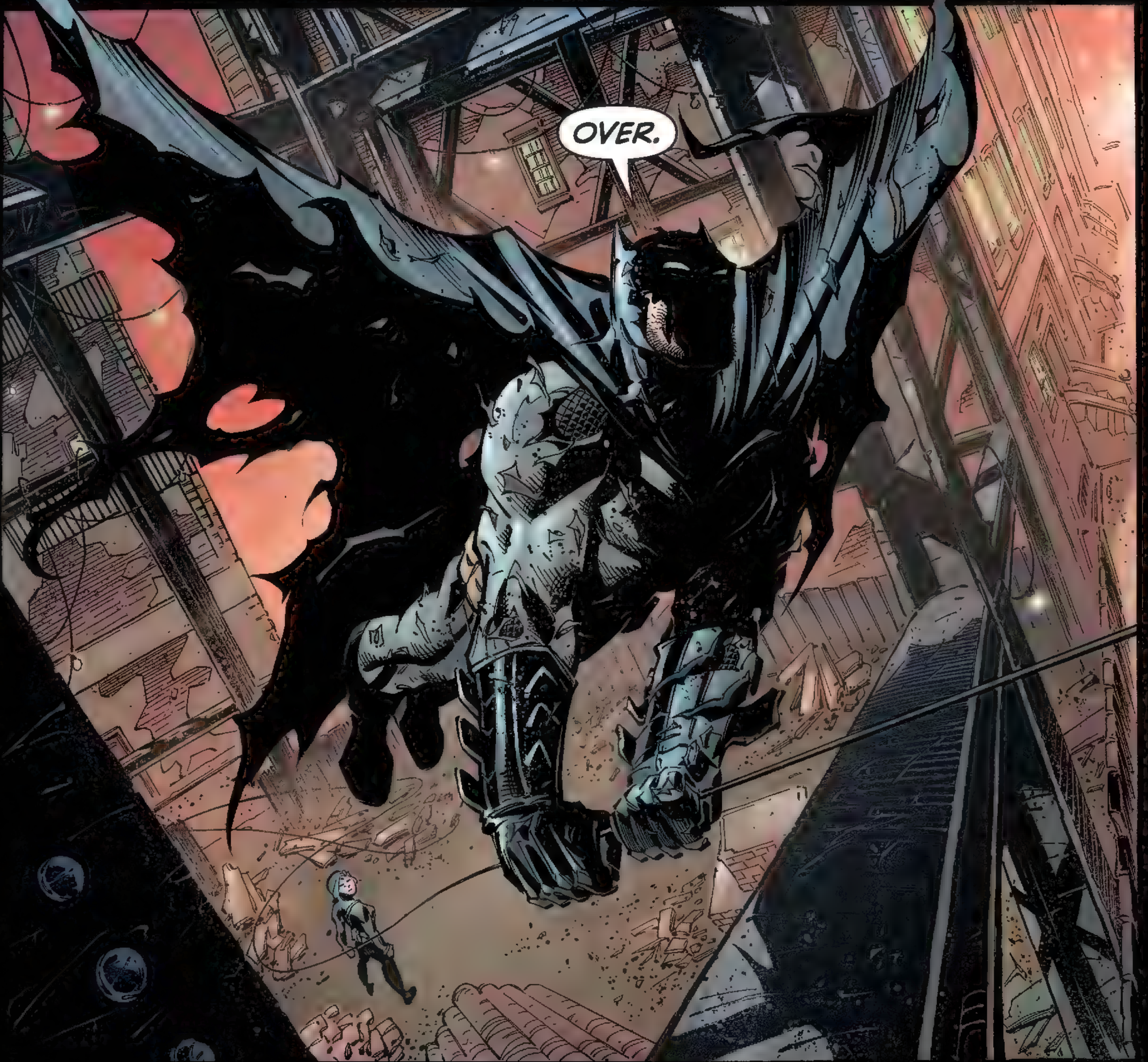
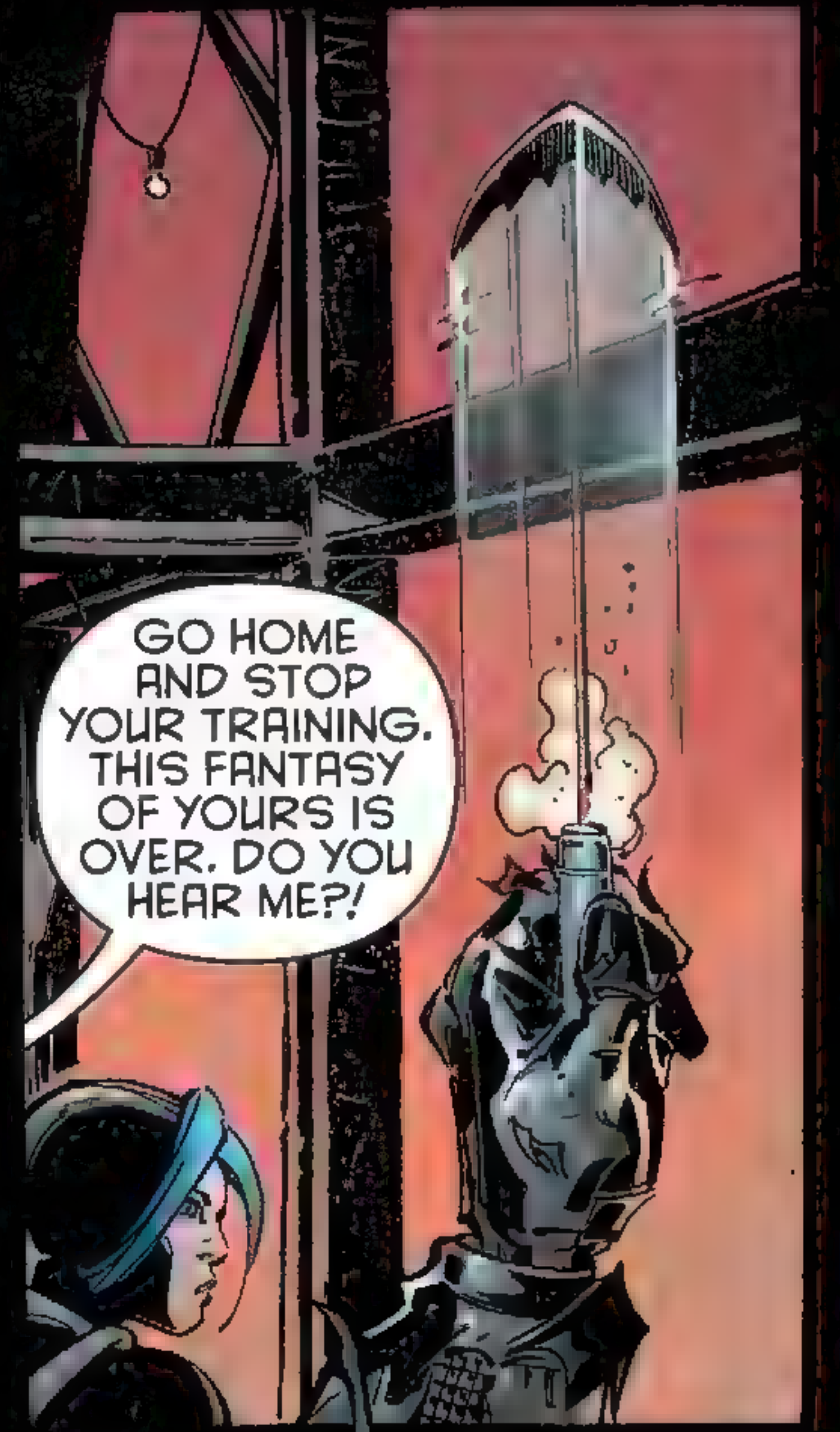
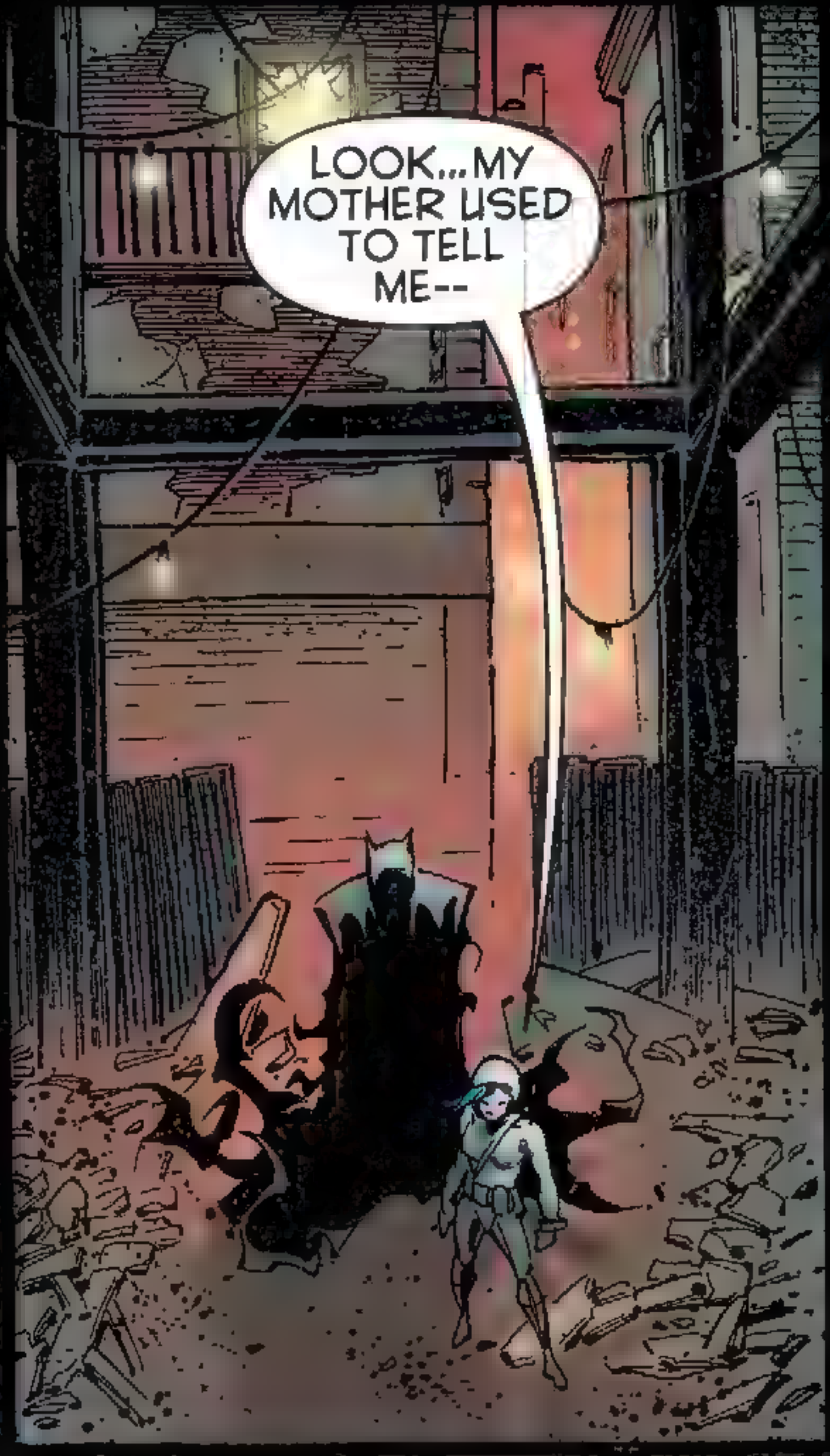


I DON'T *CARE* WHO YOU ARE. I DON'T CARE IF YOU APPROVE OF WHAT I'M DOING. BUT I'M DOING IT *BECAUSE* OF YOU.

AND YOU CAN JUST FREAKING *DEAL*.



AND DON'T PRETEND LIKE I'M *NOTHING* TO YOU, ALL RIGHT? I KNOW IT WAS YOU. I KNOW YOU LOCKED UP MY FATHER.





IT'S *NOT* OVER, CULLEN. I'M NOT JUST GIVING UP.

YOU'RE REALLY DOING THIS. REALLY.



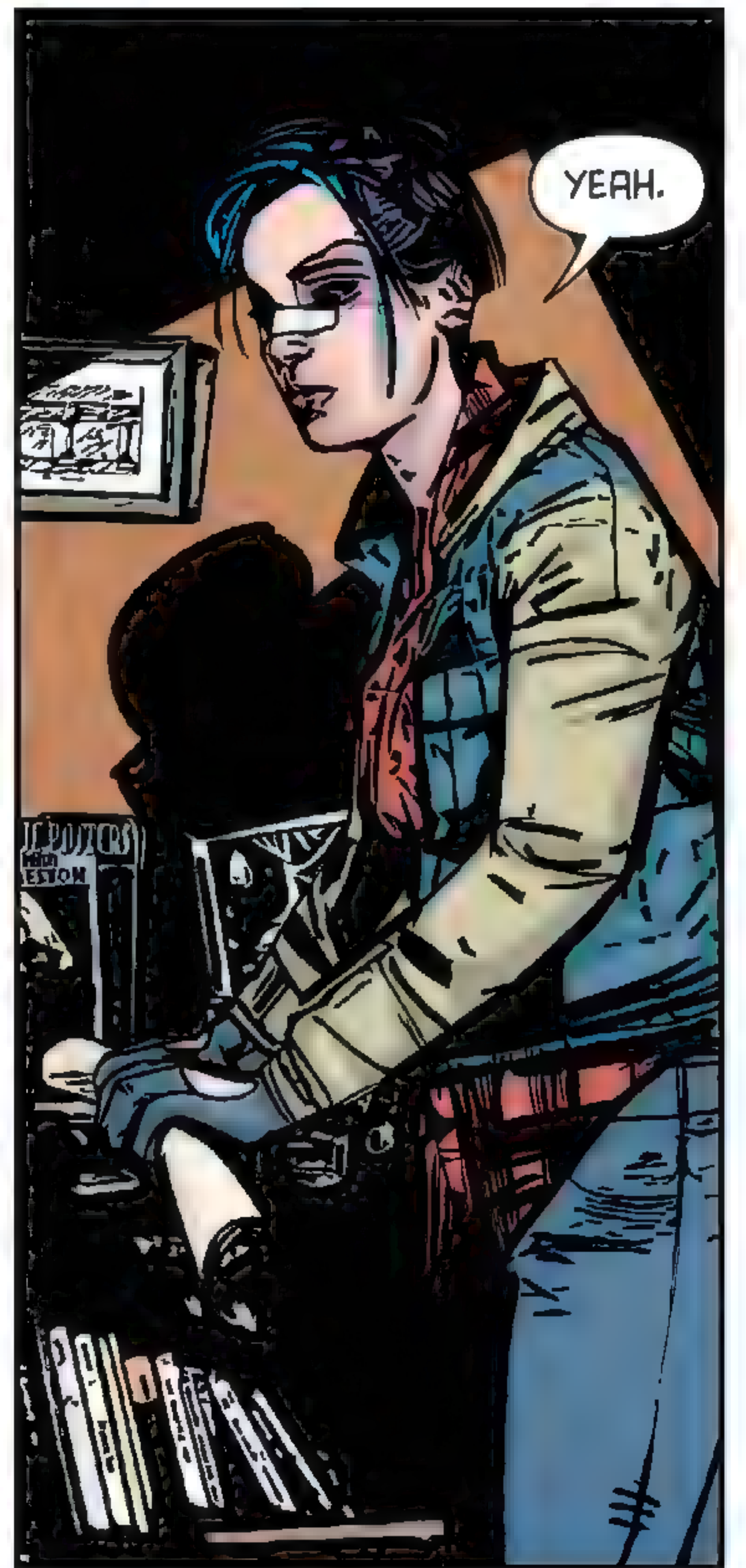
YOU'RE JUST GOING TO GET TURNED AWAY AT HIS DOOR!

I HAVE TO *TRY*, DON'T I? THE BUILDING ISN'T ACCESSIBLE FROM THE MAIN GRID. I HAVE TO GET PERMISSION.



OR, YOU KNOW, YOU COULD *NOT* TRY TO GET BACK AT THE GUY WHO BROKE YOUR NOSE.

HUSH, CULLEN. I'M THINKING.



YEAH.



I'VE GOT TO TRY.

ARE YOU CALLING FROM YOUR OFFICE, MASTER BRUCE? I HAVE TO SAY, I HARDLY RECOGNIZED THE NUMBER.

I SLEPT IN THE PENTHOUSE LAST NIGHT. LUCIUS CAUGHT ME IN BED AND PULLED ME IN FOR SOME MEETINGS. I WON'T BE HERE LONG, ALFRED.

SHOULD I EXPECT YOU HOME THIS EVENING?

I DON'T KNOW.

ARE YOU... HOW ARE YOU DOING?

MR. WAYNE?

I'LL BE IN TOUCH, ALFRED.

CLIK

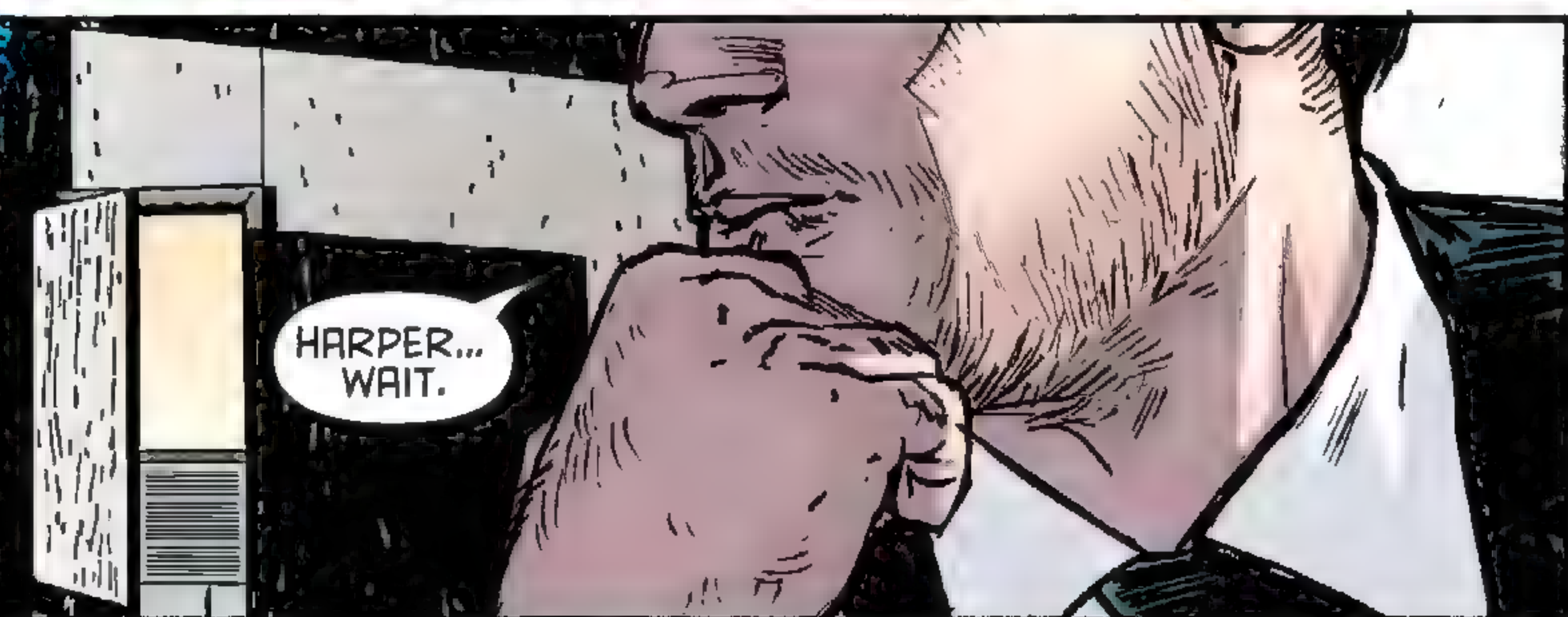
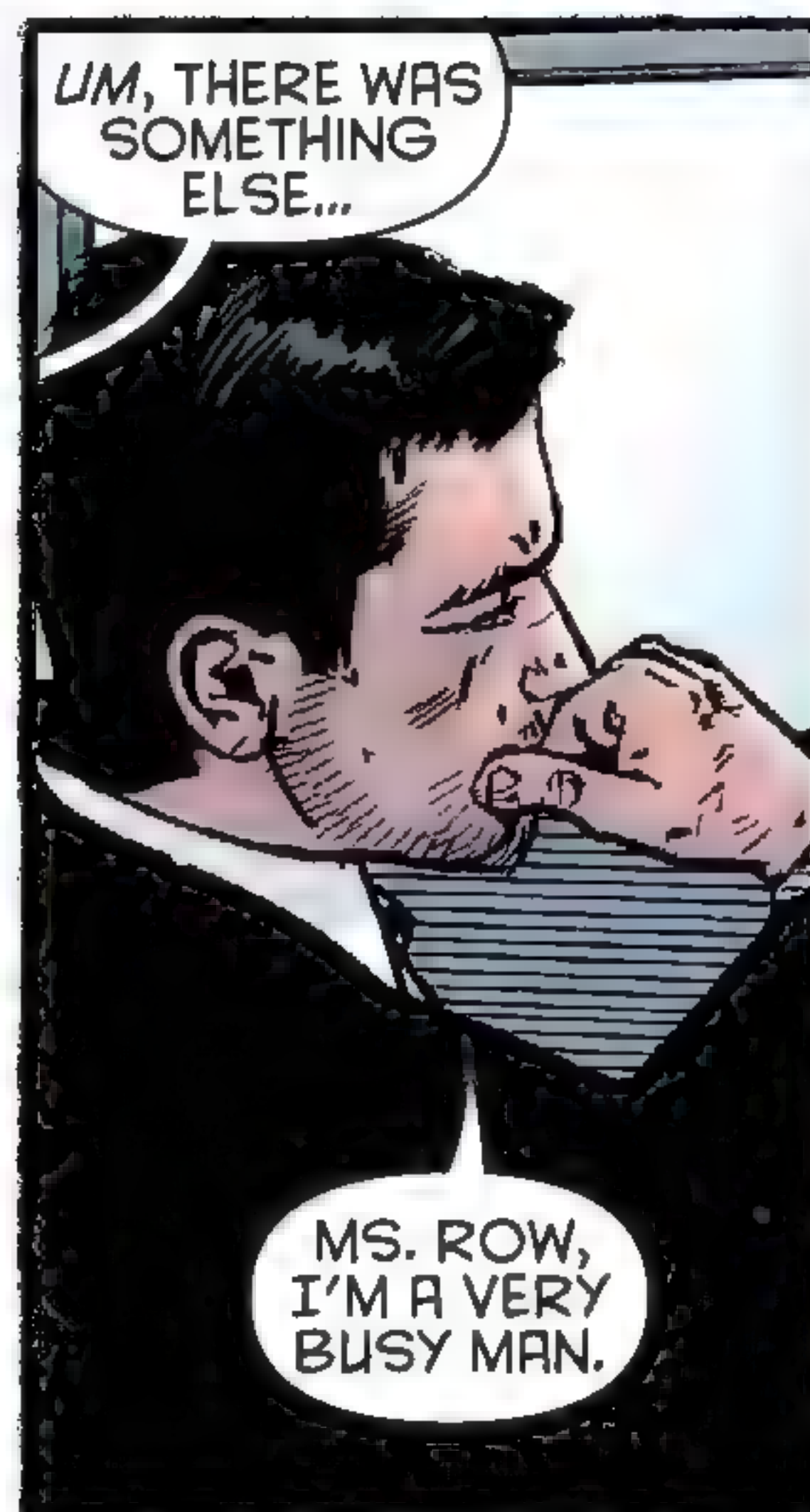
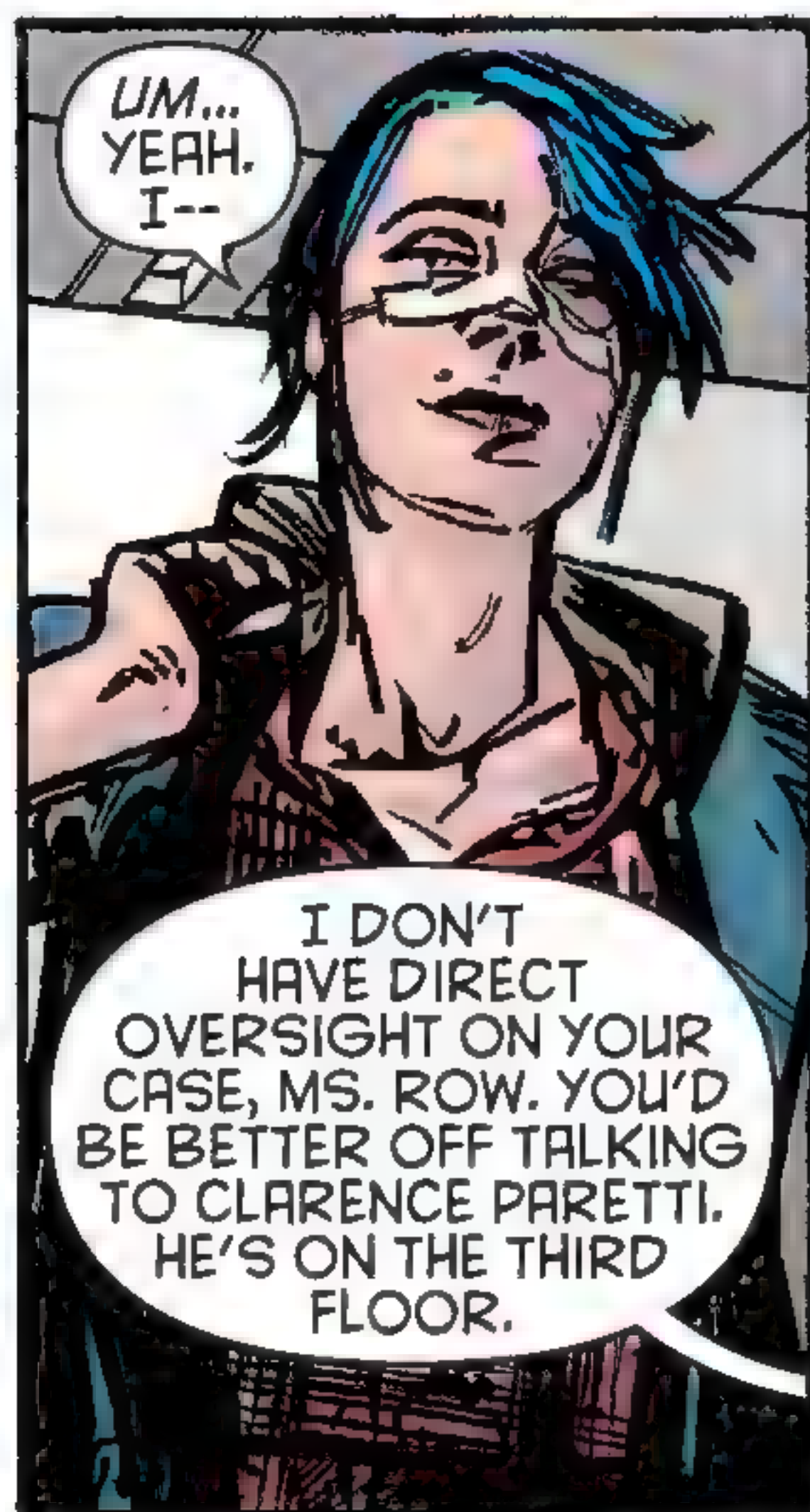
I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, SIR... BUT THERE'S A RATHER INSISTENT YOUNG LADY WHO SAYS SHE WON'T LEAVE UNTIL SHE SPEAKS WITH YOU.

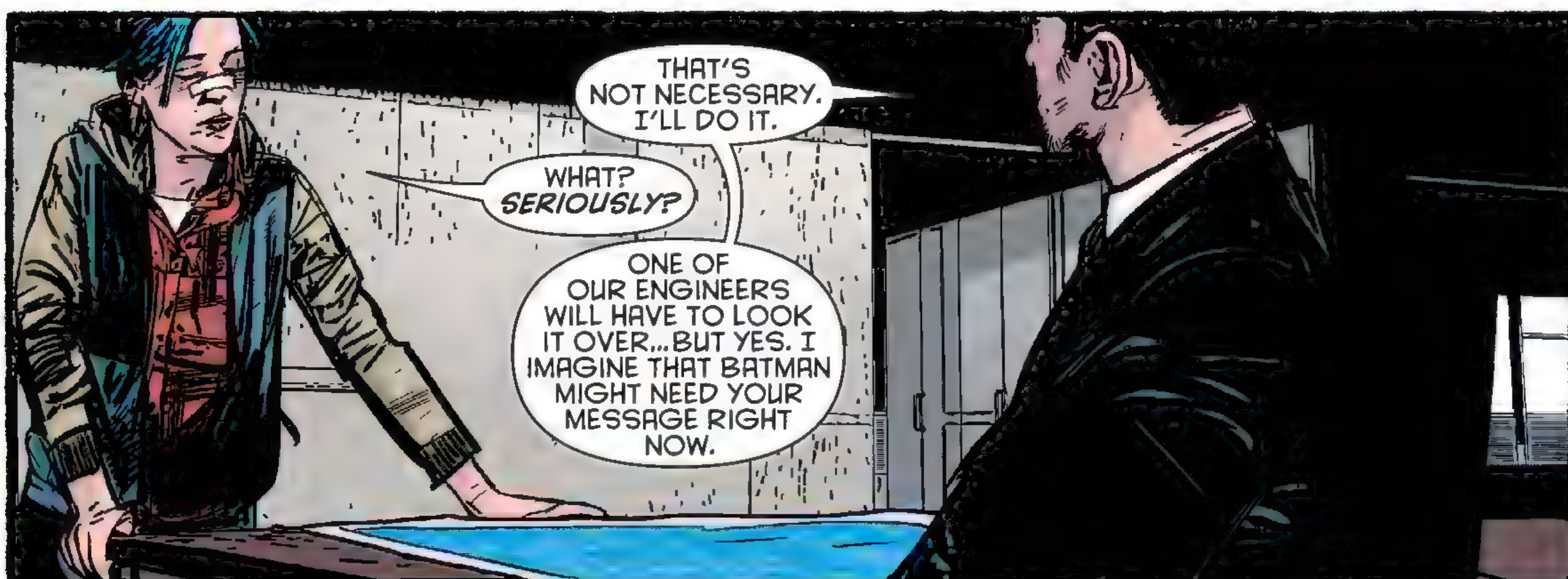
SHE'S ONE OF THE RELOCATED TENANTS OF TH--

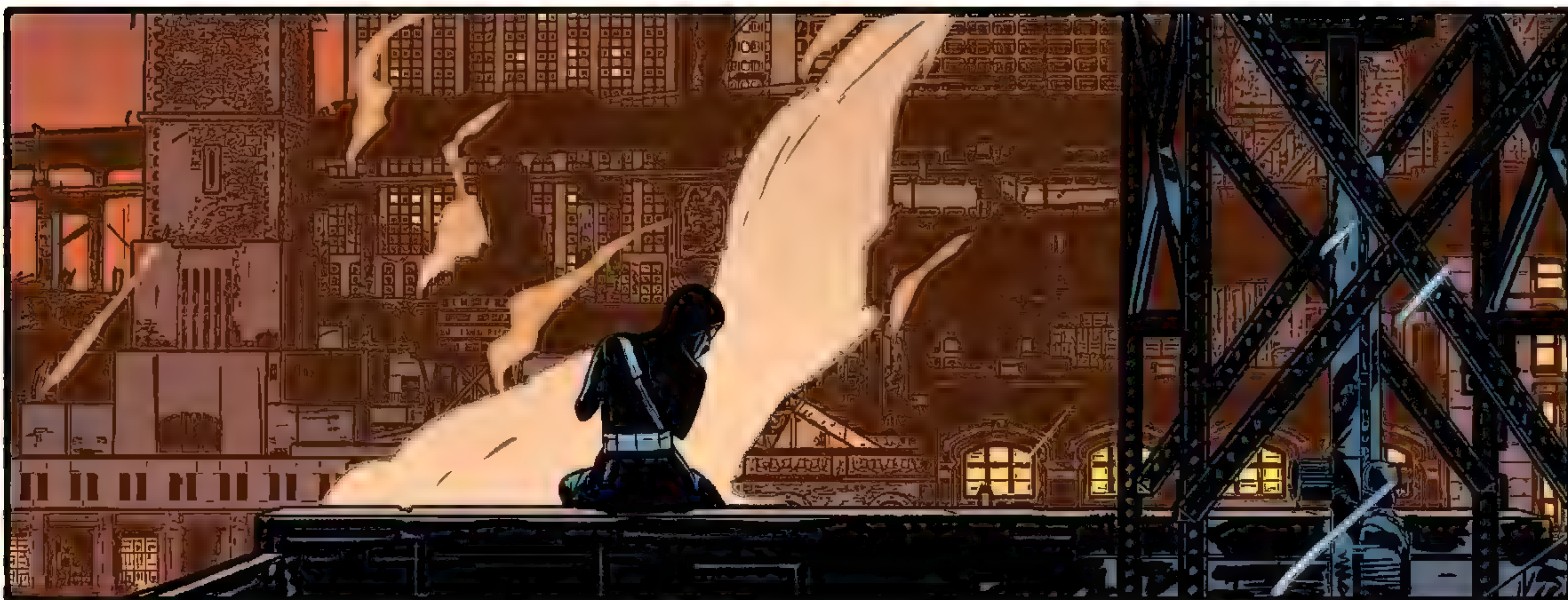
I KNOW WHO SHE IS.

SHOULD I CALL SECURITY?

NO. THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, WENDY. THANK YOU.







I ACTED...
RASHLY
THE OTHER
NIGHT.



IS THAT
WHAT YOU CALL
AN **APOLOGY**?
YOU BROKE MY
NOSE.

I'M
SORRY,
HARPER.



EH, IT'S FINE. SEEMS LIKE IT
WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN
SOONER OR LATER.
THE NOSE-BREAKING
PART. NOT YOU PUNCHING
ME. THAT WAS A BIT OF
A SURPRISE.



HARPER...
THERE ARE THINGS
HAPPENING IN MY
LIFE RIGHT NOW YOU
COULDN'T UNDER-
STAND.

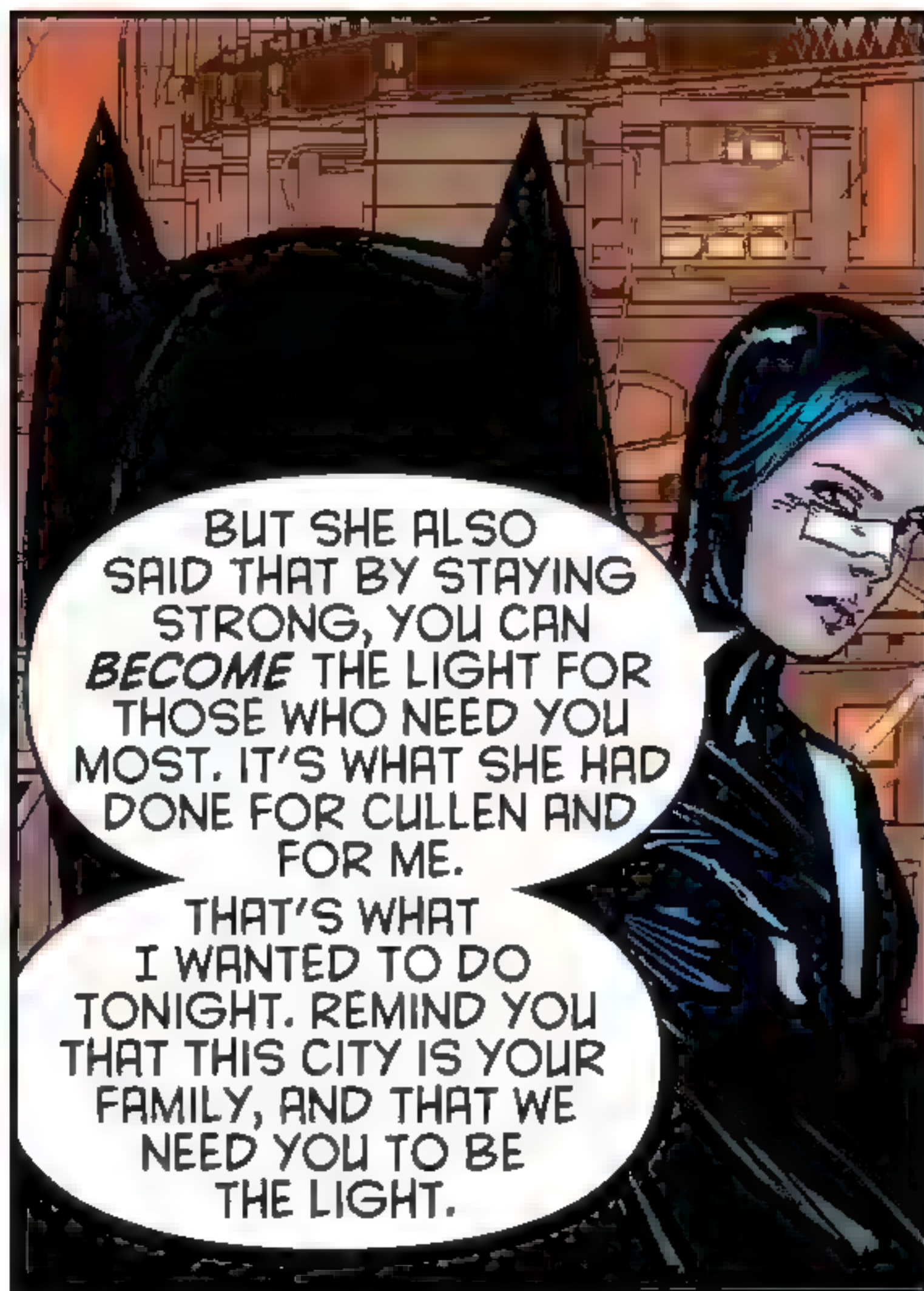
HMM.
MAYBE NOT THE
DETAILS, BUT I CAN SEE
YOUR PAIN. EVEN NOW.
AND I'VE DEFINITELY
BEEN THERE
BEFORE.



MY MOTHER
WAS MURDERED
BY...WELL, I'M SURE
YOU READ THE PAPER.
IT WAS QUITE THE
SCANDAL.

I DID.

AFTER SHE DIED, I
COULDN'T STOP PUNISHING
MYSELF. ALL I DID WAS
WORK. DIDN'T EAT. DIDN'T
SLEEP. BUT IT WASN'T
JUST ME THAT I WAS
HURTING...





WELL, IT'S ALMOST TIME. I WASN'T REALLY EXPECTING YOU TO FIND ME BEFORE MY MESSAGE WENT UP...

AREN'T YOU STAYING?



NAH. THIS IS JUST FOR YOU. JUST LET IT SINK IN A BIT BEFORE YOU GO OUT BUSTING HEADS TONIGHT.

I'M LEAVING THE CITY TO MY ASSOCIATES FOR THE EVENING. SOMEONE REMINDED ME THAT I NEEDED TO TAKE CARE OF SOMETHING.



WHAT?

MYSELF. I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN FIVE DAYS.



WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT DRIVING HOME.

I HAVE A VERY SOPHISTICATED AUTOPILOT.



SO, THE MESSAGE IS A *WORD* MY MOM USED TO SAY TO HERSELF OVER AND OVER AGAIN IN HER DARKEST MOMENTS.

IT'S WHAT SHE TOLD HERSELF TO STAY STRONG. IT'LL CYCLE THROUGH ALL SEVEN LETTERS, IF YOU GIVE IT A FEW MINUTES.



KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED ON WAYNE ENTERPRISES. JUST ANOTHER THIRTY SECONDS OR SO. HOPEFULLY IT'LL MEAN SOMETHING TO YOU, TOO.



IT MEANS SOMETHING.





NOWHERE MAN

SCOTT SNYDER writer GREG CAPULLO penciller DANNY MIKI inker FCO PLASCENCIA colorist cover by GREG CAPULLO & FCO PLASCENCIA



GOTHAM NATIONAL BANK: NOW.

EVERYONE JUST
STAY IN POSITION!
WE KNOW HE'S *ARMED*,
WE KNOW HE'S
DANGEROUS!

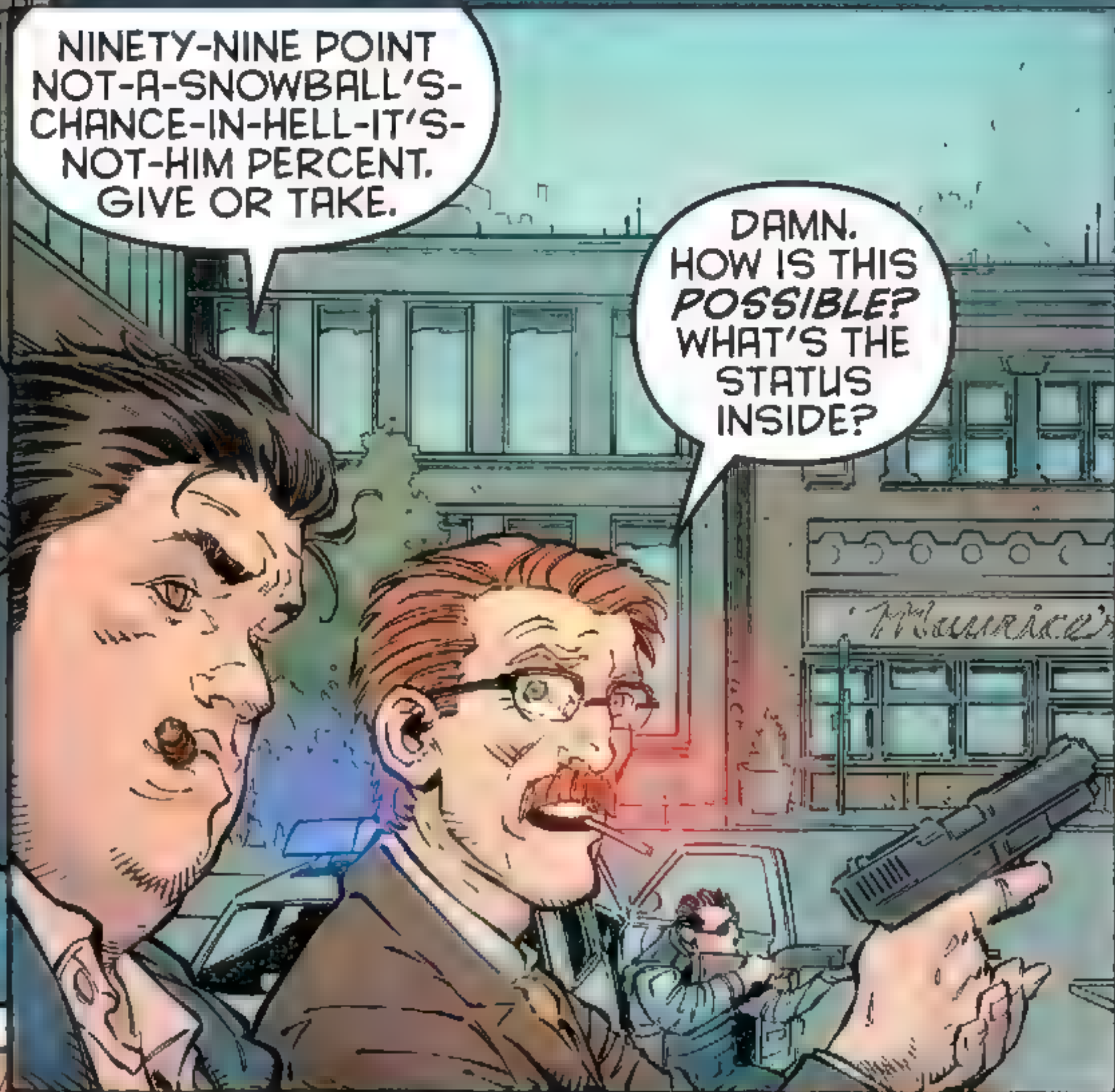
I'M HERE, HARV.
TELL ME IT'S
NOT REALLY
HIM.

THE
LABWORK
WAS FAST-
TRACKED.

AND?

NINETY-NINE POINT
NOT-A-SNOWBALL'S-
CHANCE-IN-HELL-IT'S-
NOT-HIM PERCENT.
GIVE OR TAKE.

DAMN.
HOW IS THIS
POSSIBLE?
WHAT'S THE
STATUS
INSIDE?



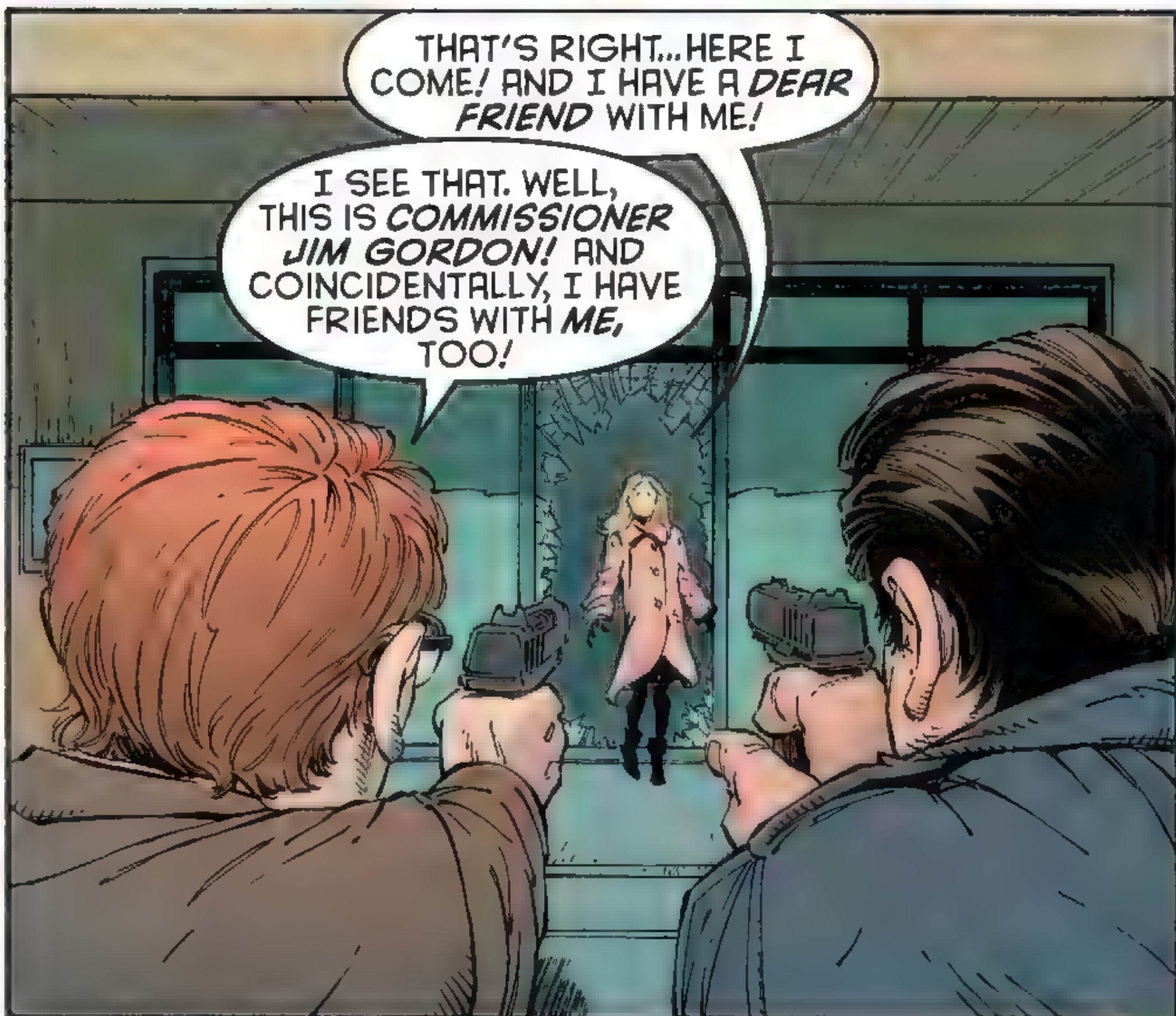
"HE'S TAKEN DOWN AT LEAST THREE GUARDS.
NO WORD ON THE *HOSTAGES* YET.
BUT HE MEANS BUSINESS, I'LL TELL
YOU TH--*HANG ON!* HERE HE COMES!"

THAT'S RIGHT...HERE I
COME! AND I HAVE A *DEAR*
FRIEND WITH ME!

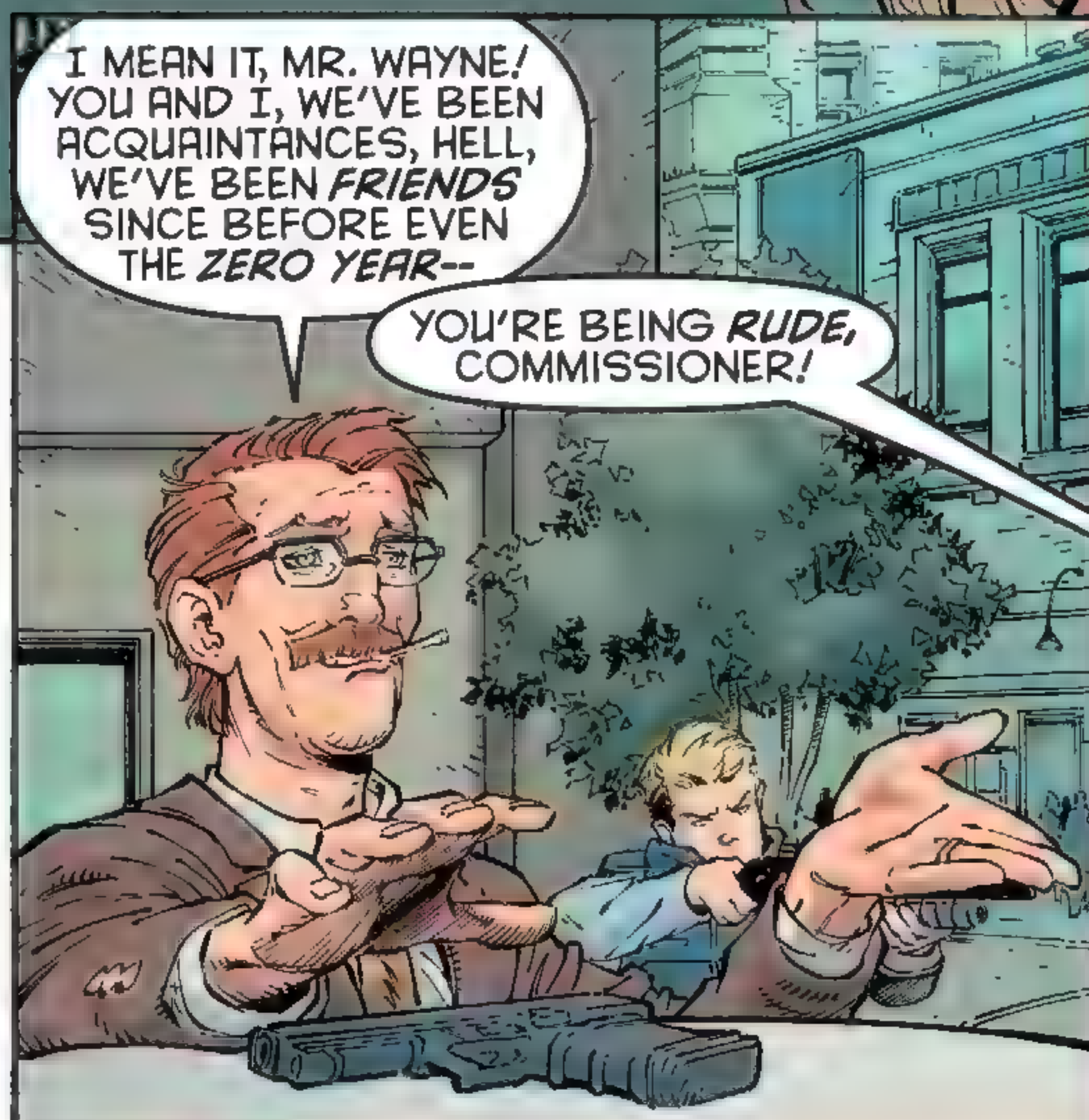
I SEE THAT. WELL,
THIS IS *COMMISSIONER*
JIM GORDON! AND
COINCIDENTALLY, I HAVE
FRIENDS WITH ME,
TOO!

AND LET ME
ASSURE YOU THAT
THERE IS *NO WAY OUT*
OF THIS SITUATION,
UNLESS MY FRIENDS
START *LIKING* YOU A
LITTLE BETTER!

SO WHY DON'T
WE ALL JUST *CALM*
DOWN AND START A
CONVERSATION...

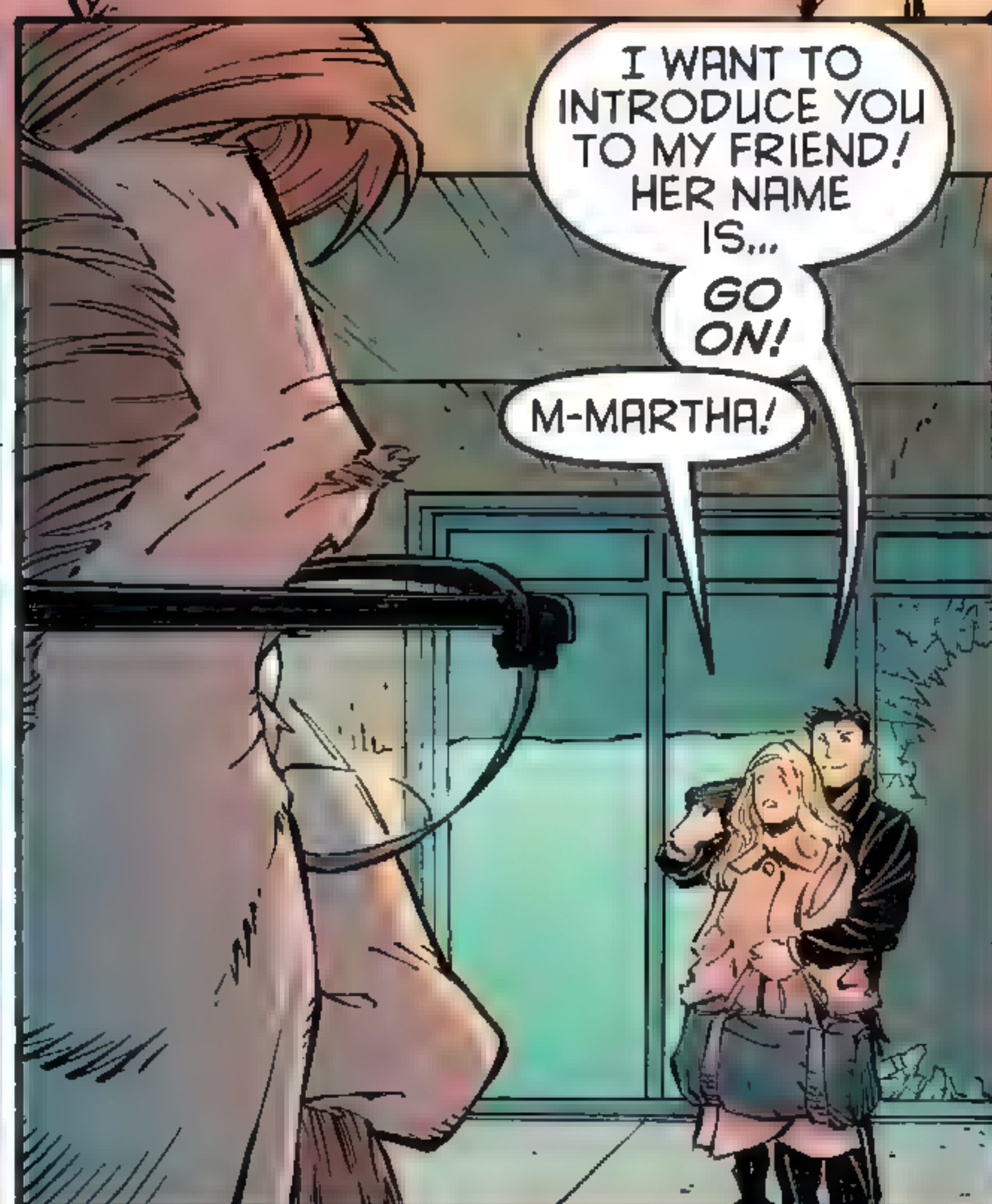


... BRUCE WAYNE!



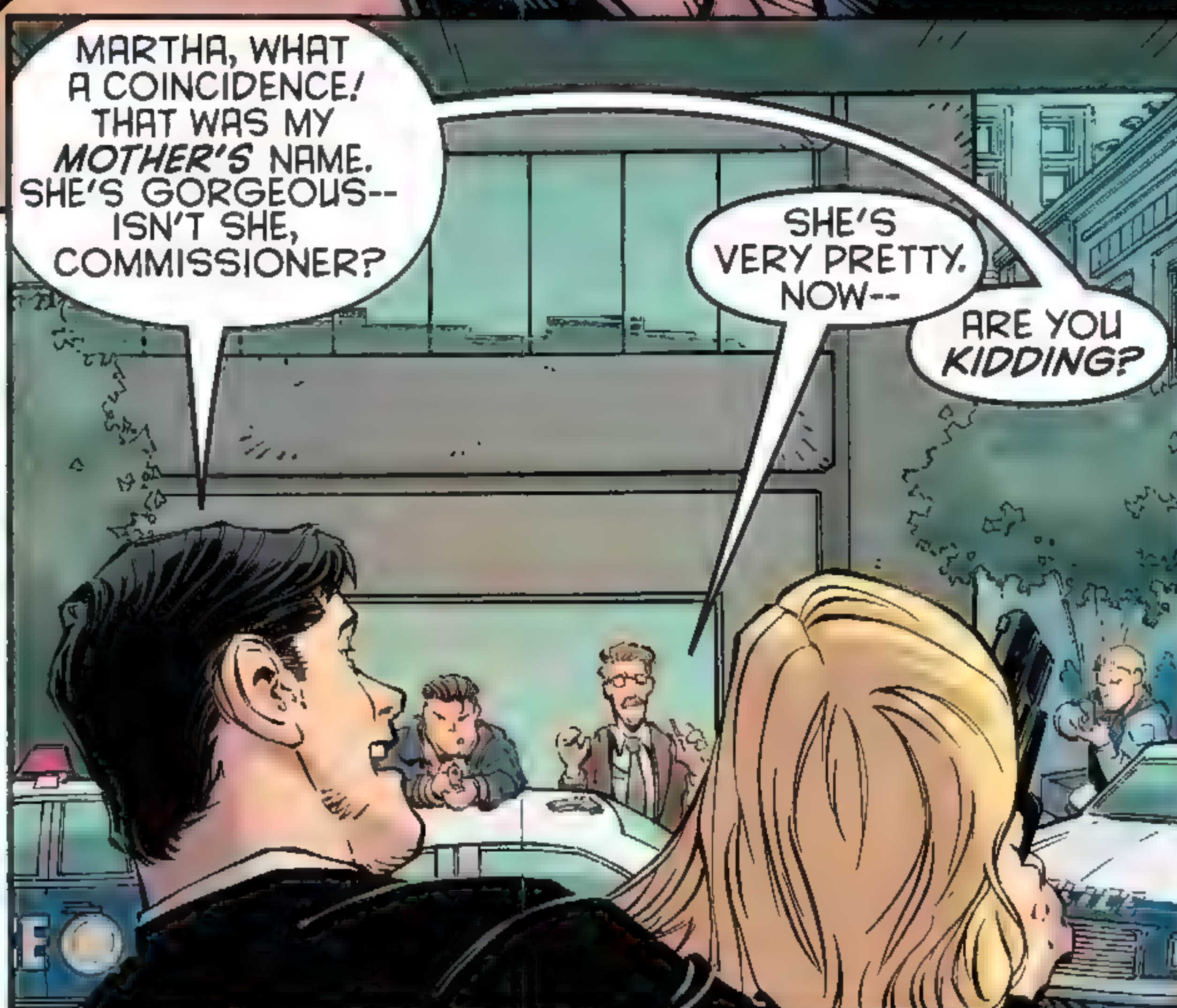
I MEAN IT, MR. WAYNE! YOU AND I, WE'VE BEEN ACQUAINTANCES, HELL, WE'VE BEEN *FRIENDS* SINCE BEFORE EVEN THE *ZERO YEAR*--

YOU'RE BEING RUDE, COMMISSIONER!



I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY FRIEND! HER NAME IS...
GO ON!

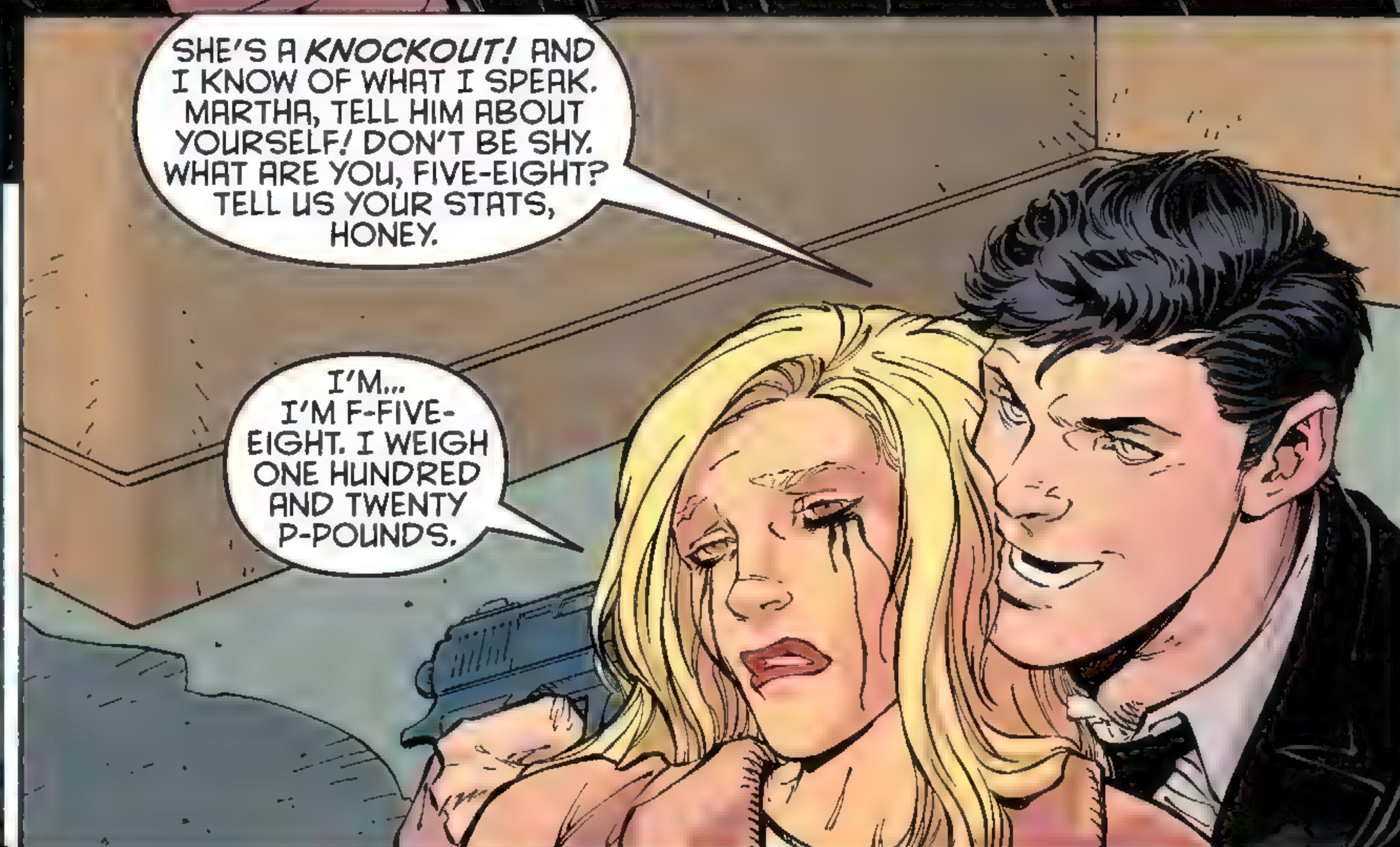
M-MARTHA!



MARTHA, WHAT A COINCIDENCE! THAT WAS MY *MOTHER'S* NAME. SHE'S GORGEOUS-- ISN'T SHE, COMMISSIONER?

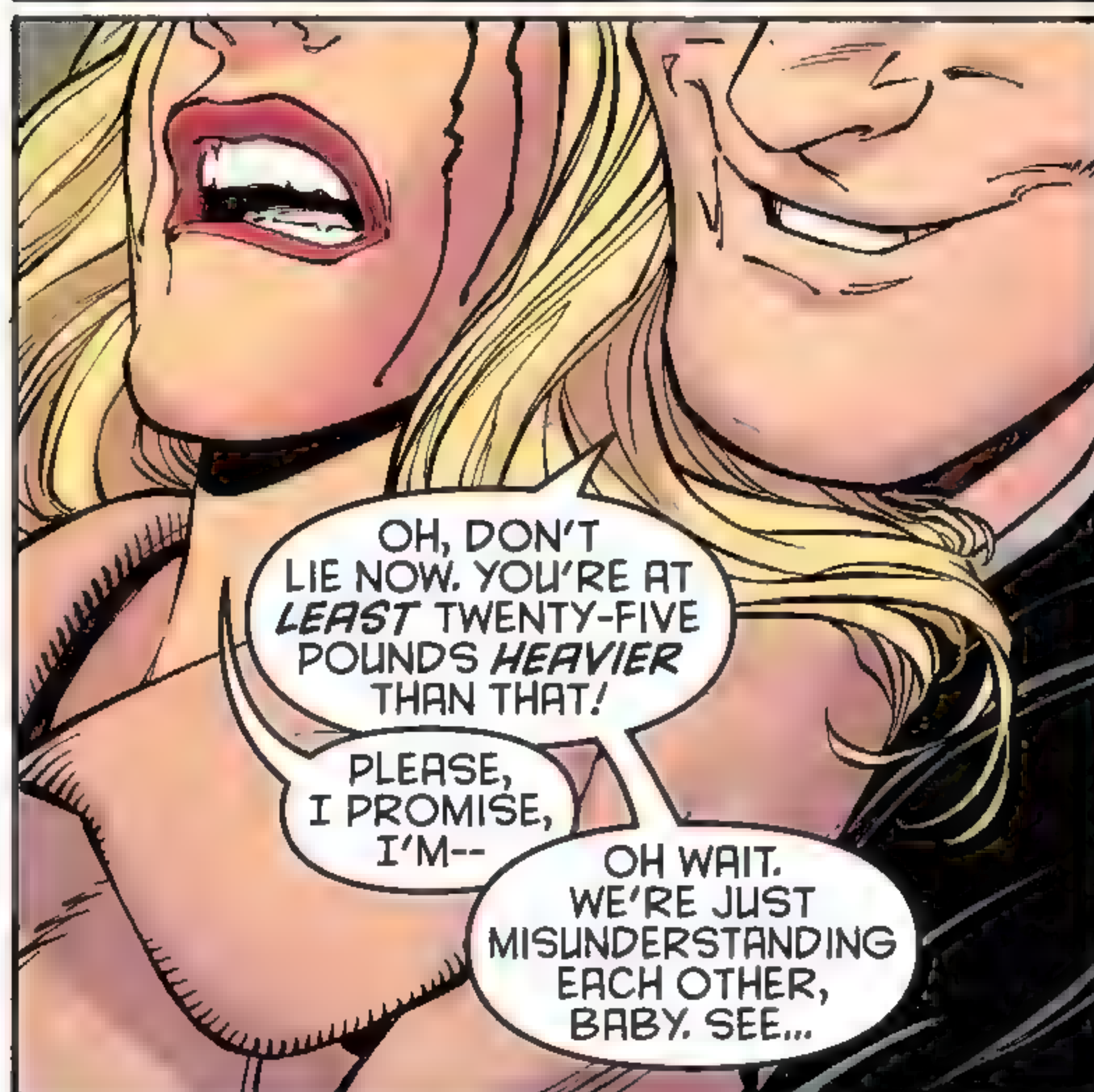
SHE'S VERY PRETTY. NOW--

ARE YOU KIDDING?



SHE'S A *KNOCKOUT*! AND I KNOW OF WHAT I SPEAK. MARTHA, TELL HIM ABOUT YOURSELF! DON'T BE SHY. WHAT ARE YOU, FIVE-EIGHT? TELL US YOUR STATS, HONEY.

I'M... I'M F-FIVE-EIGHT. I WEIGH ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY P-POUNDS.



OH, DON'T LIE NOW. YOU'RE AT LEAST TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS *HEAVIER* THAN THAT!

PLEASE, I PROMISE, I'M--

OH WAIT. WE'RE JUST MISUNDERSTANDING EACH OTHER, BABY. SEE...



...I'M JUST COUNTING THE TWENTY PLUS POUNDS OF *EXPLOSIVES* YOU'RE WEARING!



NOW, COMMISSIONER AND *FRIENDS*... IF YOU DON'T WANT MARTHA'S STATS TO SUDDENLY AND DRAMATICALLY *CHANGE*, THEN I SUGGEST YOU BACK AWAY. *NOW.*

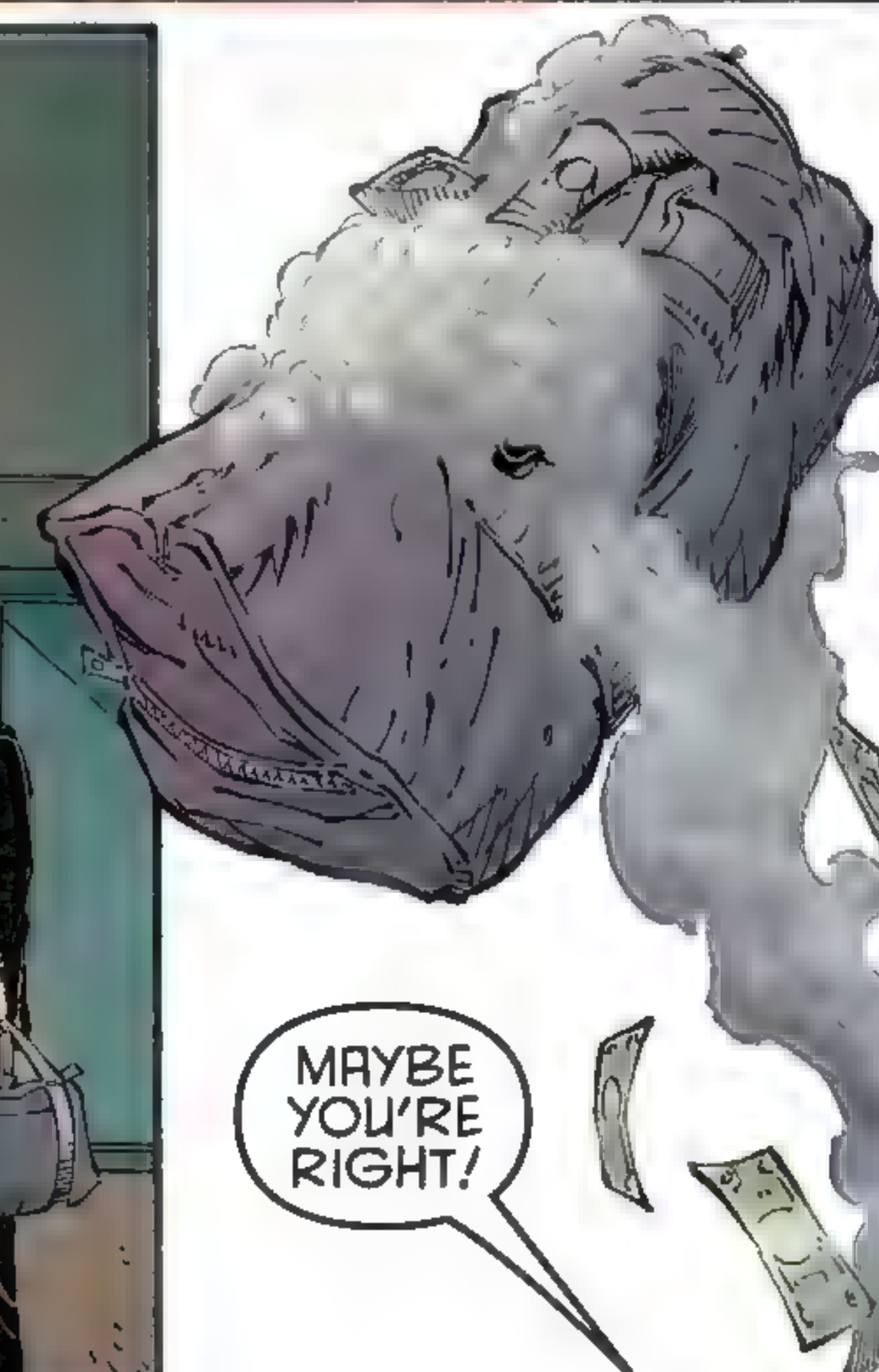


MR. WAYNE... *BRUCE*. NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY SENSE. FIRST, THE MONEY--

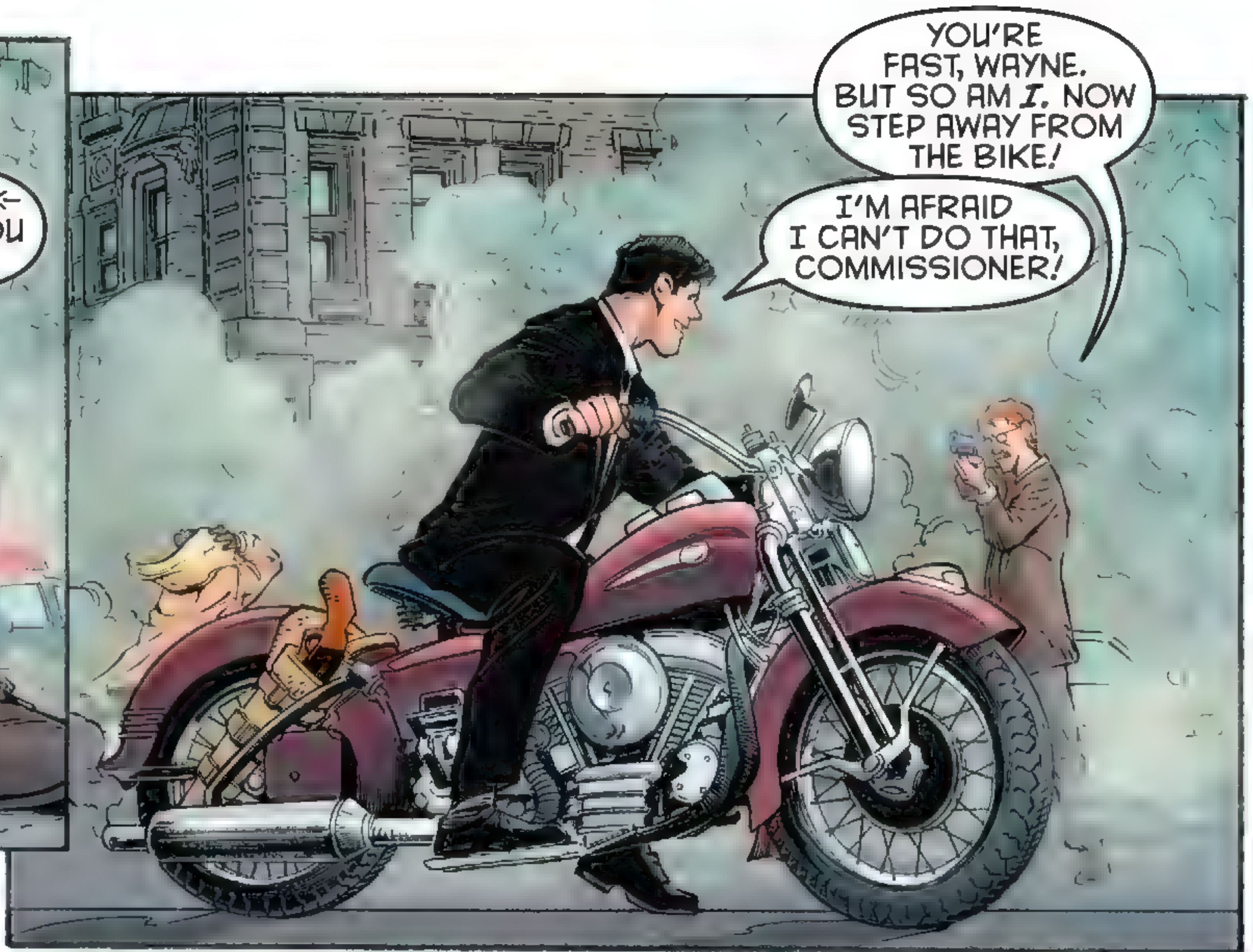
WHAT ABOUT IT?

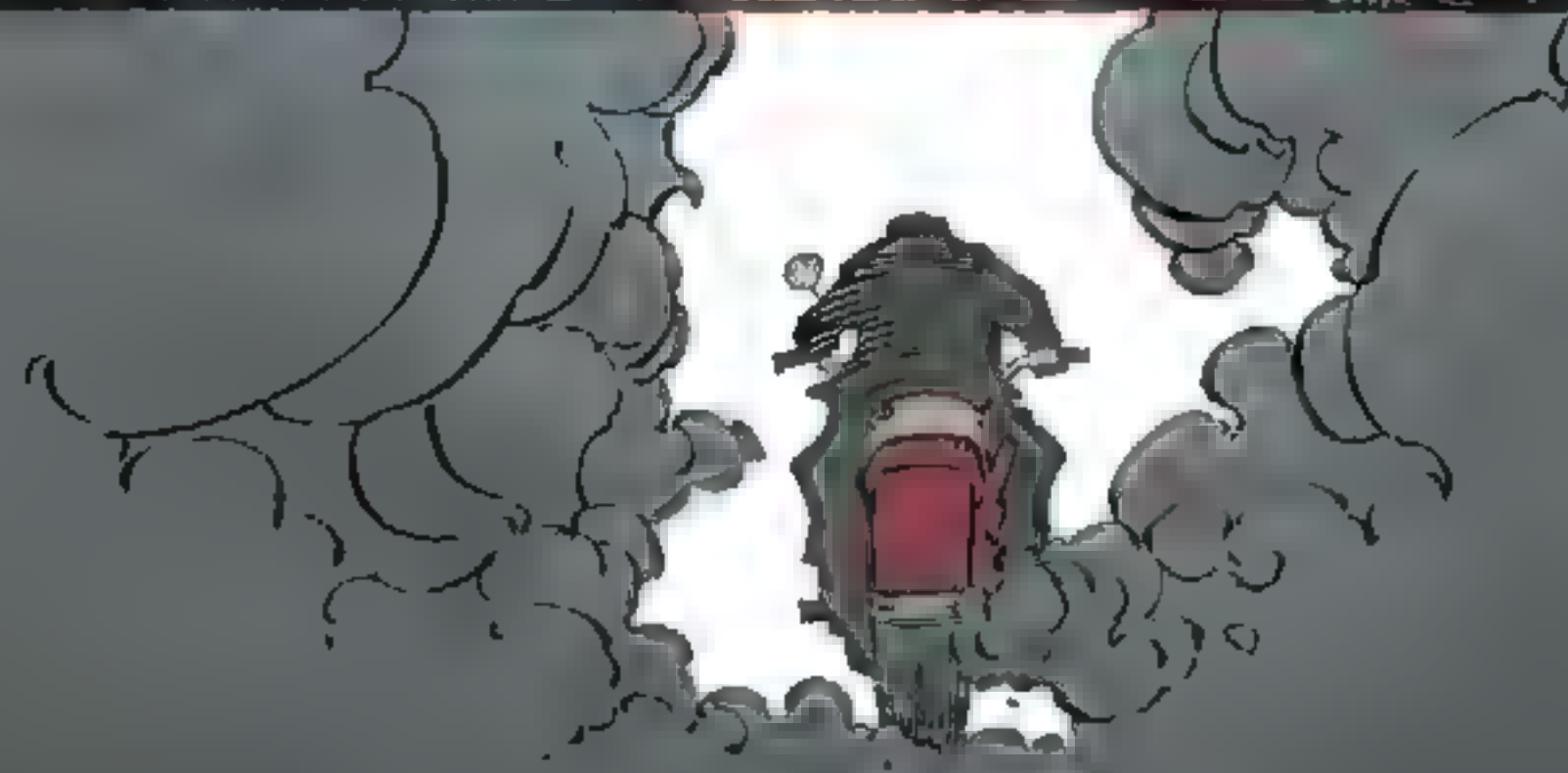
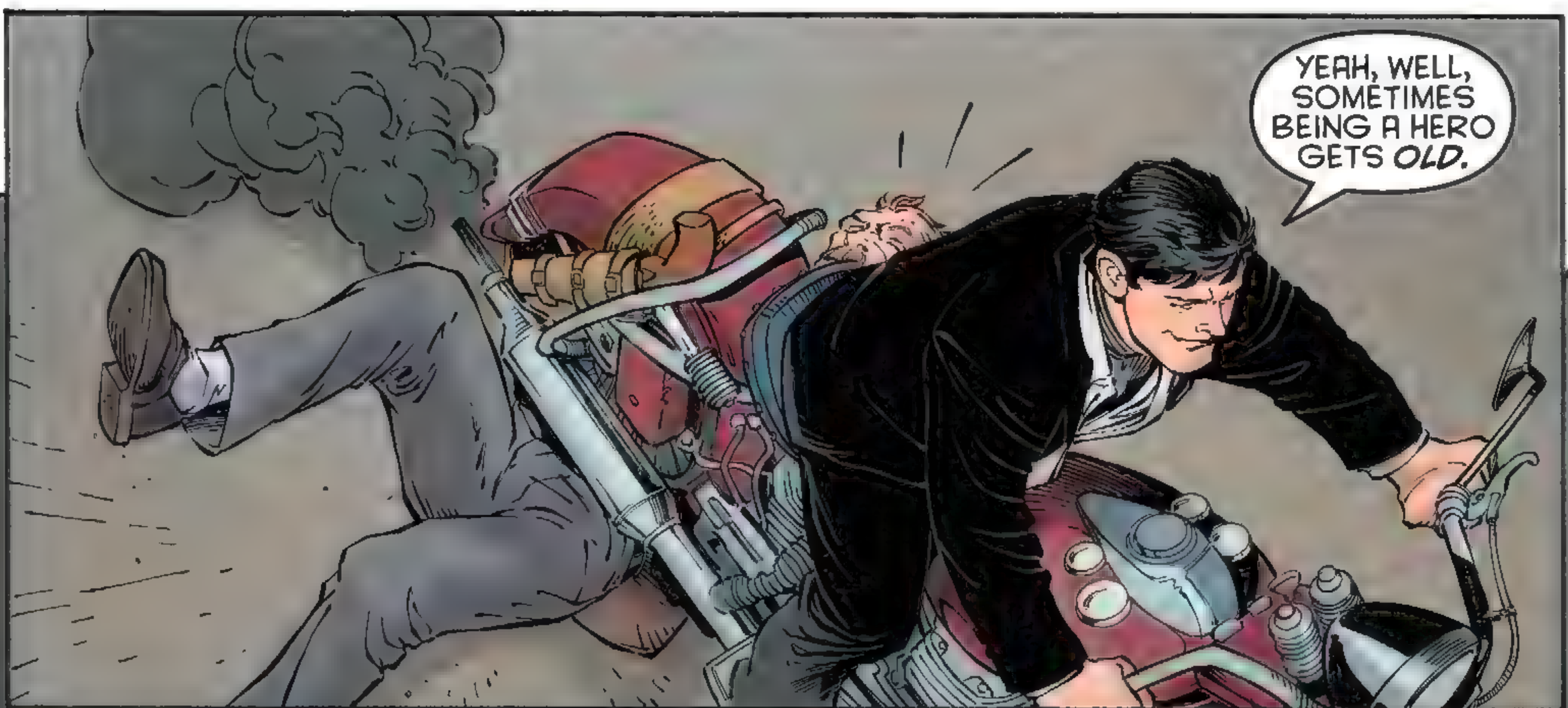
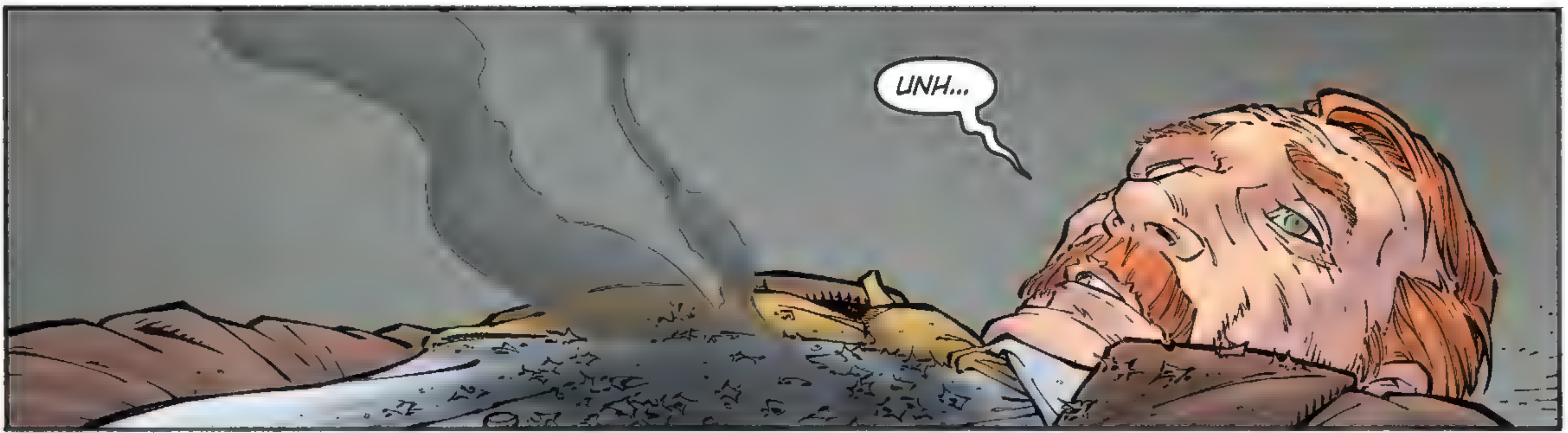
WELL, FOR ONE, YOU'RE A *BILLIONAIRE*. WHY DO YOU NEED IT?

YOU KNOW WHAT?



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!





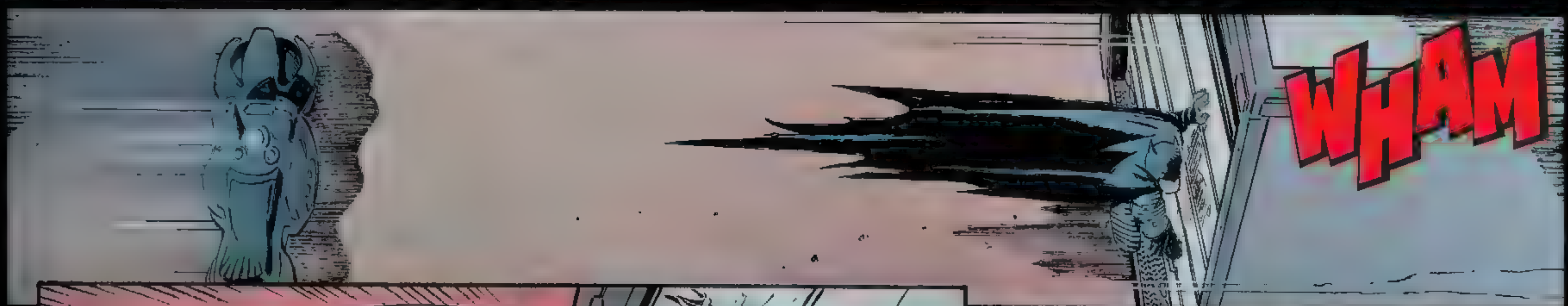
SIX DAYS AGO

PREPARE
FOR LATERAL
DRIVE!

ENGAGE...

...NOW!

STABILIZE,
DAMMIT.



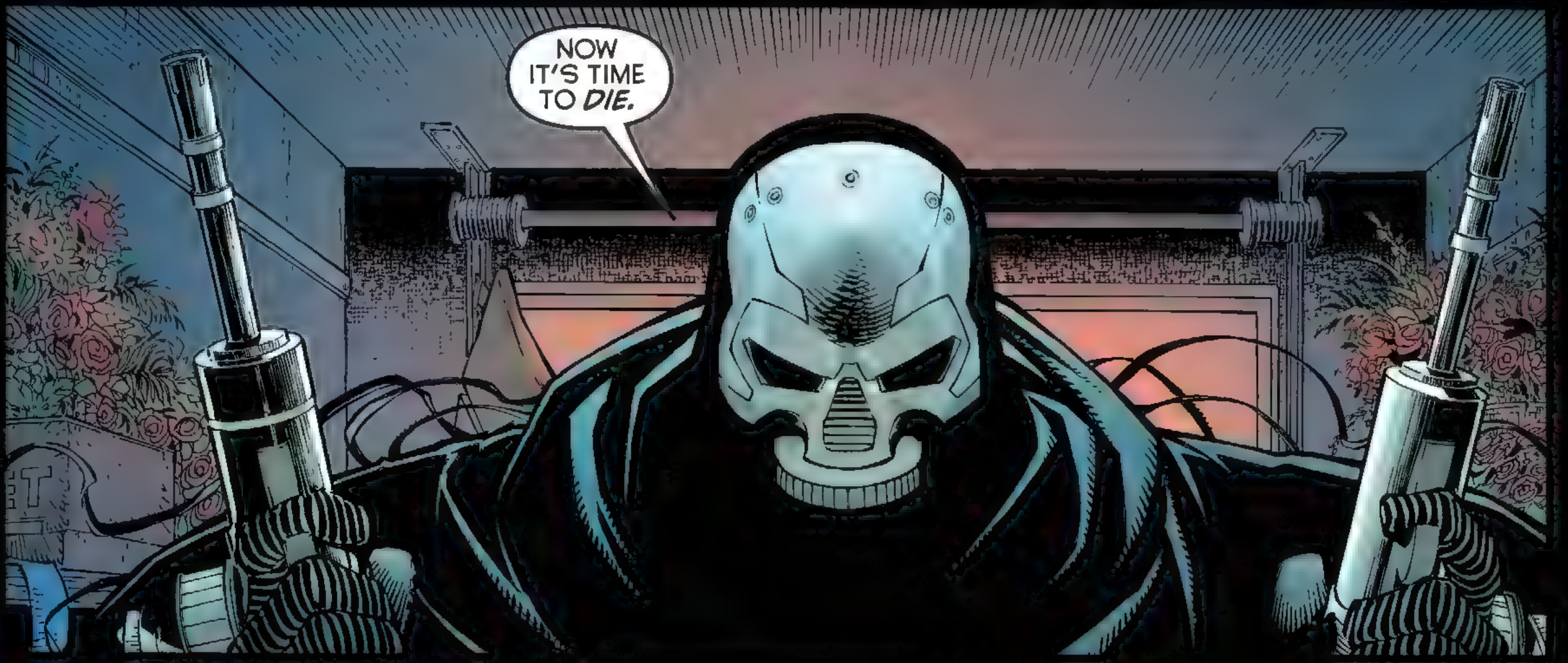
COULD THAT
BE *THE BATMAN*
KNOCKING?

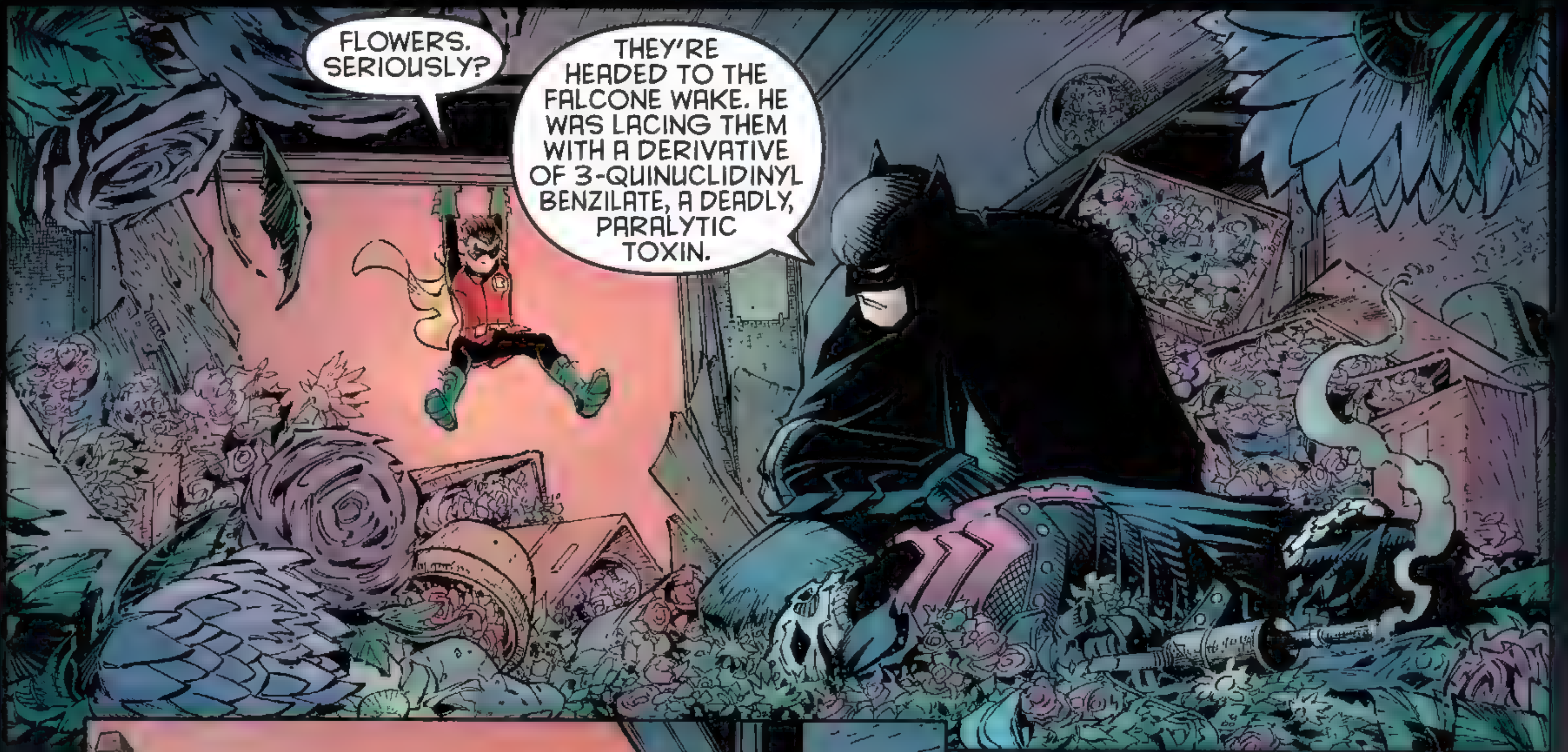


WELL,
COME ON
IN!



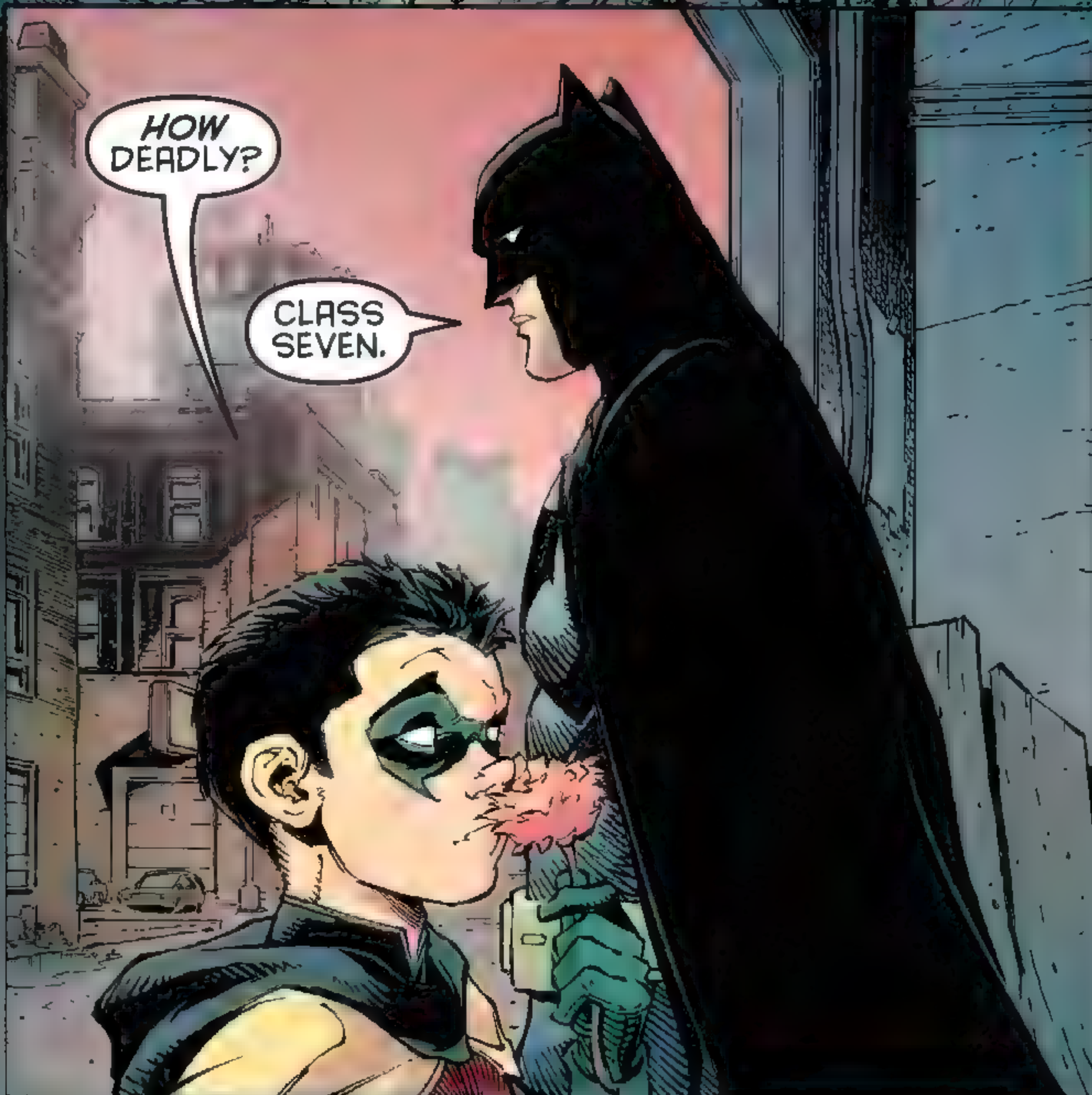
PLEASE, DARK
KNIGHT, STOP AND
SMELL THE *ROSES*.
BREATHE IN, BREATHE
OUT. DONE?
GOOD.





FLOWERS.
SERIOUSLY?

THEY'RE
HEADED TO THE
FALCONE WAKE. HE
WAS LACING THEM
WITH A DERIVATIVE
OF 3-QUINUCLIDINYL
BENZILATE, A DEADLY,
PARALYTIC
TOXIN.



HOW
DEADLY?

CLASS
SEVEN.



SEVEN?
SO YOU AND I
WILL BOTH BE
DEAD IN FIVE
MINUTES.

WE'RE
DEAD MEN
WALKING. I HAVE
THE ANTITOXIN
ON THE BIKE.
COME ON.



WAIT, YOU'RE
NOT *RECORDING*
THIS, ARE YOU?

BATMAN.
TELL ME YOU'RE
NOT RECORDING
THIS.

I
RECORD
THEM ALL,
ROBIN.



»TT«
WELL...AT
LEAST HE GOT
YOU, TOO.

"MASTER
BRUCE?"

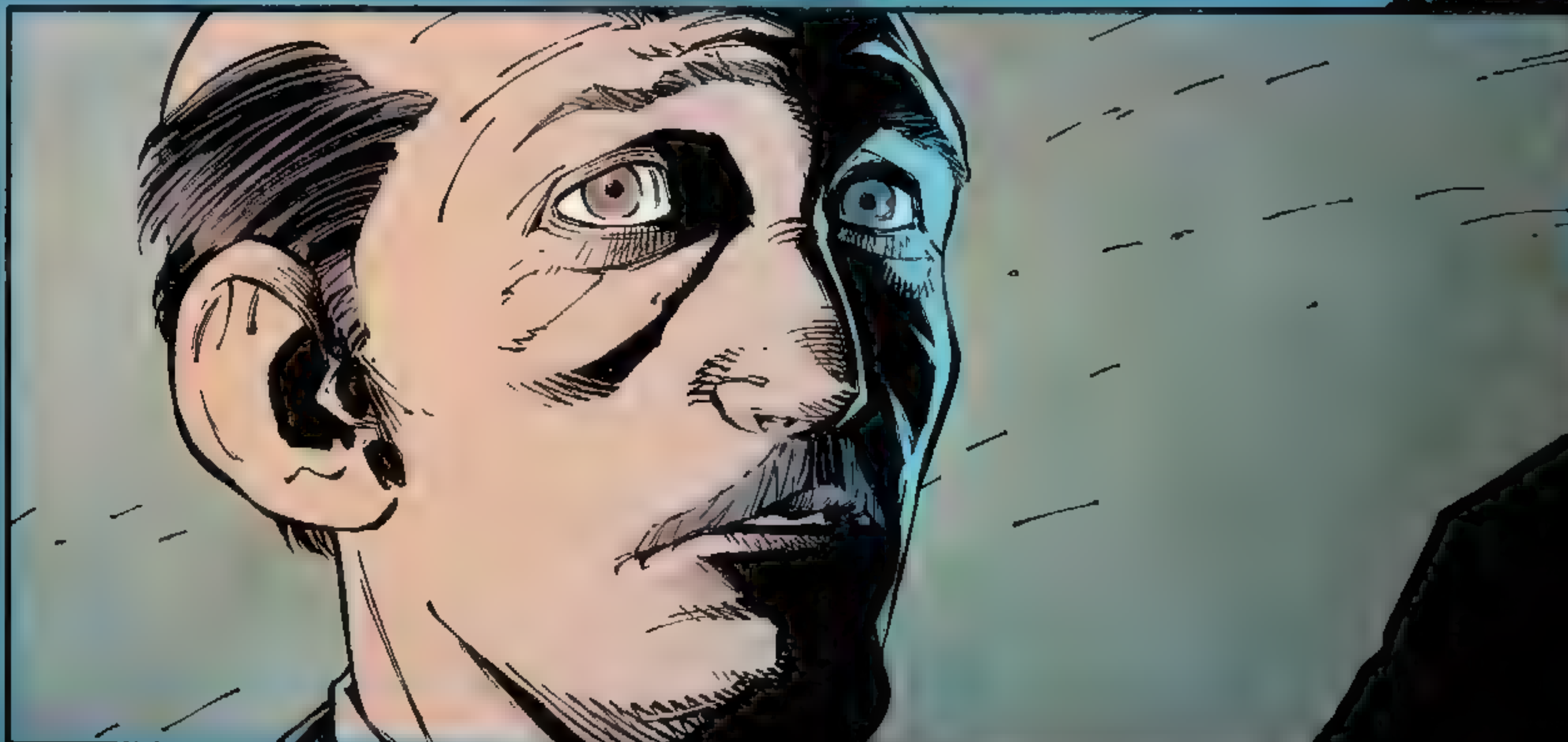
MASTER BRUCE,
I'M AFRAID IT'S NEARLY
NOON. YOU'VE BEEN
DOWN HERE LOOKING
AT COWL ARCHIVES
FOR--

I WAS JUST
FINISHING, ALFRED.
I'LL BE UP IN A
MOMENT.

MASTER
BRUCE, I...
BETWEEN
WHAT JOKER
HAS--
DON'T
SAY HIS
NAME.

...ALL RIGHT
THEN, IT'S JUST
THAT WHEN MASTER
JASON DIED, I
WATCHED YOU LOSE
YOURSELF LIKE THIS,
LITTLE BY LITTLE.
I WATCHED YOU
SLIP AWAY AND
BECOME--

ENOUGH.





VERY WELL, SIR. I CAME TO ASK YOU IF YOU INTEND ON RETURNING THE CALLS OF YOUR FRIEND, MR. KE--

LATER.

ALL RIGHT, THEN. I ALSO NEED TO GET YOUR ANSWER ABOUT MR. WADE'S *FUNERAL* TODAY. I ASSUME THE ANSWER IS *NO*.



I'M AFRAID SO, ALFRED. BRIAN WAS AN ALLY, BUT I JUST...I CAN'T ATTEND A FUNERAL RIGHT NOW.



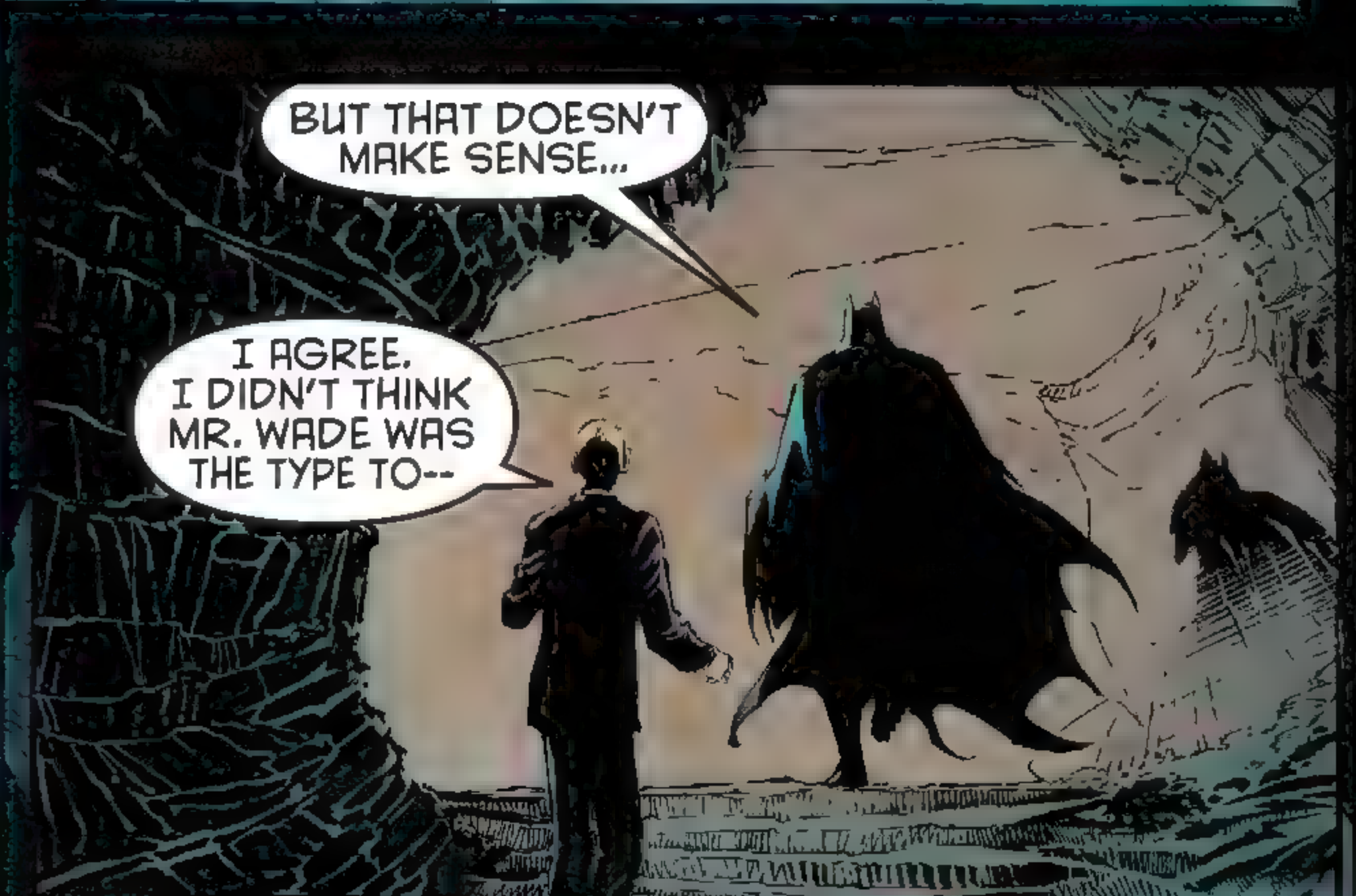
OF COURSE, SIR. MR. FOX IS ALREADY REPRESENTING THE COMPANY. I MUST SAY, MR. WADE'S DEATH CAME AS A SHOCK.

HE NEVER SEEMED THE TYPE TO CONTEMPLATE *SUICIDE*, NO MATTER--



SUICIDE?

I'M SORRY, SIR, I THOUGHT YOU KNEW. THE NEWS CAME OUT YESTERDAY.



BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE...

I AGREE. I DIDN'T THINK MR. WADE WAS THE TYPE TO--



NO, ALFRED. IT DOESN'T MAKE *ANY* SENSE. COMPUTER, PULL UP FILES ON BRIAN WADE.

Name: Brian Wade Age: 42. Height: 6'2". Weight: 312 lbs.

BRIAN WADE HAD NO REASON TO KILL HIMSELF. HE HAD MYELODYSPLASTIC SYNDROME. HE WAS DYING.

WELL, FORGIVE ME FOR SAYING, BUT ALL THE MORE REASON HE MIGHT--

NO, I WASN'T FINISHED. HE *WAS* DYING, ALFRED. BUT THEN HE STARTED SEEING A SPECIALIST IN PARIS. DR. MILTON ZARET.

ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO, WADE UNDERWENT A BONE MARROW TRANSPLANT.

THE LAST MEDICAL RECORDS I SAW, HE WAS IN RECOVERY. ALL OF THIS HE KEPT SECRET. DIDN'T WANT HIS FRIENDS TO KNOW, NOR HIS INVESTORS.

RECOVERY? I ADMIT, IT IS STRANGE.

...
COMPUTER, PULL UP ANY POLICE FILES ON BRIAN WADE.

PULL FROM ACTIVE INVESTIGATIONS, NOT PUBLIC RECORDS.

WELL, I'LL BE...

THE AUTHORITIES WERE ON THE VERGE OF ARRESTING HIM FOR MURDER?

Investigation Pending...
Charge Imminent. Murder 1. Victim: Talbot Tate, Scott Alberts.

I KNOW THOSE NAMES. THEY'RE PENGUIN'S MEN.

THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM LOOKS DAUNTING. DNA AT THE SCENE, FINGERPRINTS, FOOTAGE VERIFIED BY THREE HUNDRED POINT FACIAL RECOGNITION... MY WORD.

WE'LL SEE.

I TAKE IT YOU STILL WON'T BE GOING TO THE FUNERAL, SIR?

NO...

...I'll pay my respects later.

Brian Wade. The principal architect at Wade Design, the firm I used to help design many of the new buildings that went up as part of my Gotham Initiative last year.

I picked Wade because I liked him. I was struck by his love of the city, the good and the bad. In fact...

Wade's buildings were known for the ways they often celebrated their own brightest day-lit points, and darkest nighttime ones.

The brightest spots, Wade liked to say, were for gatherings.

The darkest, for personal reflection.

I'm looking for travel records. The FAA still allows private jets to keep records undisclosed. But records of the flights themselves have to be kept in case they're ever formally requested, or subpoenaed.

I already checked Wade's plane. Found nothing.

TRAVEL LOG

Redeemable
For Period
Mileage
Total Mileage YTD

\$3,494.00
September 2012
4590
39,210.00

Passenger Name
Passenger ID
Airline Carrier
Authorized by

Cincinnati, OH	business
San Francisco, CA	business
Gotham, TX	return
Houston, TX	business
Honolulu, HI	business
Tokyo, JAP	business

TRAVEL LOG

Redeemable
For Period
Mileage
Total Mileage YTD

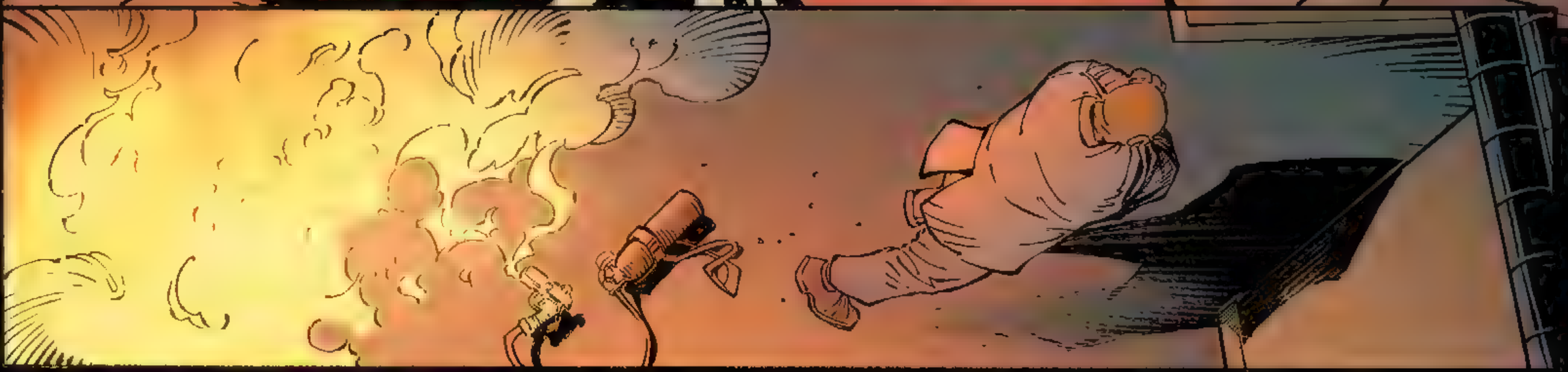
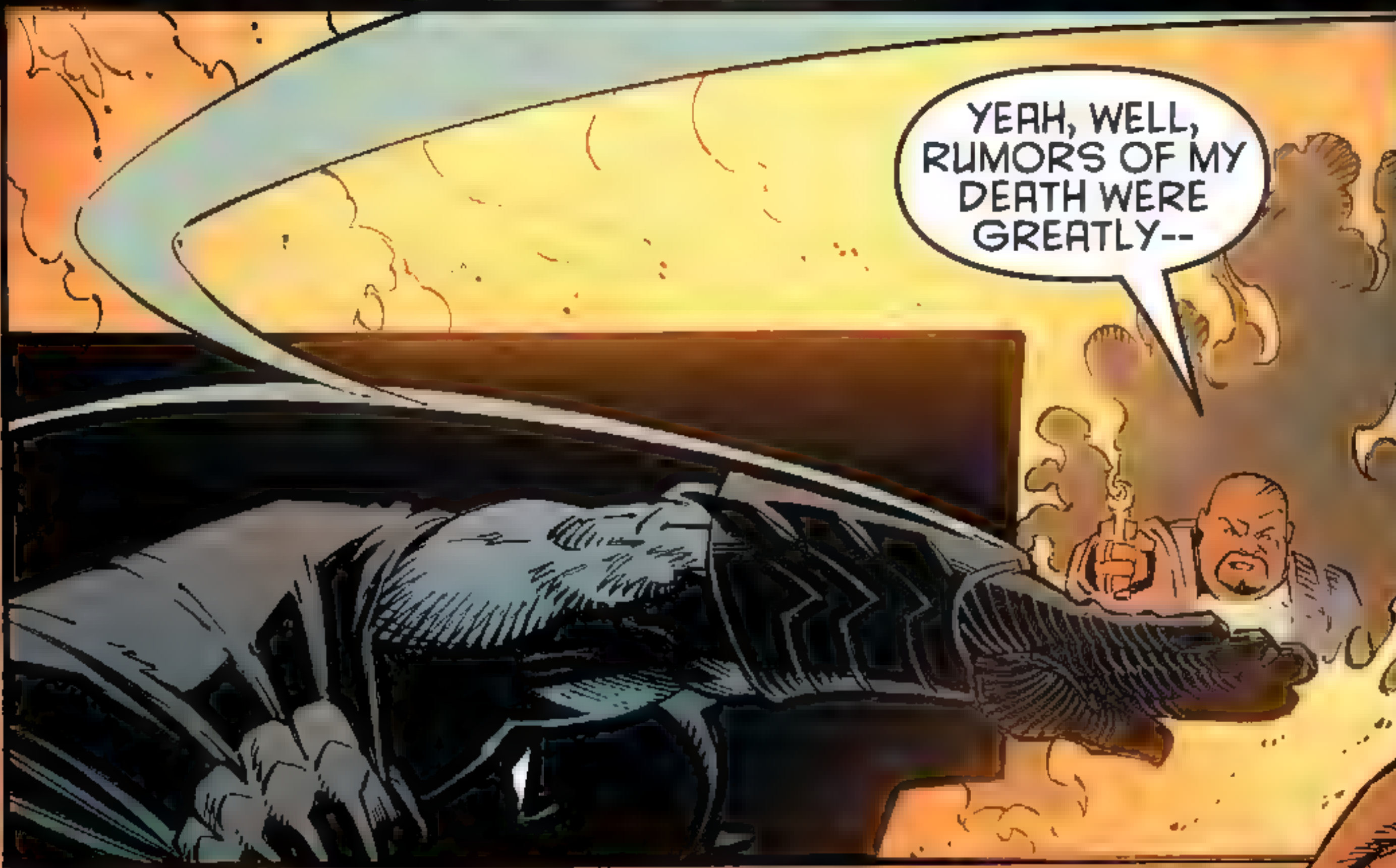
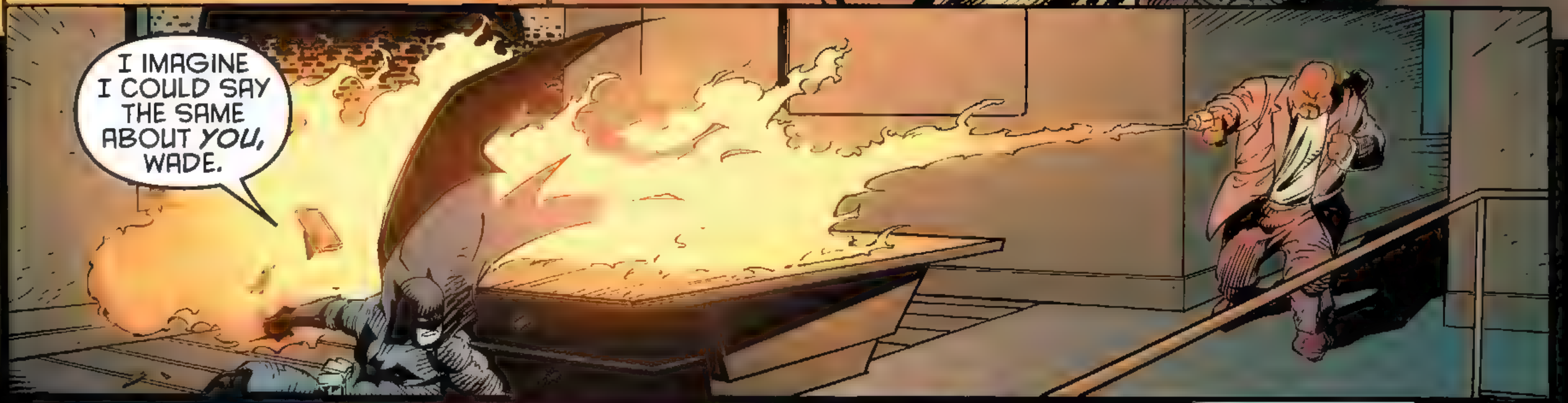
\$25,117.00
October 2012
19,131.40
76,796.00

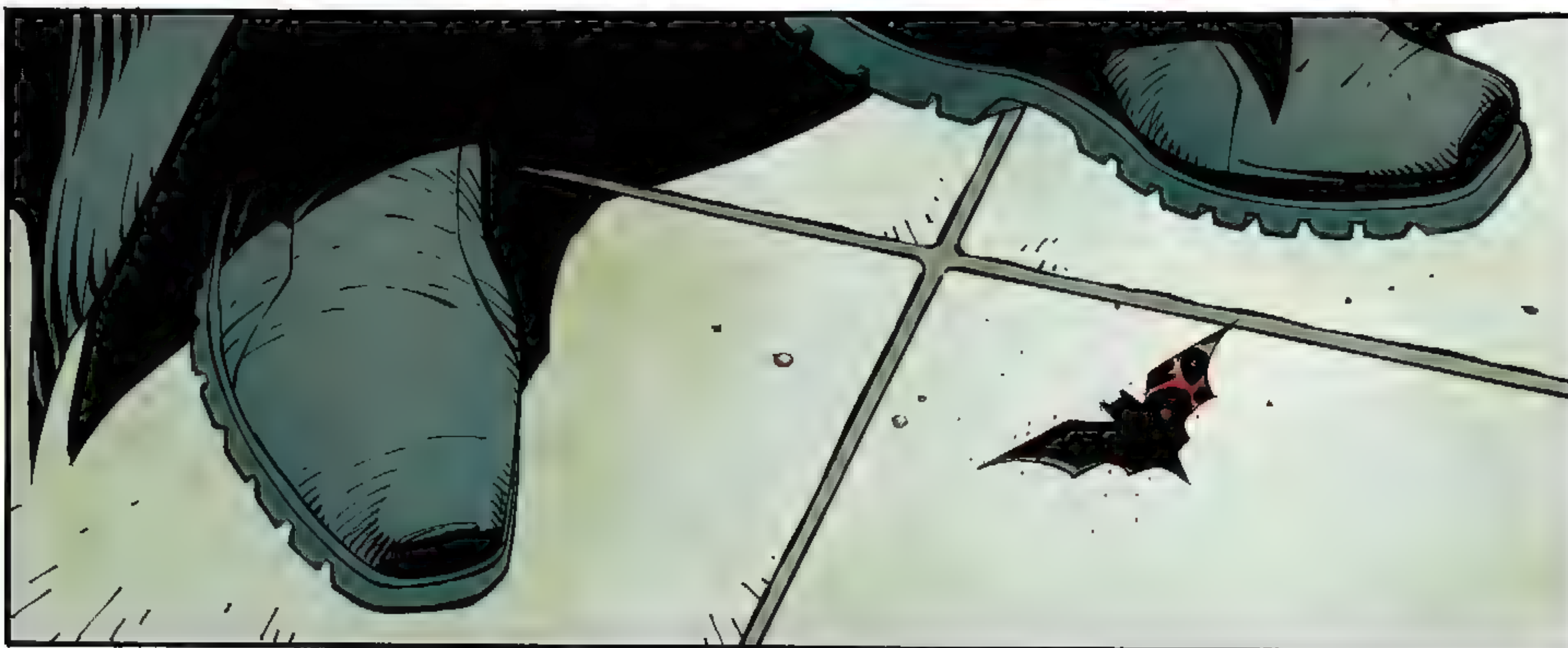
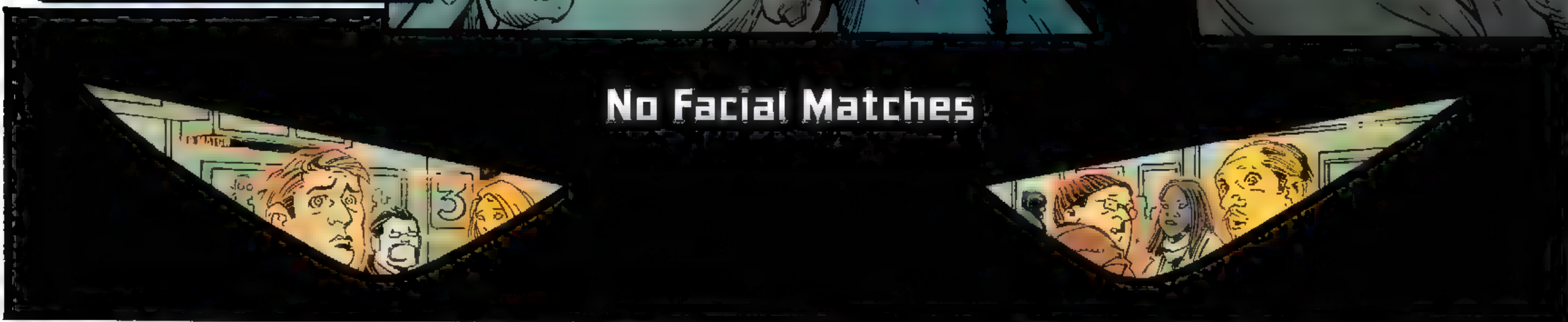
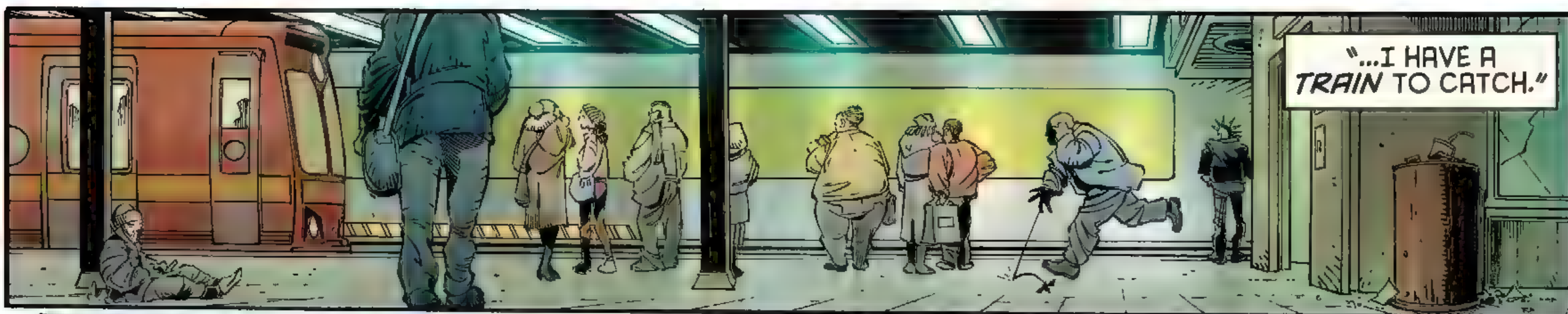
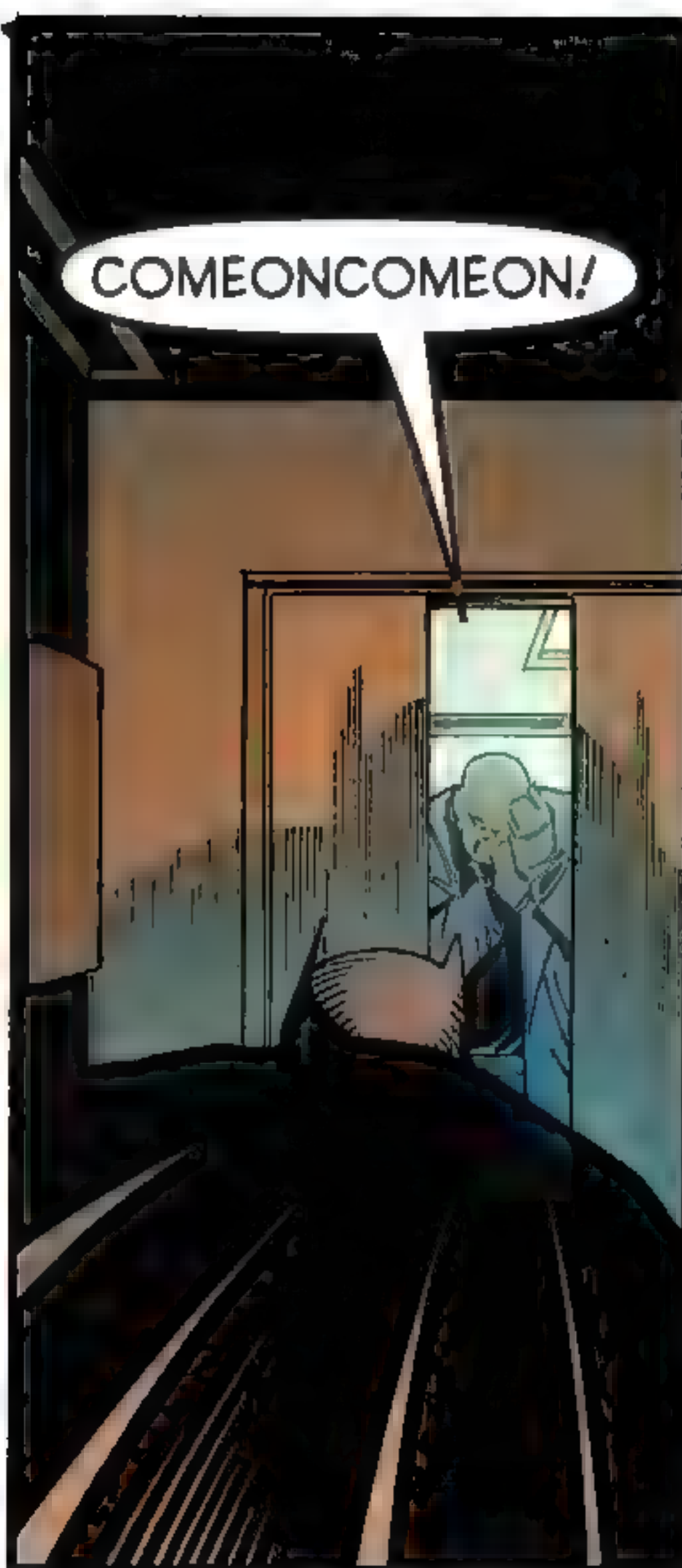
Passenger Name
Passenger ID
Airline Carrier
Authorized by

B. WADE			
339J9-2008A			
US INTERNATIONAL			
S.Z. AIRLINES			
Oct 2 2012	Tokyo, JAP	Frankfurt, GER	business
Oct 5 2012	Frankfurt, GER	Yerevan, ARM	business
Oct 13 2012	Yerevan, ARM	Istanbul, TURK	business
Oct 24 2012	Istanbul, TURK	Gotham	business
Oct 27 2012	Gotham	London UK	business
Oct 31 2012	London, UK	Barcelona, SP	business

Here, though... seems Wade wasn't actually in town the week the murders occ--

...





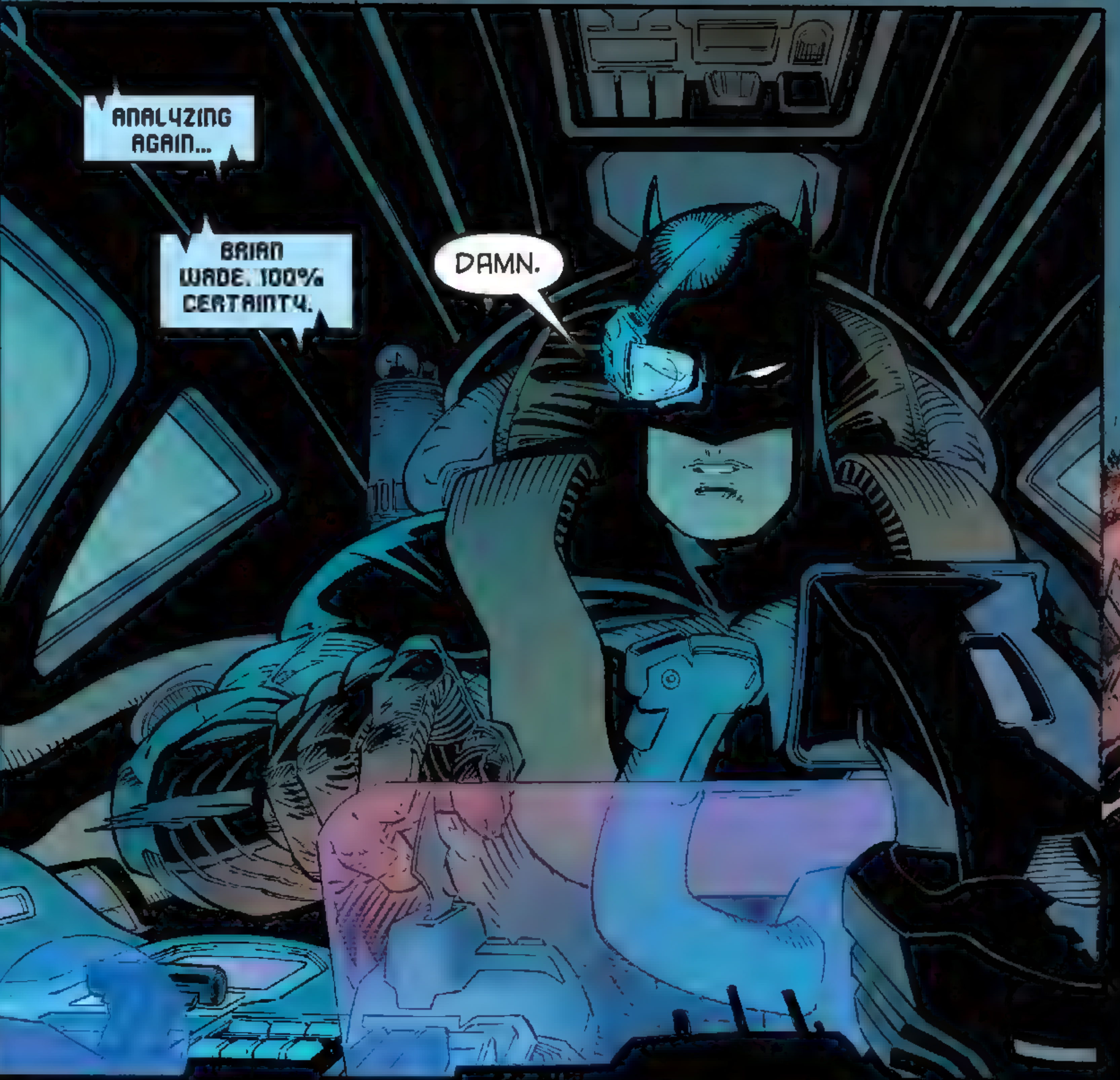


ANALYZE
DNA AGAIN.

ANALYZING
AGAIN...

BRIAN
WADE. 100%
CERTAINTY.

DAMN.



But Brian doing this, any of it, doesn't make any sense. He had his health, a thriving business... more than this, he was a good man.

So why would he suddenly throw everything away to kill a couple of low-level henchmen? Then fake his death...

...unless...



SEARCH FOR
CHIMERIC
CODE.

NONE
FOUND.

SEARCH
FOR TRACE
CODE.

TRACES FOUND,
BUT IRRELEVANT.
DETERIORATED.

IDENTIFY ANYWAY.
ESTIMATE, IF NEED BE.



ESTIMATING.
TRACE. DETERIORATING
CODE IDENTIFIED...

...AS BASIL KARLO.
ALSO KNOWN AS...



CLAYFACE.

So it's finally
happened.

I suspected it, might, but
I'd hoped I was wrong.

Years ago, a failing actor named Basil Karlo
made a deal he shouldn't have, and allowed
himself to be infected by a kind of mystical clay.

The clay changed his cells, leaving
him with the ability to shape-
shift, to mimic anyone he chose.

But until now, that's
all he's been. A mimic.

Practically every culture in history has
stories about people like Clayface--shape-
shifters. There are thousands of examples,
from the Rakshasa to the kumihō.

Norse folklore tells of warriors
named berserkers, who
changed into wolves or bears.

More recently, the Navajo told legends
of skinwalkers, men and women who
could change their flesh, and only be
killed with bullets dipped in white ash.

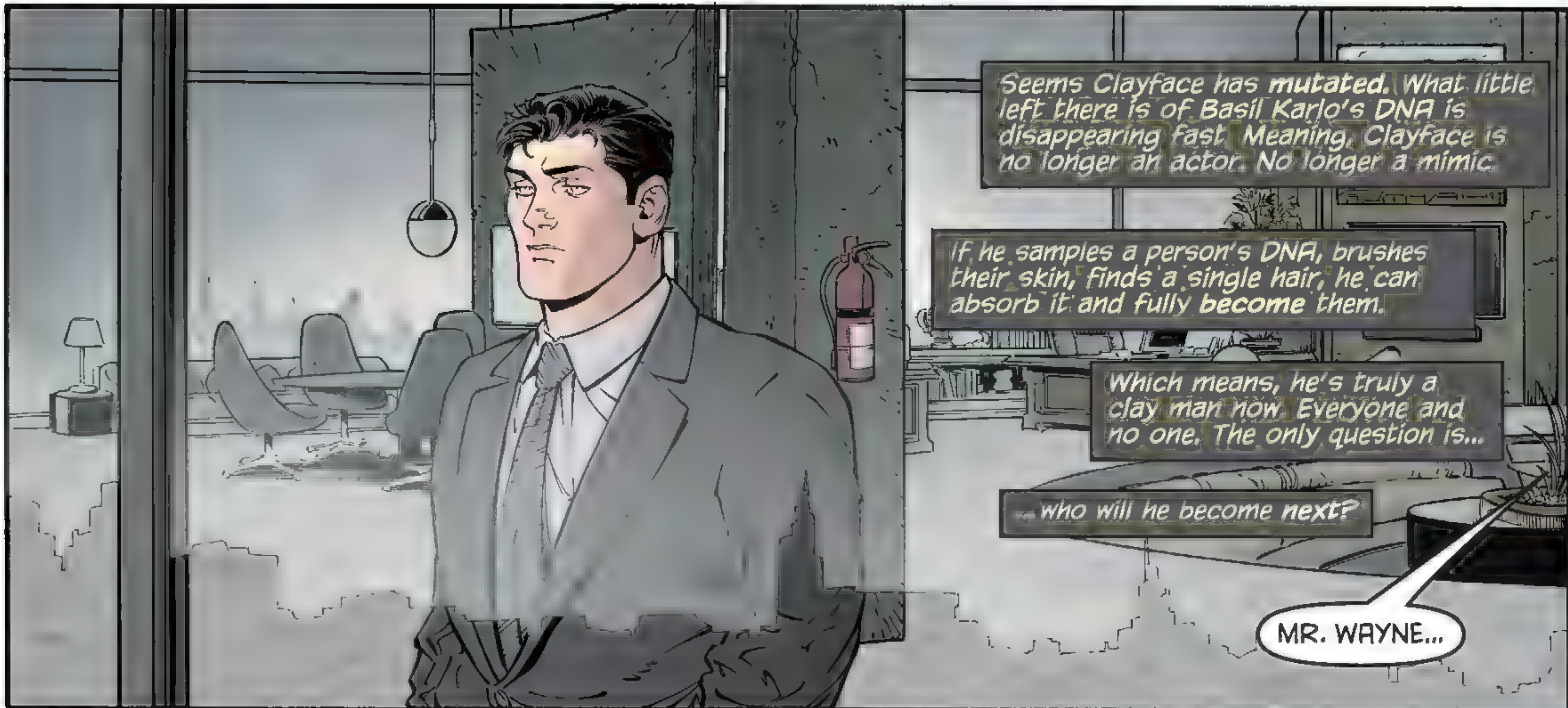


Many of these stories tell of how the shape-shifter slowly loses himself, or herself, in the act of transforming, becoming less and less human with every transformation.

Almost as though the shapeshifting was the result of some strain of parasitic, genetic infection--something absorbed that then ate away its host's DNA over time.

But every time I fought Clayface, I've sampled his DNA. And Karlo's code always seemed to hold.

Until now, that is.



Seems Clayface has mutated. What little left there is of Basil Karlo's DNA is disappearing fast. Meaning, Clayface is no longer an actor. No longer a mimic.

If he samples a person's DNA, brushes their skin, finds a single hair, he can absorb it and fully become them.

Which means, he's truly a clay man now. Everyone and no one. The only question is...

...who will he become next?

MR. WAYNE...



...I RECEIVED YOUR MESSAGE ABOUT THE NEW SUIT FOR BATMAN.

THANK YOU FOR COMING IN SO QUICKLY, LUCIUS.

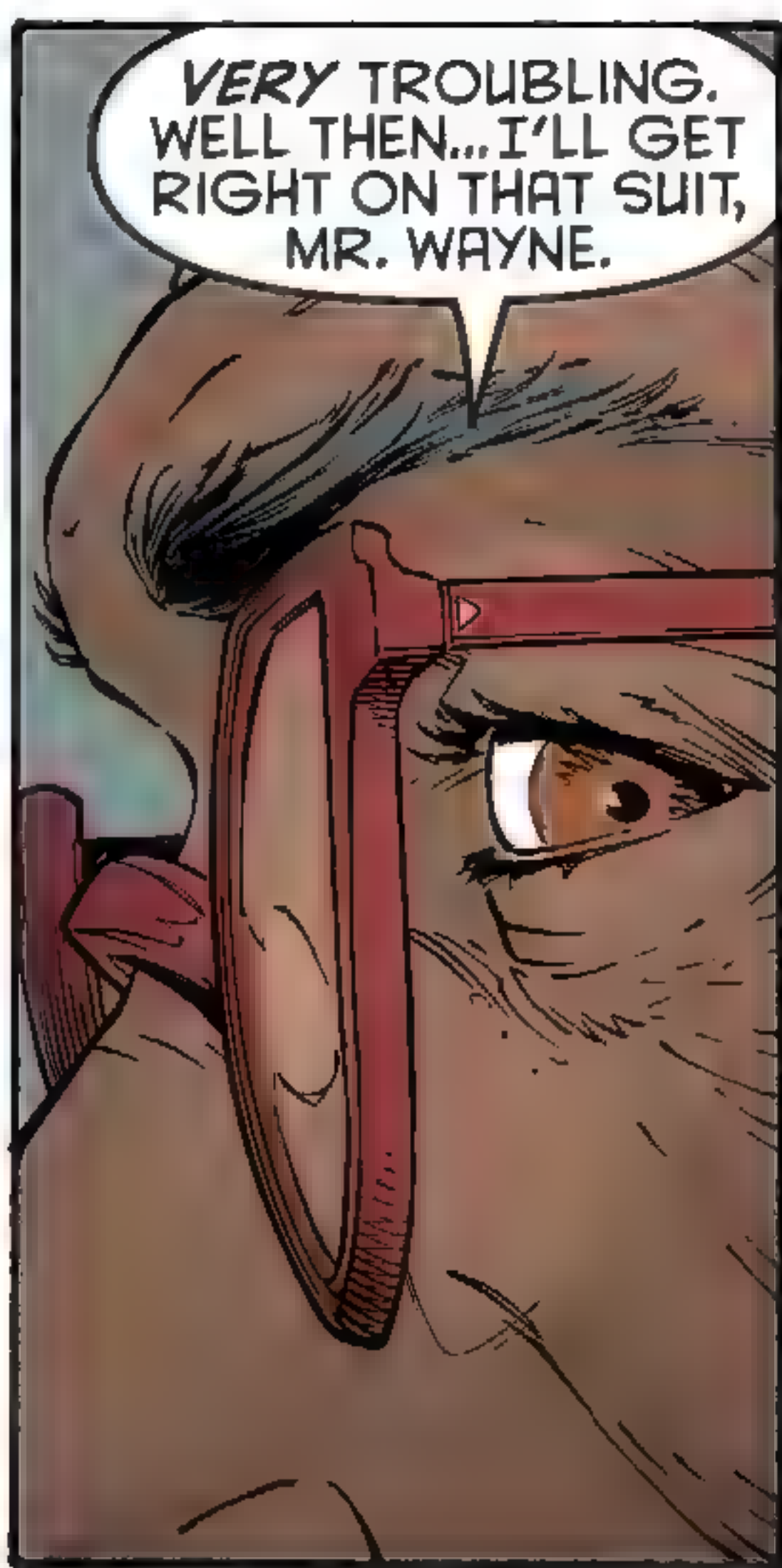
BATMAN CALLED ME LAST NIGHT. THIS SUIT IS OF THE HIGHEST PRIORITY. HE SAID ANYTHING YOU HAVE WITH HEAVY EPIDERMAL PROTECTION...

...IT'S CLAYFACE. SEEMS HE'S... EVOLVED.



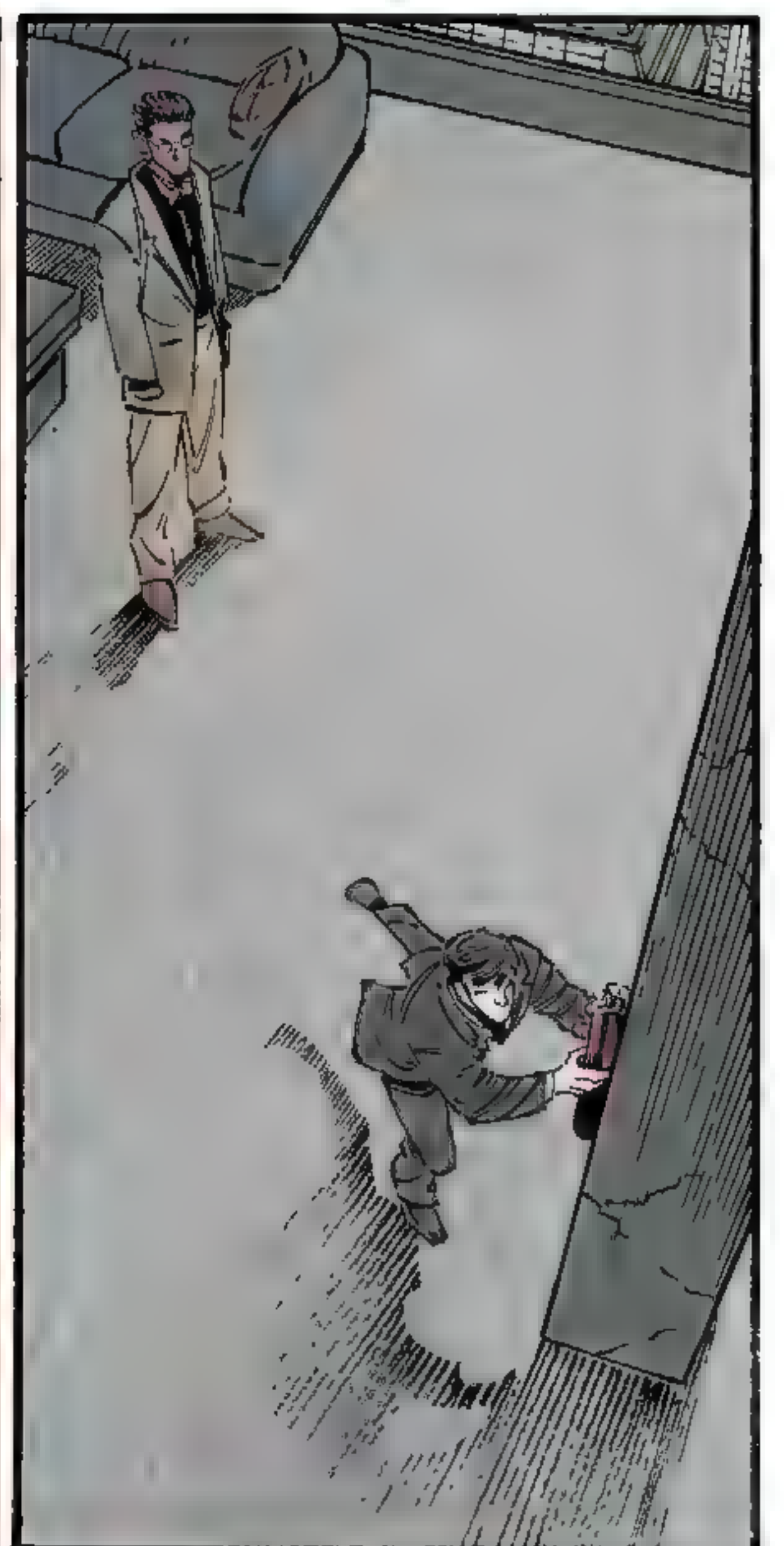
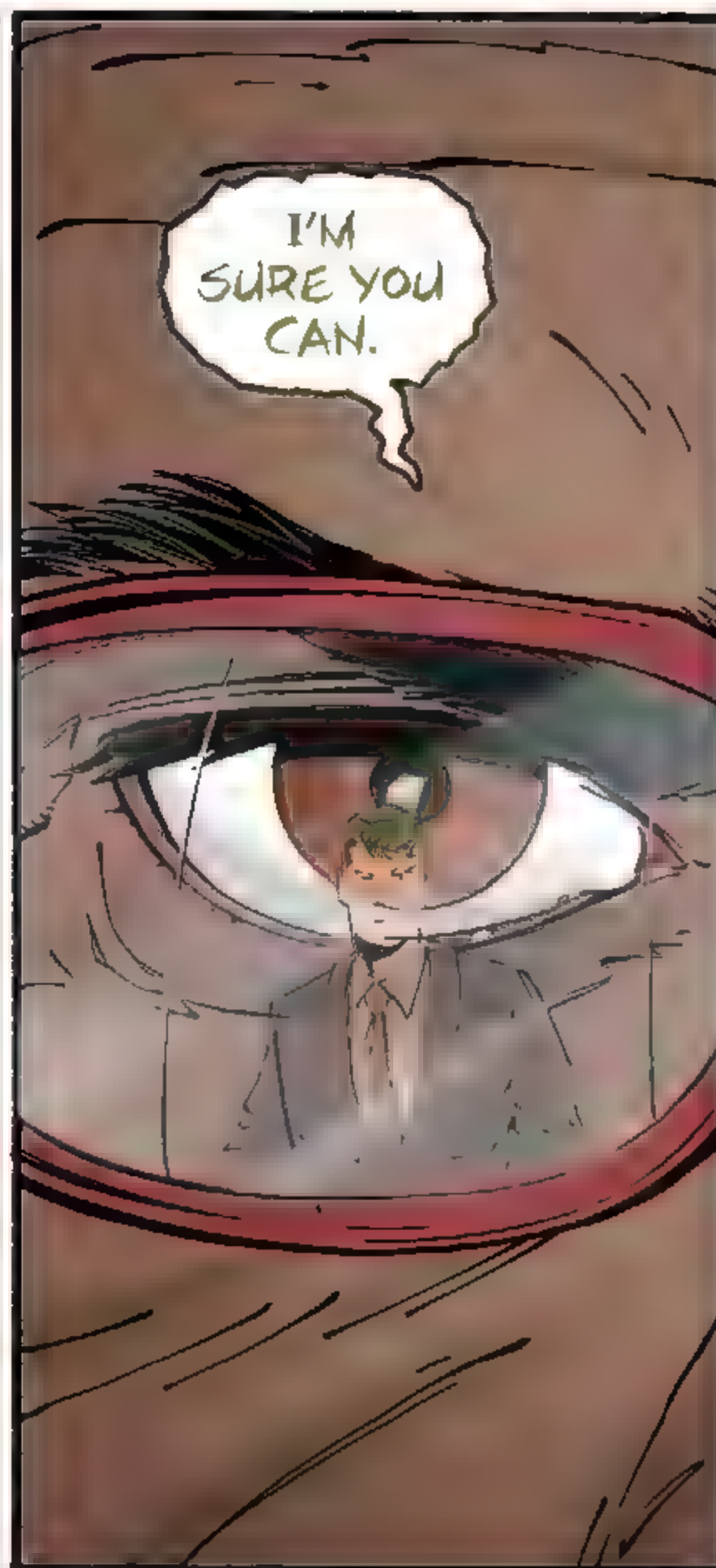
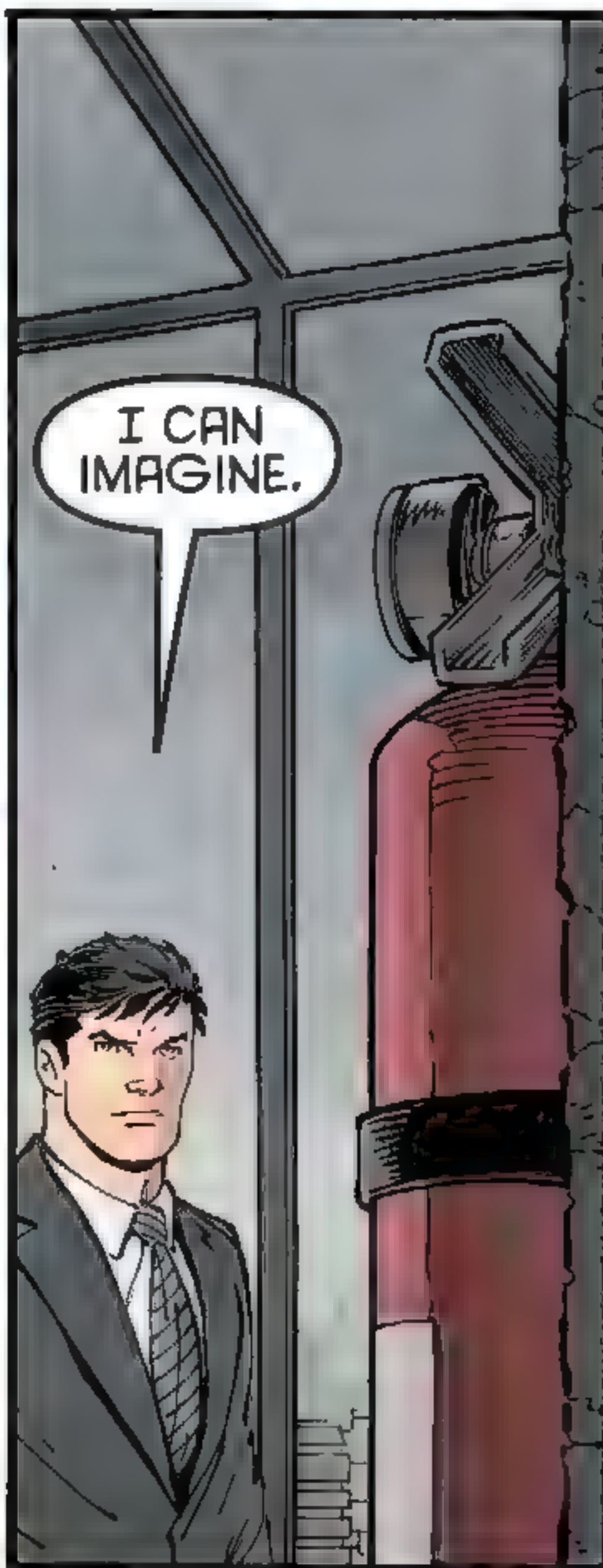
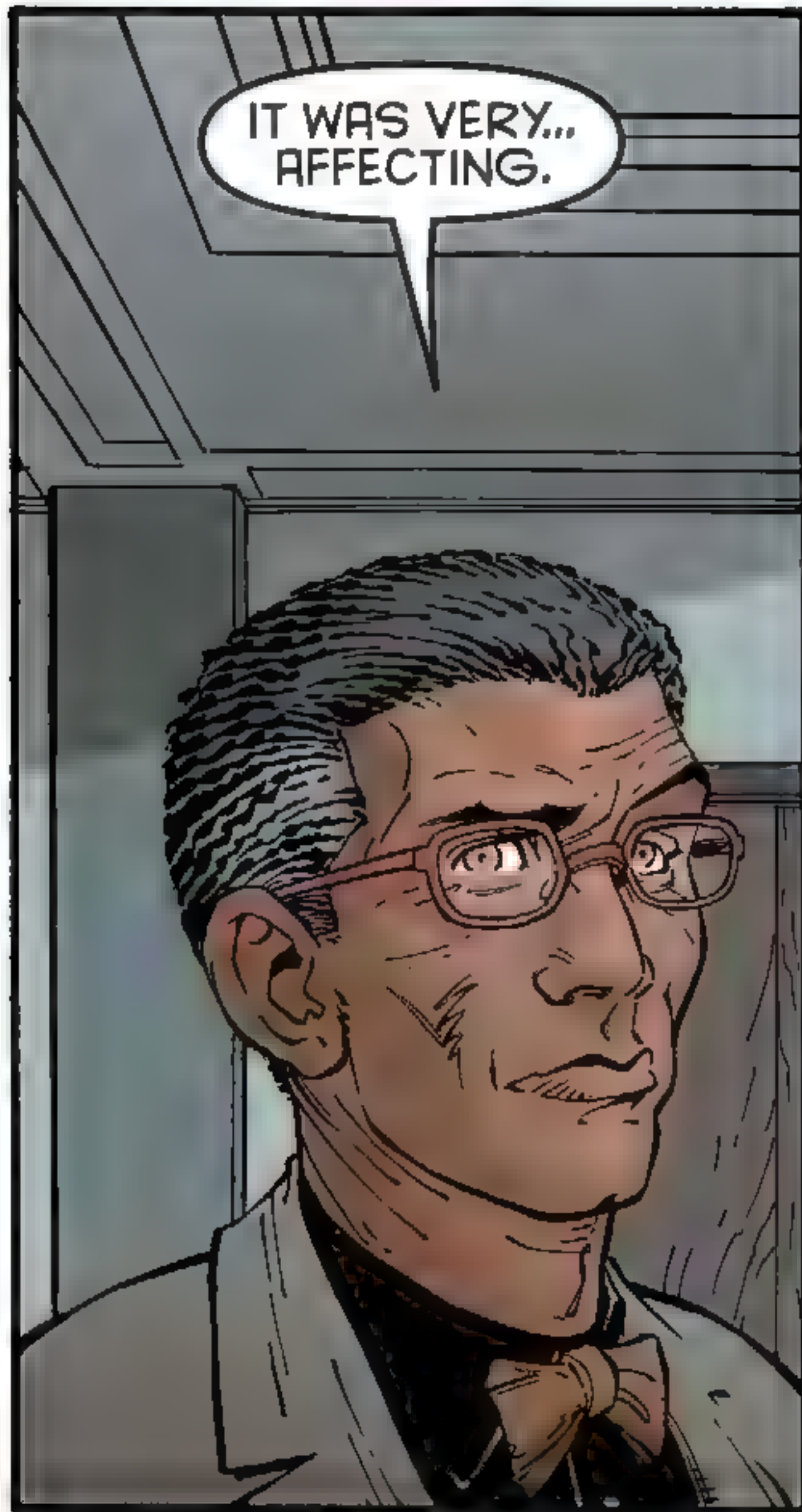
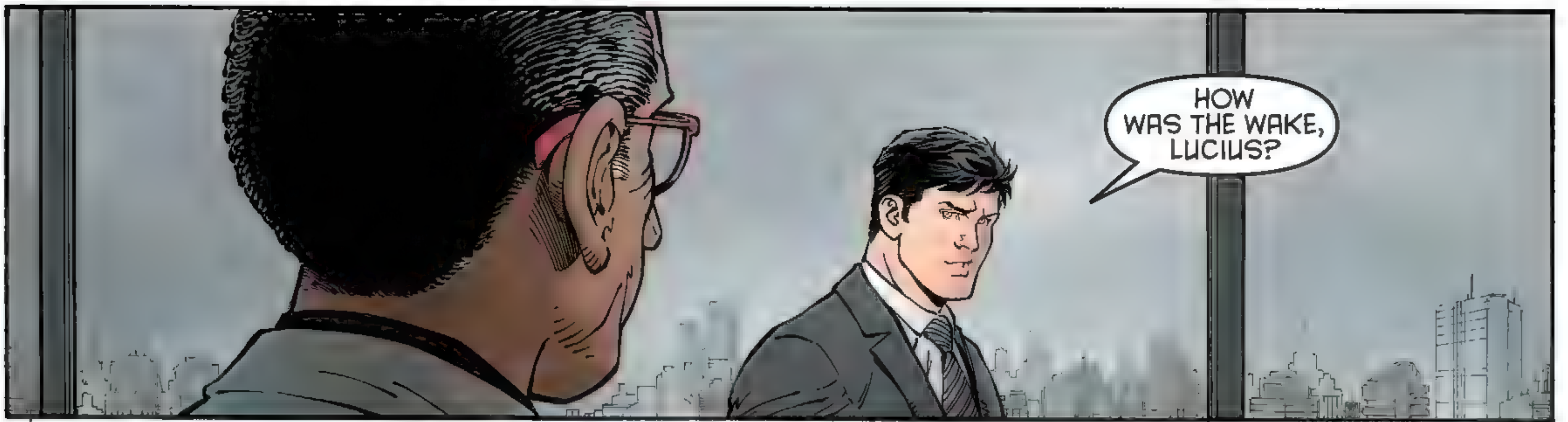
EVOLVED?

IT'S A TROUBLING TURN OF EVENTS TO SAY THE LEAST.



VERY TROUBLING. WELL THEN... I'LL GET RIGHT ON THAT SUIT, MR. WAYNE.







ACK!

SHHH, BRUCIE.
I'M NOT HERE
FOR YOUR
MONEY...

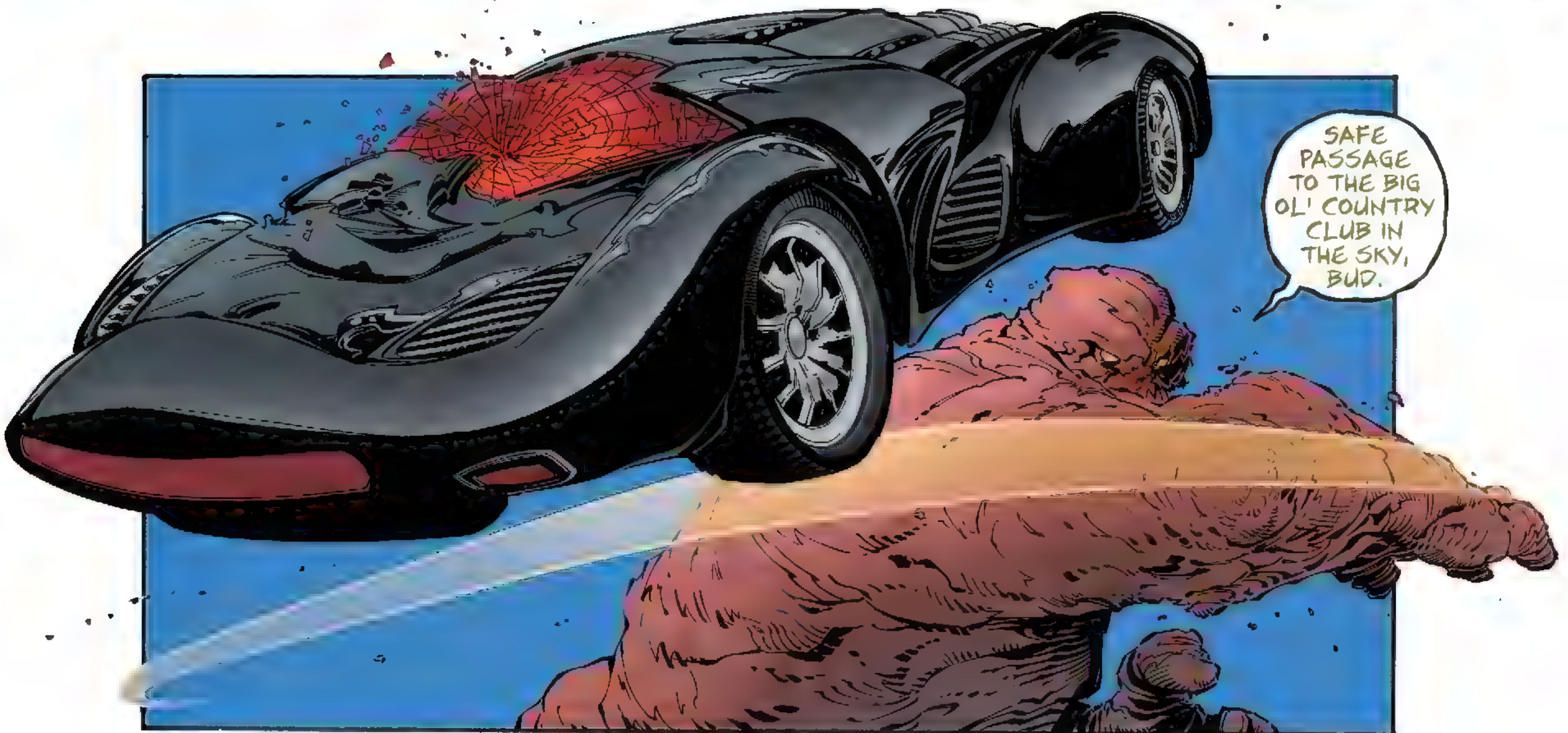
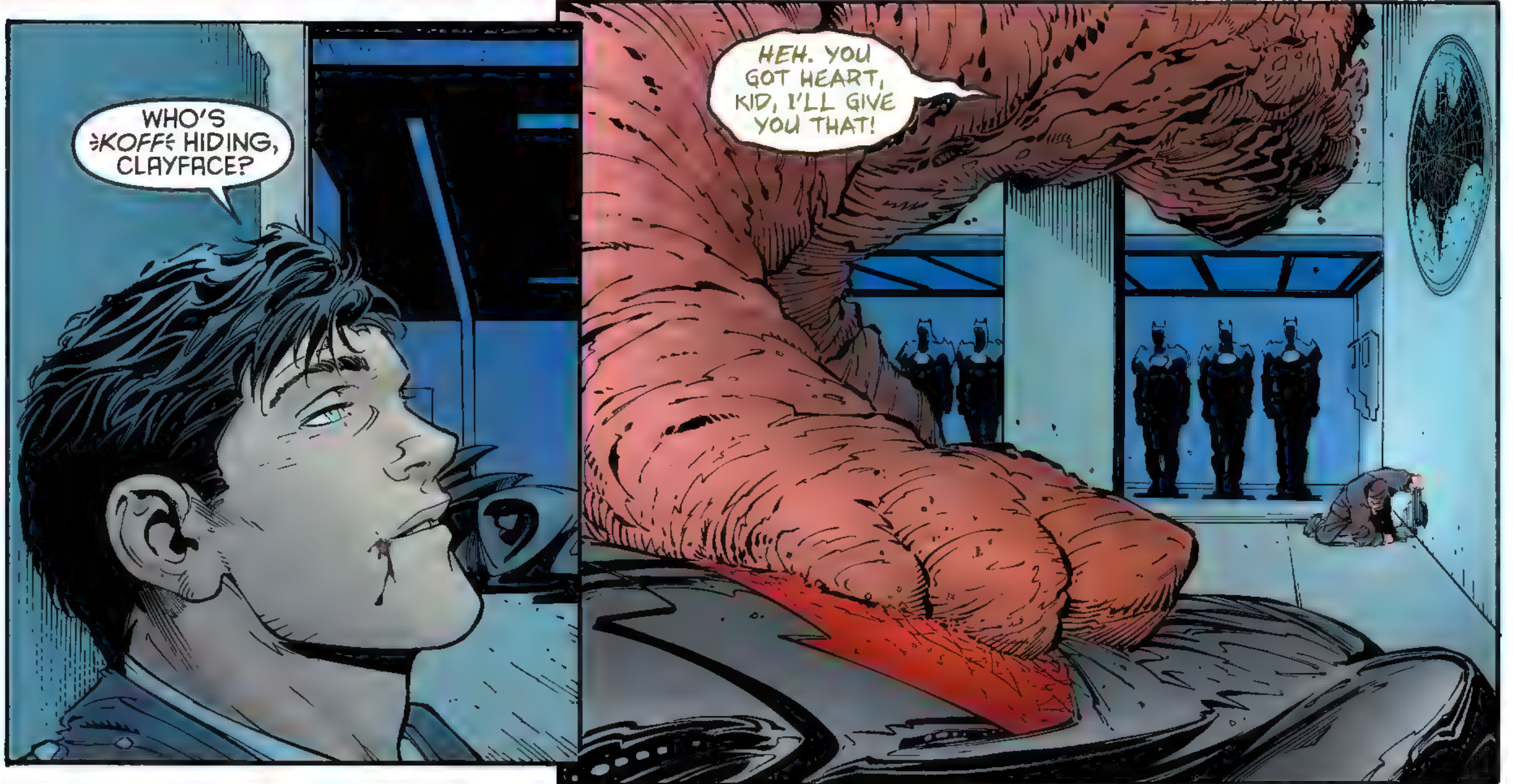
...WE'RE
TWINS NOW,
DON'T YOU
SEE?

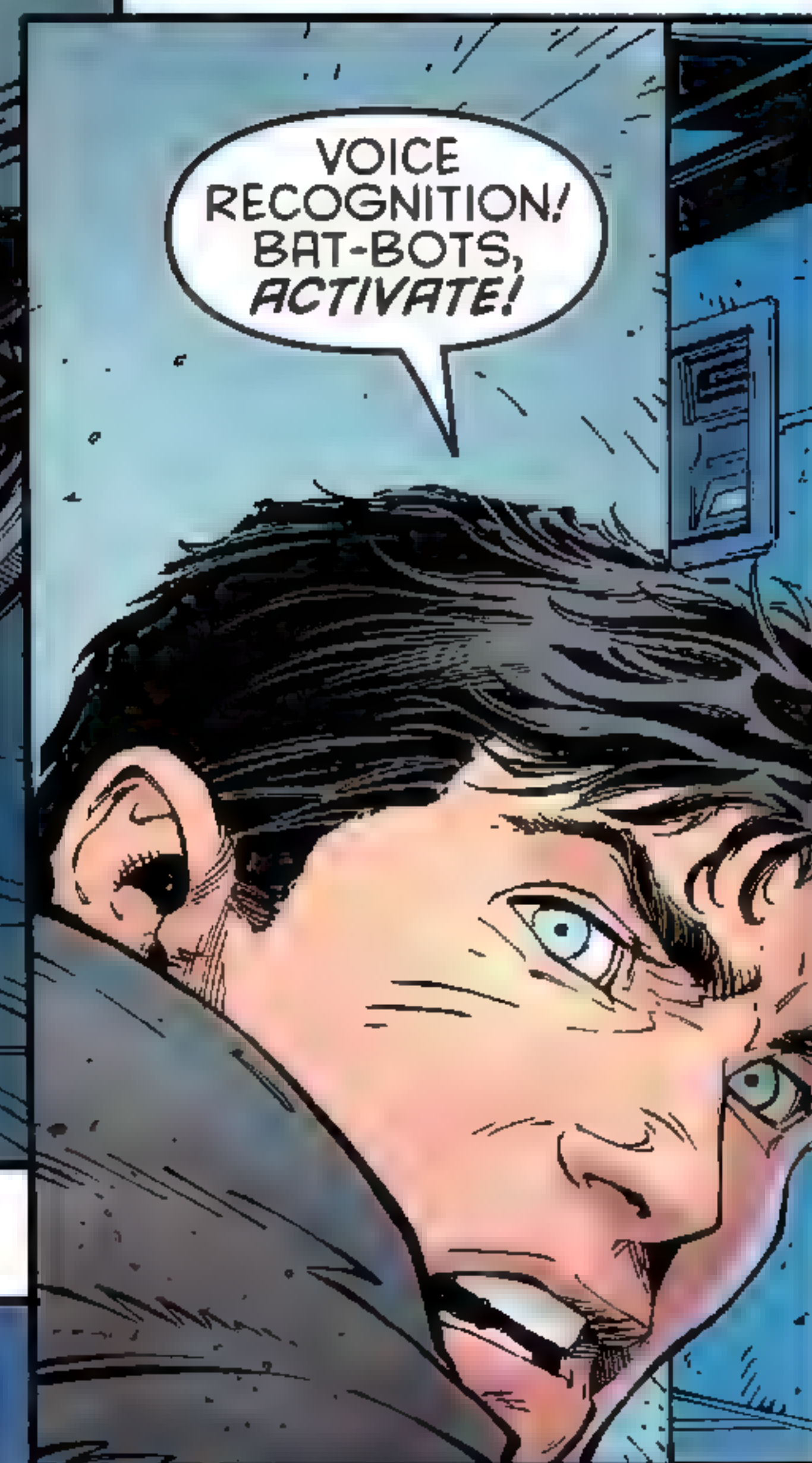
AND TODAY,
BROTHER, YOU'RE
GOING TO HELP ME
END BATMAN ONCE
AND FOR ALL!



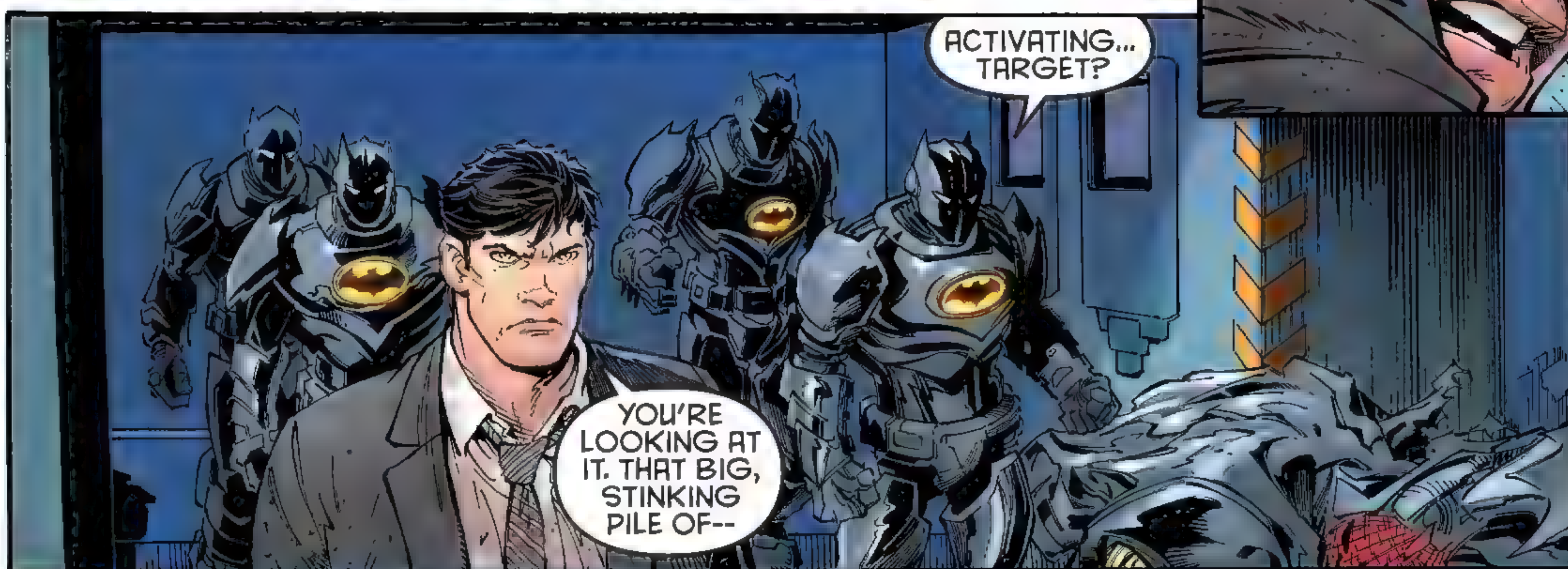


IT'S OVER,
BRUCIE!





VOICE
RECOGNITION/
BAT-BOTS,
ACTIVATE!



ACTIVATING...
TARGET?

YOU'RE
LOOKING AT
IT. THAT BIG,
STINKING
PILE OF--



BAT-BOTS,
DE-ACTIVATE,
ACTUALLY!

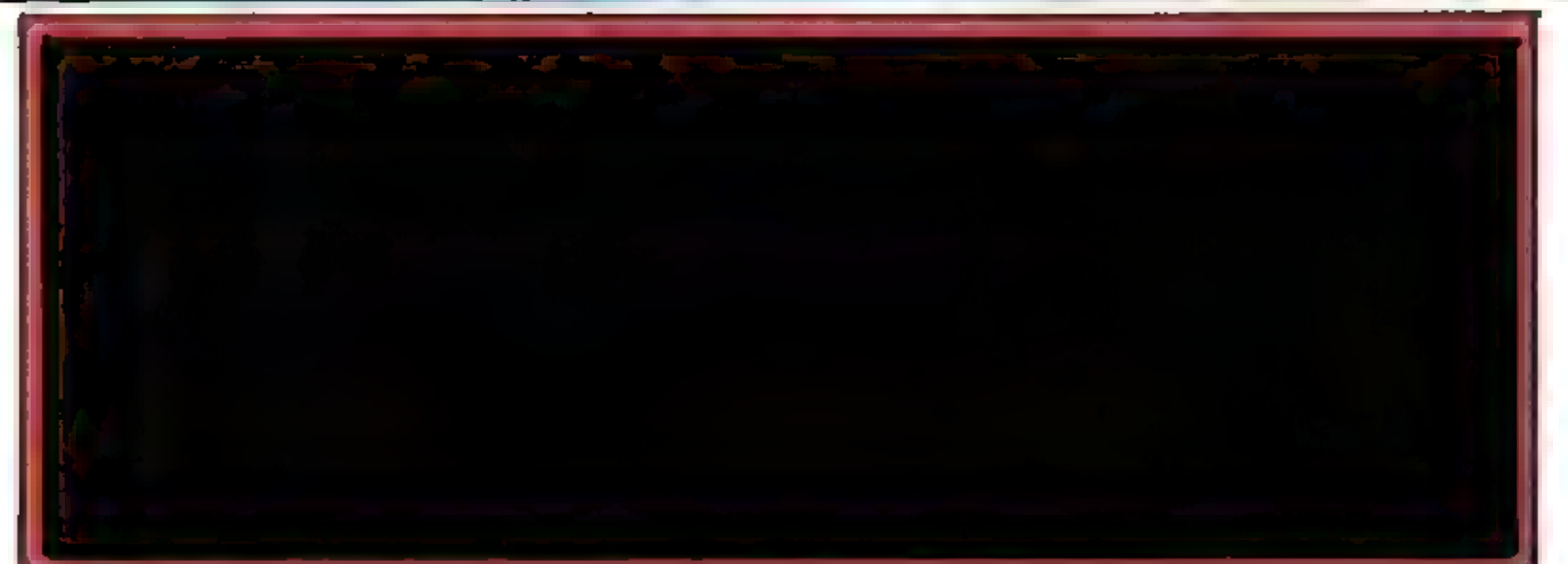
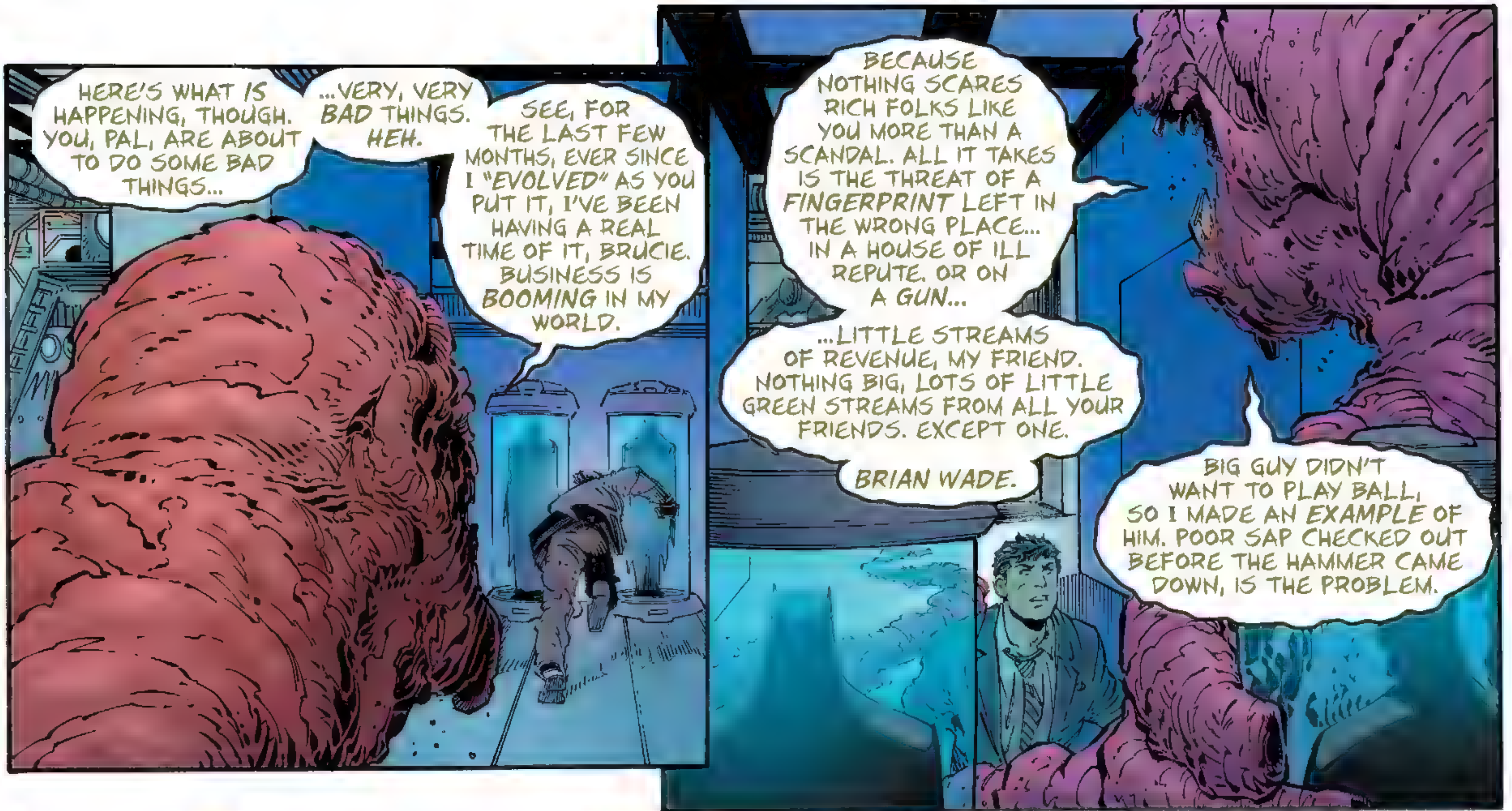
VOICE
RECOGNIZED...
DE-ACTIVATING...

NO, I
SAID--

AND I
SAY...



...IT AIN'T
HAPPENING,
BRUCIE.





YOU
GOT COMPANY,
OLD MAN.



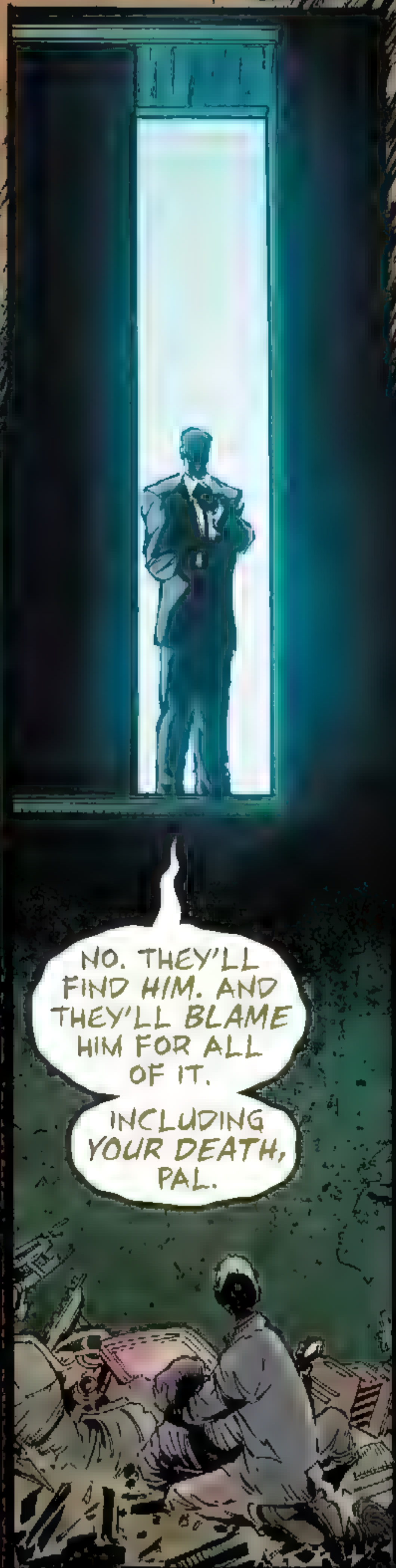
BRUCE!

AFRAID HE'S
PASSED ON, FOX.
THAT IS, UNLESS HE
CAN HOLD HIS BREATH
FOR OVER SEVEN
MINUTES.



BRUCE...
NO...

THEY'LL GET
YOU FOR THIS, YOU
MONSTER! THEY'LL
FIND YOU!



NO. THEY'LL
FIND HIM. AND
THEY'LL BLAME
HIM FOR ALL
OF IT.

INCLUDING
YOUR DEATH,
PAL.



≡KOFF≡

BRUCE,
THANK GOD!
BUT HOW--

≡KOFF KOFF≡
BREATHING'S
OVERRATED.



THIS PLACE
≡KOFF≡...A WAY
OUT?

THERE'S NO
WAY OUT, BRUCE.
IT'S A **CRUSHER**
DESIGNED TO ERADICATE
PROTOTYPES WE
CAN'T RISK GETTING
RID OF THROUGH
CONVENTIONAL
METHODS. IT'S
DESIGNED...



...TO **DECIMATE**
EVERYTHING IN HERE.
IT CRUSHES, THEN
INCINERATES.

THERE ARE
NO FAIL-SAFES,
LUCIUS?



THEY WERE
OVERRIDDEN.

BY WHO?

BY ME,
APPARENTLY.
OR RATHER,
THE **CLAYFACE**
VERSION
OF ME.

IS THERE AN AIR
POCKET AT THE TOP?
I CAN BOOST
YOU--

NO, IT'S
VACUUM SEALED.
IT'LL RIP US
APART.

WHAT ABOUT THE
DETRITUS, IS THERE
ANYTHING--?

NO. THE
WEAPONS ARE
ALL GUTTED
BEFORE--

COMMENCE
CRUSHING

CRUSHING.

BUT
MAYBE...

HERE!

WHAT
IS IT?

IT'S A **CONCEPT
SUIT**. HERE, HELP
ME PUT IT ON!

I CAN
OPERATE IT,
LUCIUS!

DON'T BE
RIDICULOUS,
BRUCE! STAND
BACK BEFORE
YOU GET
HURT!

LUCIUS.
I GOT IT.

ALL RIGHT--
WELL, GET IT
FAST!



AND
YOU THREW
THIS OUT,
WHY?

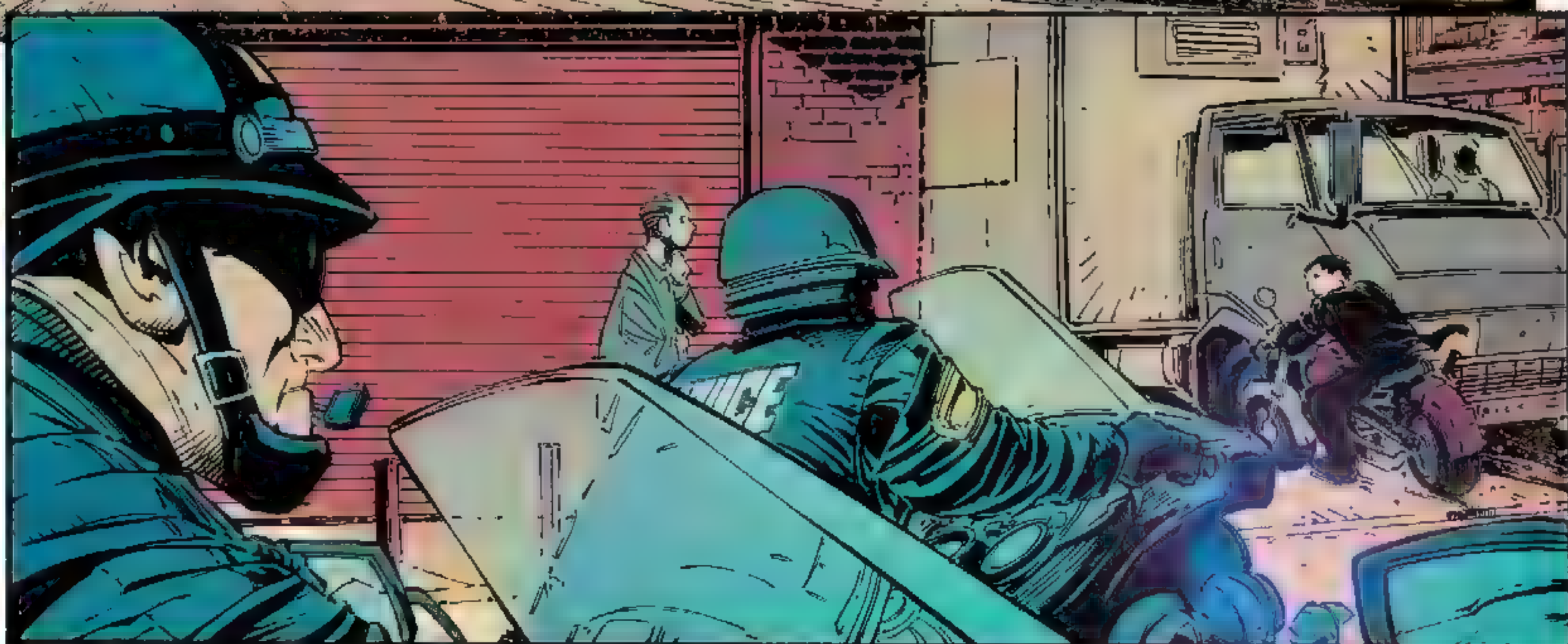
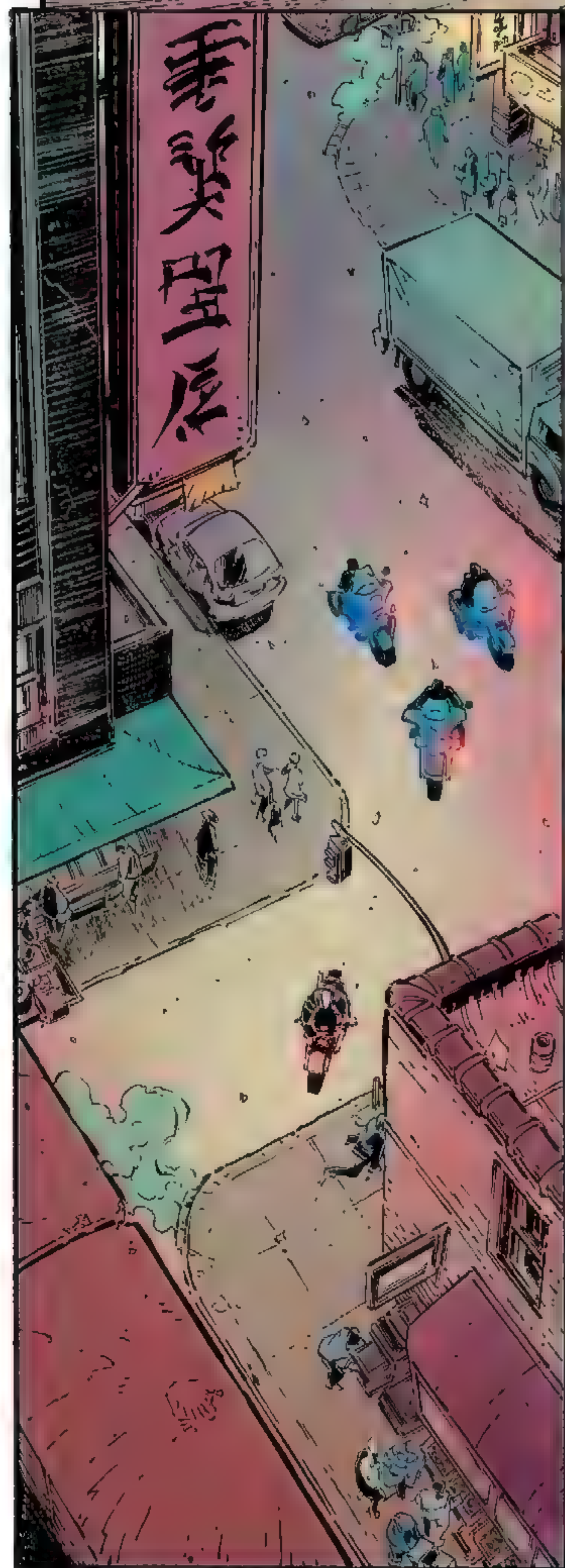
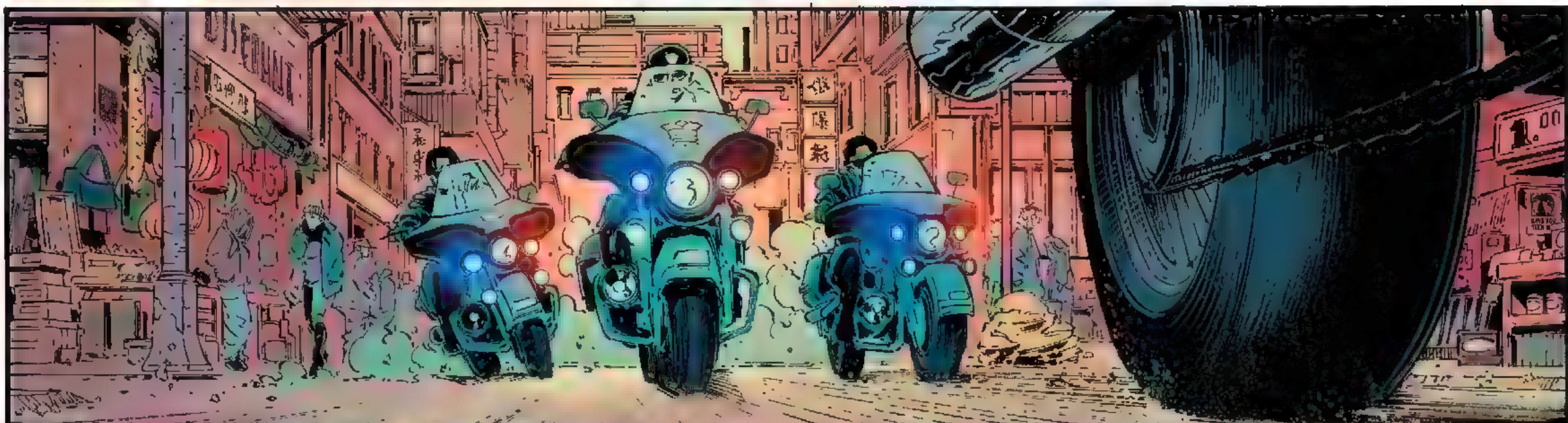
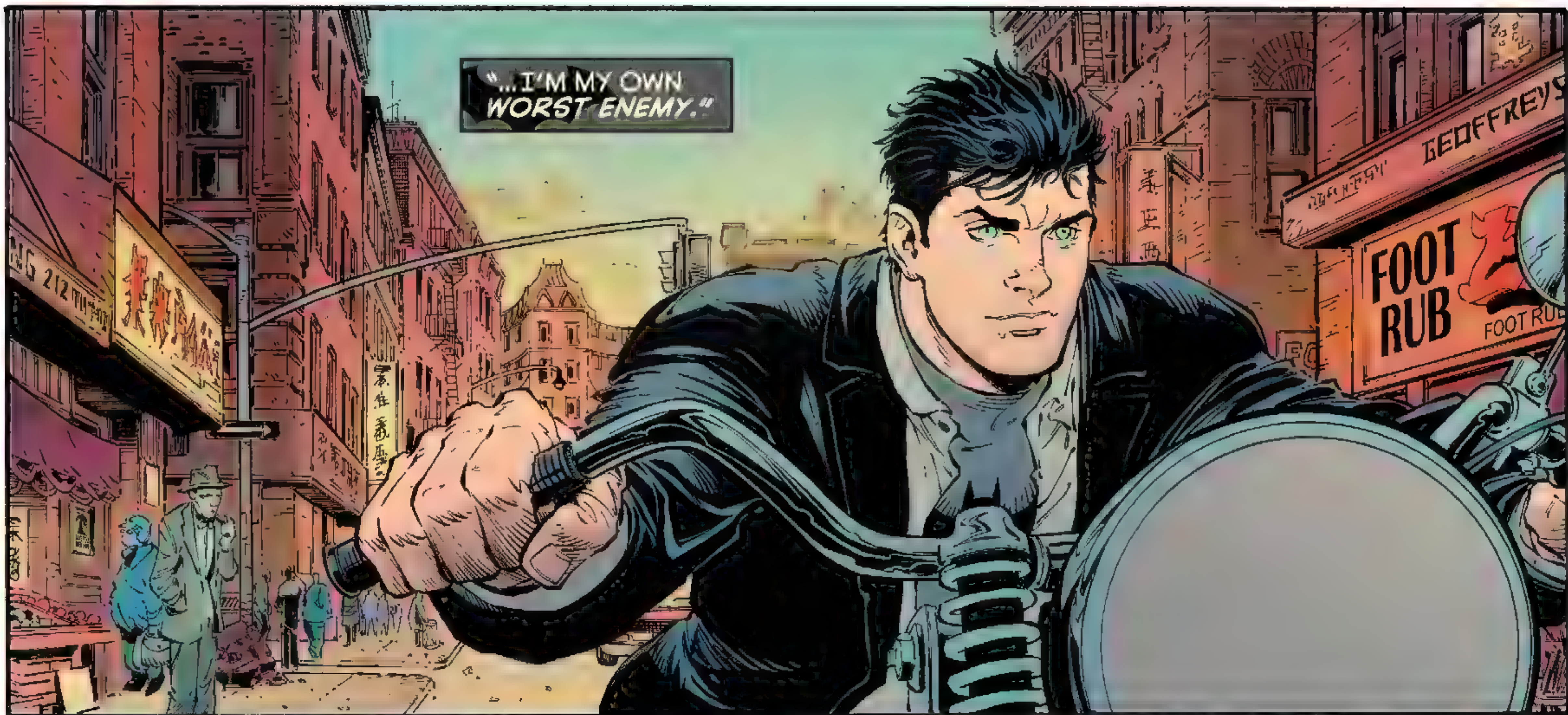
BECAUSE
IT'LL BE AT LEAST
TWENTY YEARS
BEFORE THE THING
IS COST EFFECTIVE.
BUT THERE'RE OTHER
REASONS. I'LL
FILL YOU IN
SOMETIME.

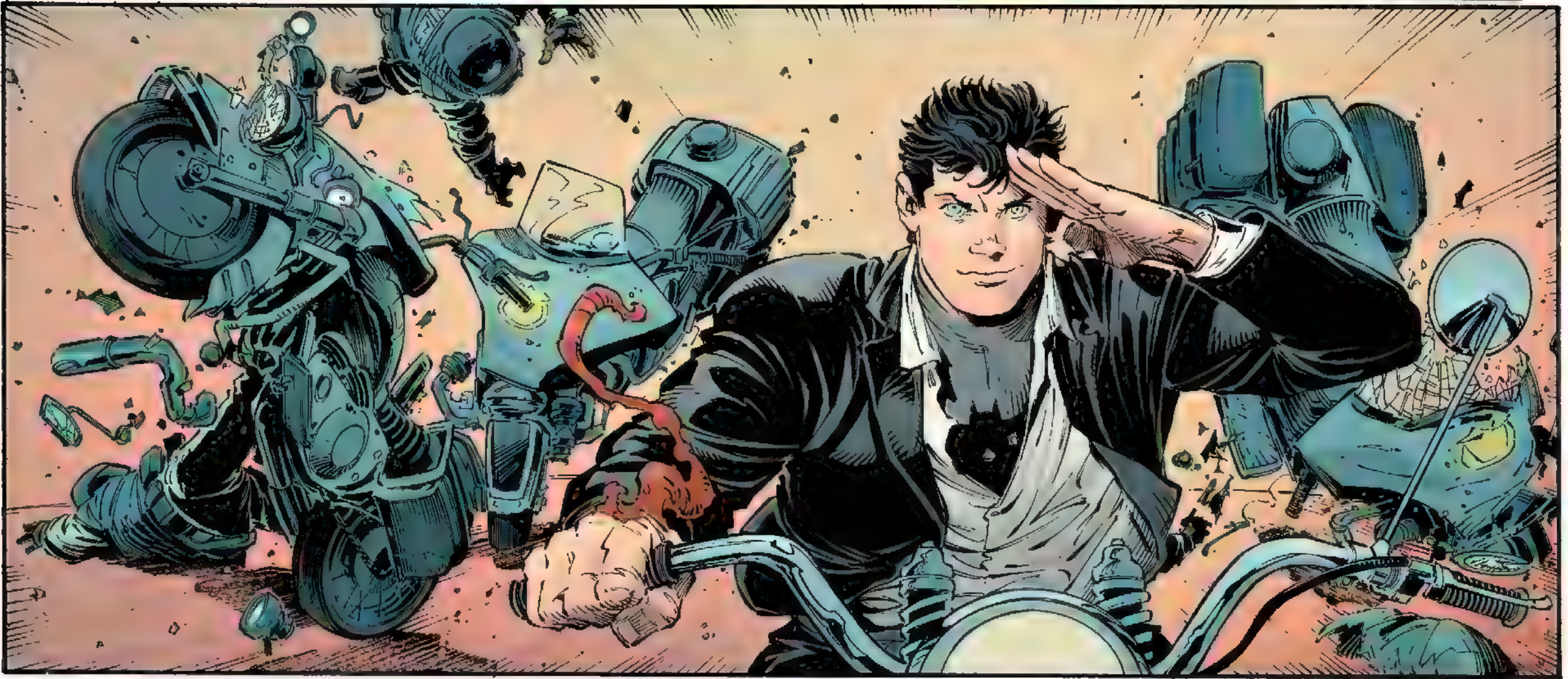
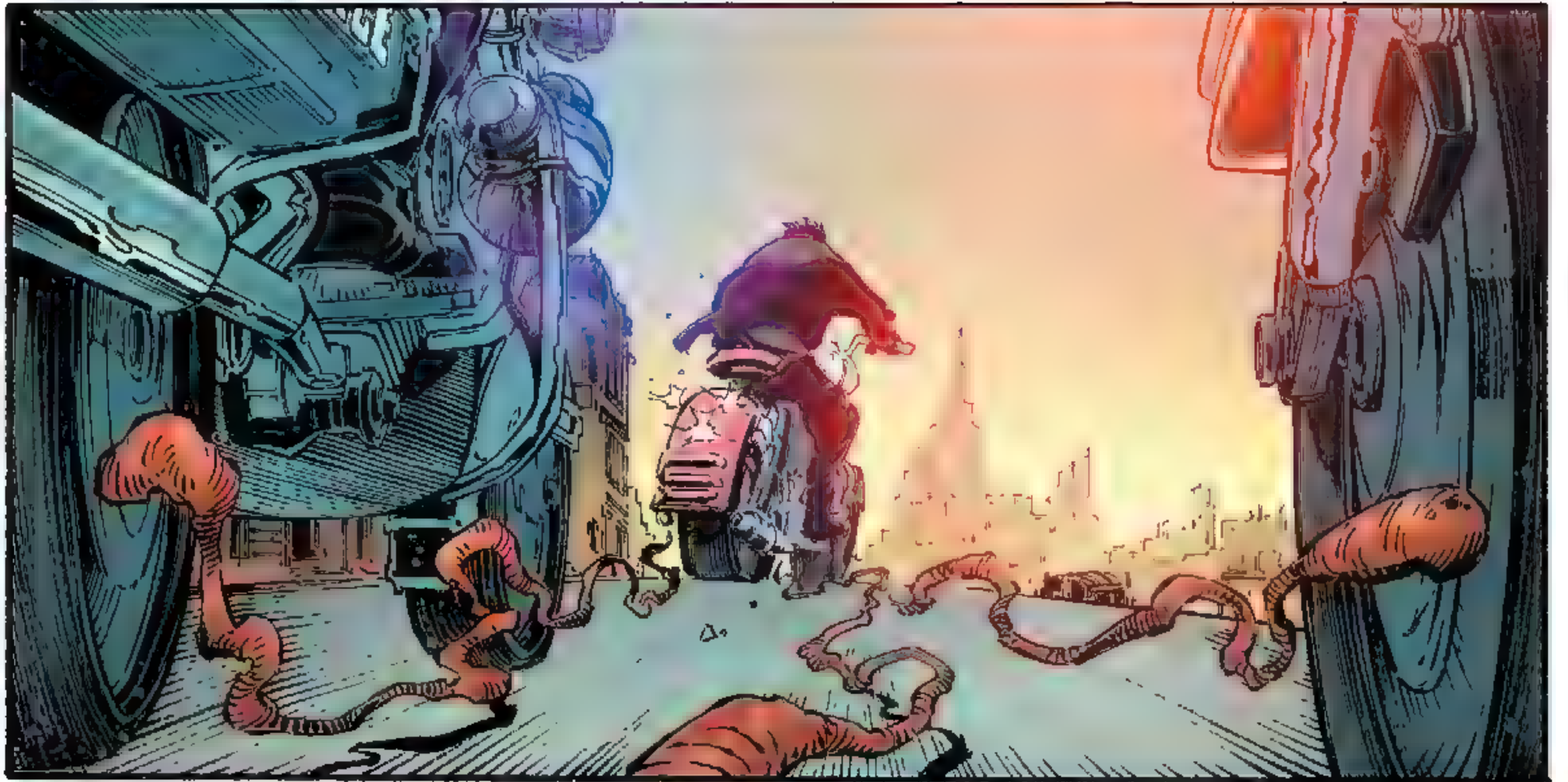
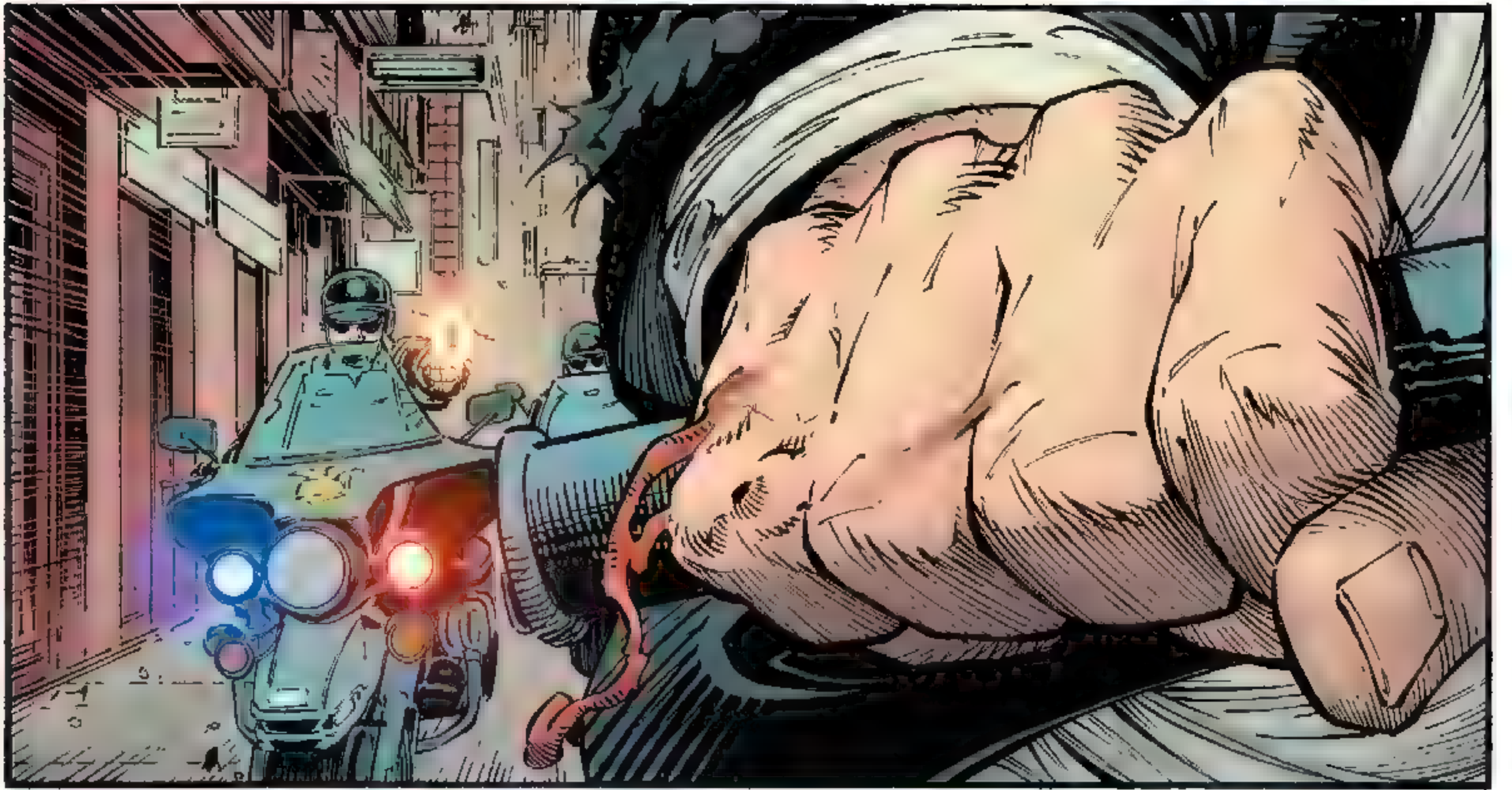
BUT RIGHT NOW,
YOU SHOULD GET
MEDICAL TREATMENT. YOU
TOOK A BEATING BACK
THERE, BRUCE. YOU'RE NOT
BATMAN. YOUR BODY
ISN'T USED TO THAT SORT
OF PUNISHMENT.

NEVER
UNDERESTIMATE
WHAT BAD CAVIAR
CAN DO, LUCIUS. BUT
EVEN SO, THE DOCTOR
CAN WAIT. I'M GOING
TO TAKE THIS THING
OFF AND GET THE
POLICE. YOU CALL
BATMAN.

REALLY,
BRUCE, YOU
TOOK SOME HARD
HITS BACK THERE,
YOU NEED TO--

YOU'RE RIGHT,
LUCIUS. BUT AS
YOU WELL KNOW,
SOMETIMES...







OH,
IT'S YOUR
STOP!

WAYNE AND
FOX ARE SAFE,
KARLO.

AND I'VE
ALERTED THE POLICE
TO THE CHANGES YOU'VE
UNDERGONE. NO MORE FRAMING
INNOCENT PEOPLE. NO
MORE BLACKMAIL.

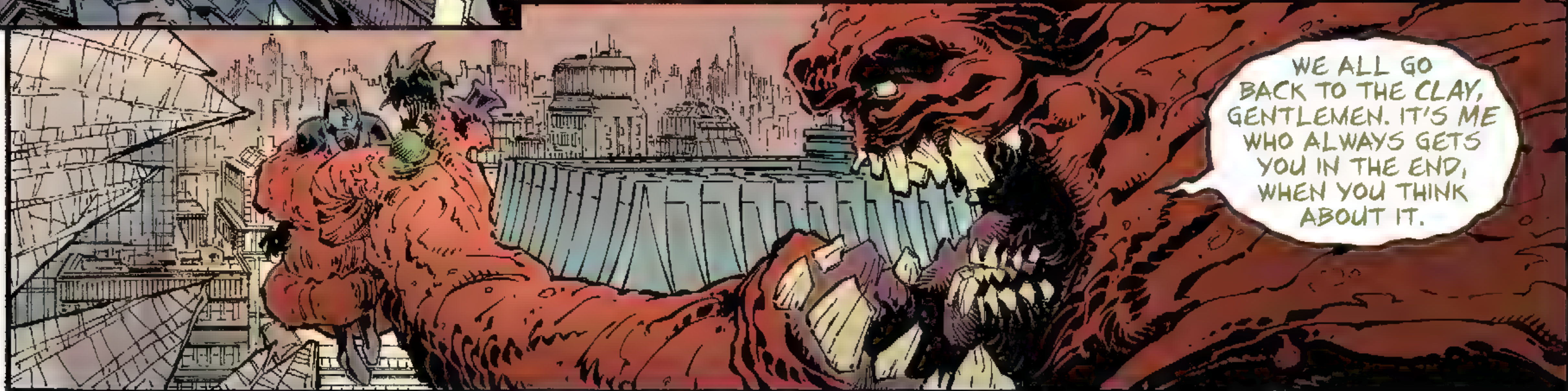
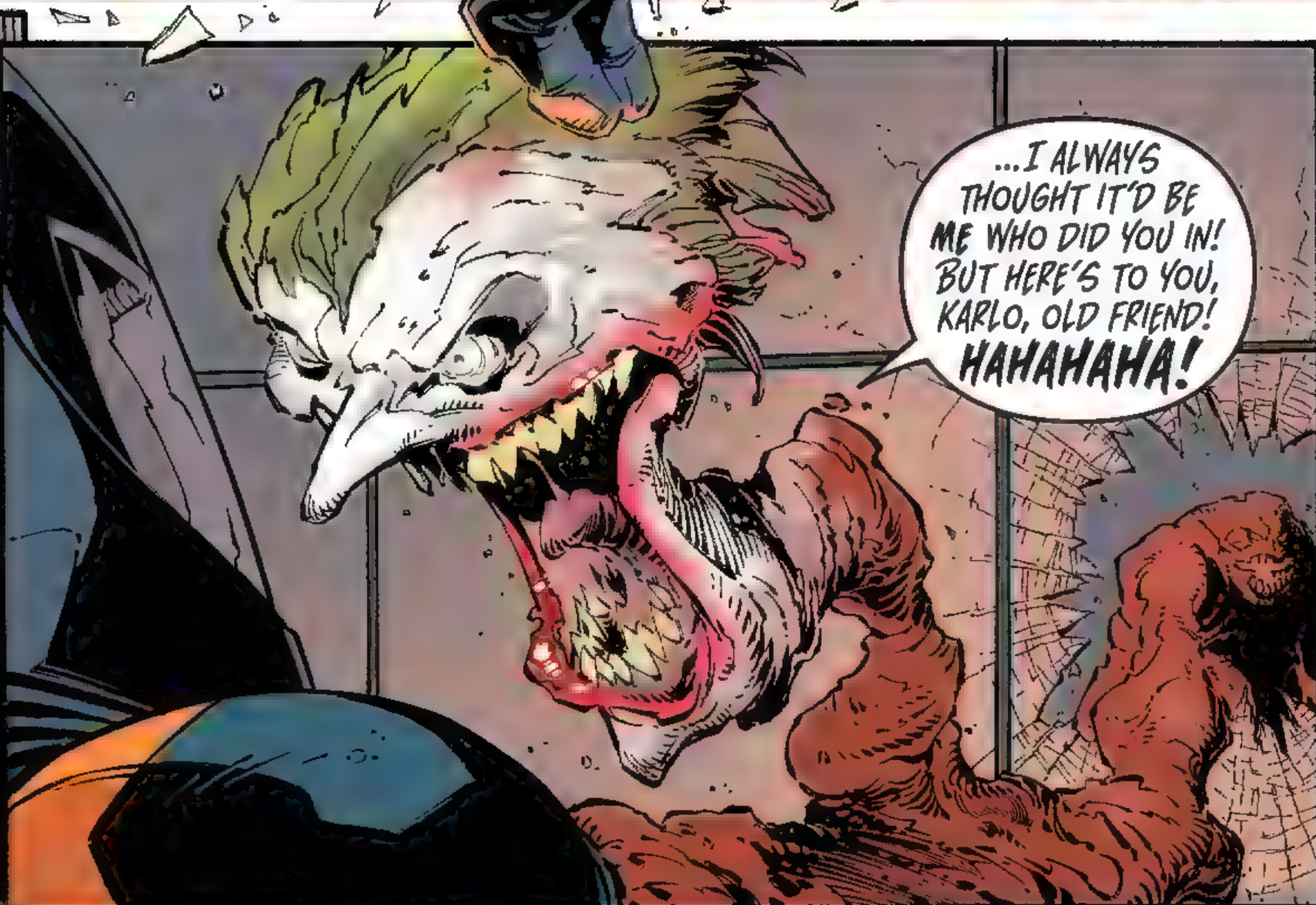
FAIR
ENOUGH! HOW
ABOUT A TOUCH
OF MURDER,
THEN?!

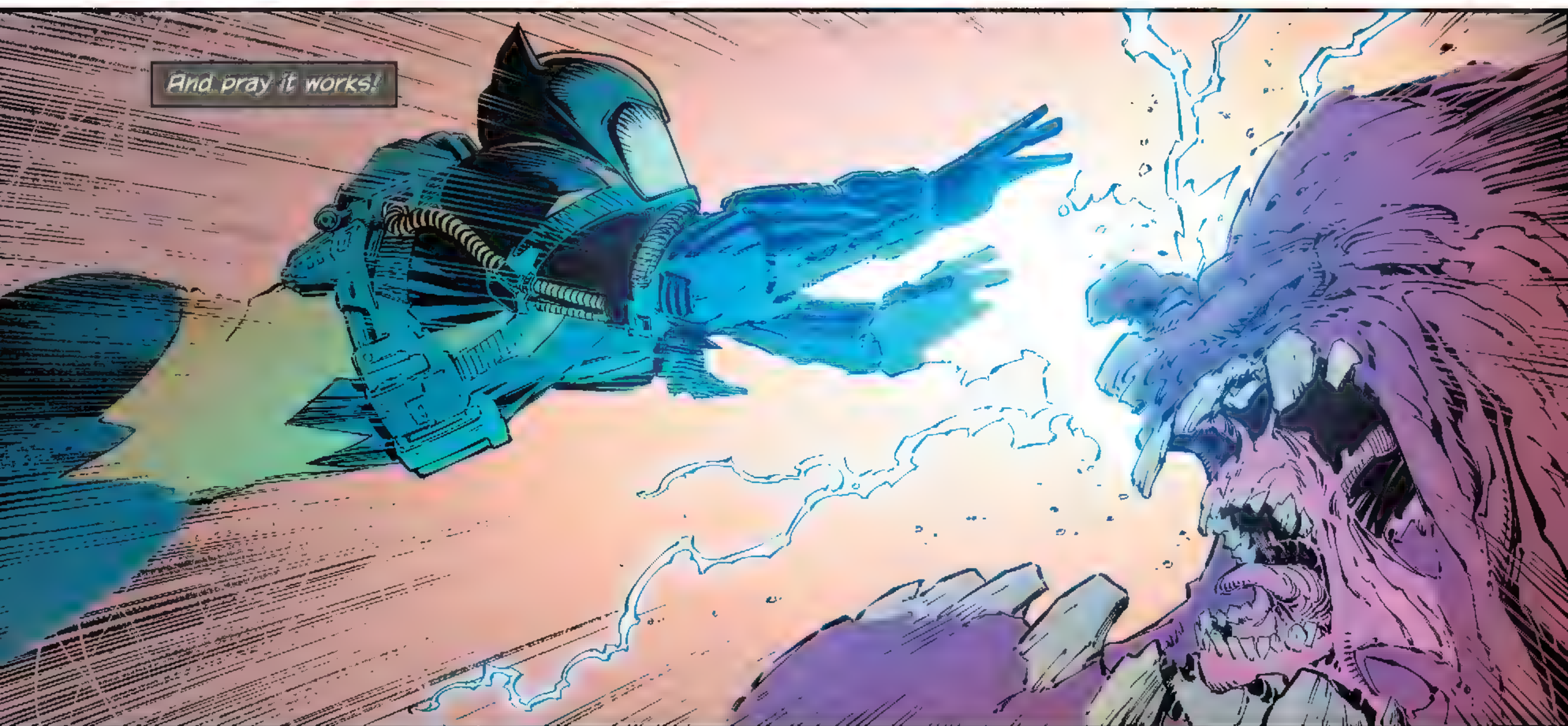
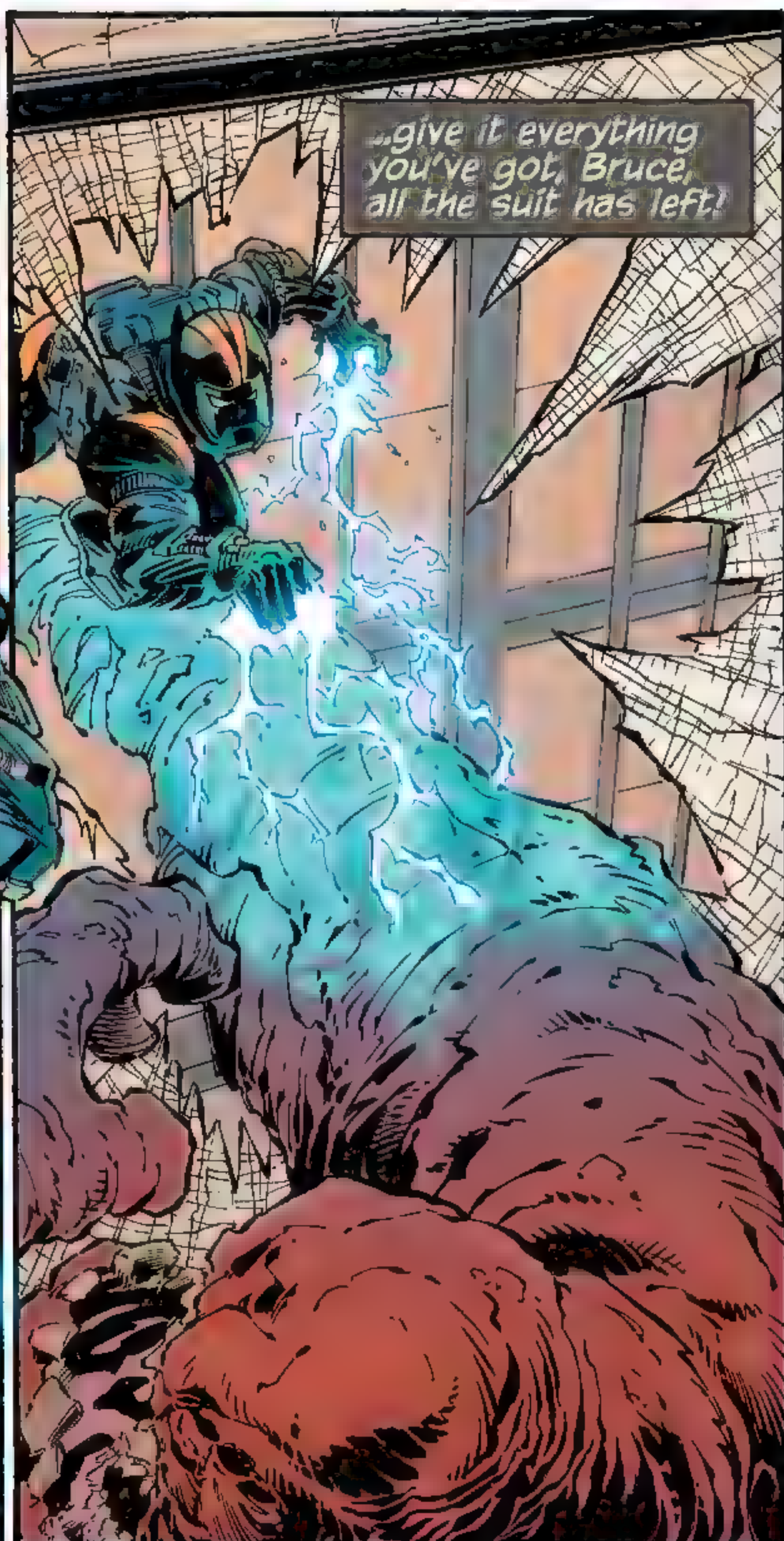
AAAAHHH!

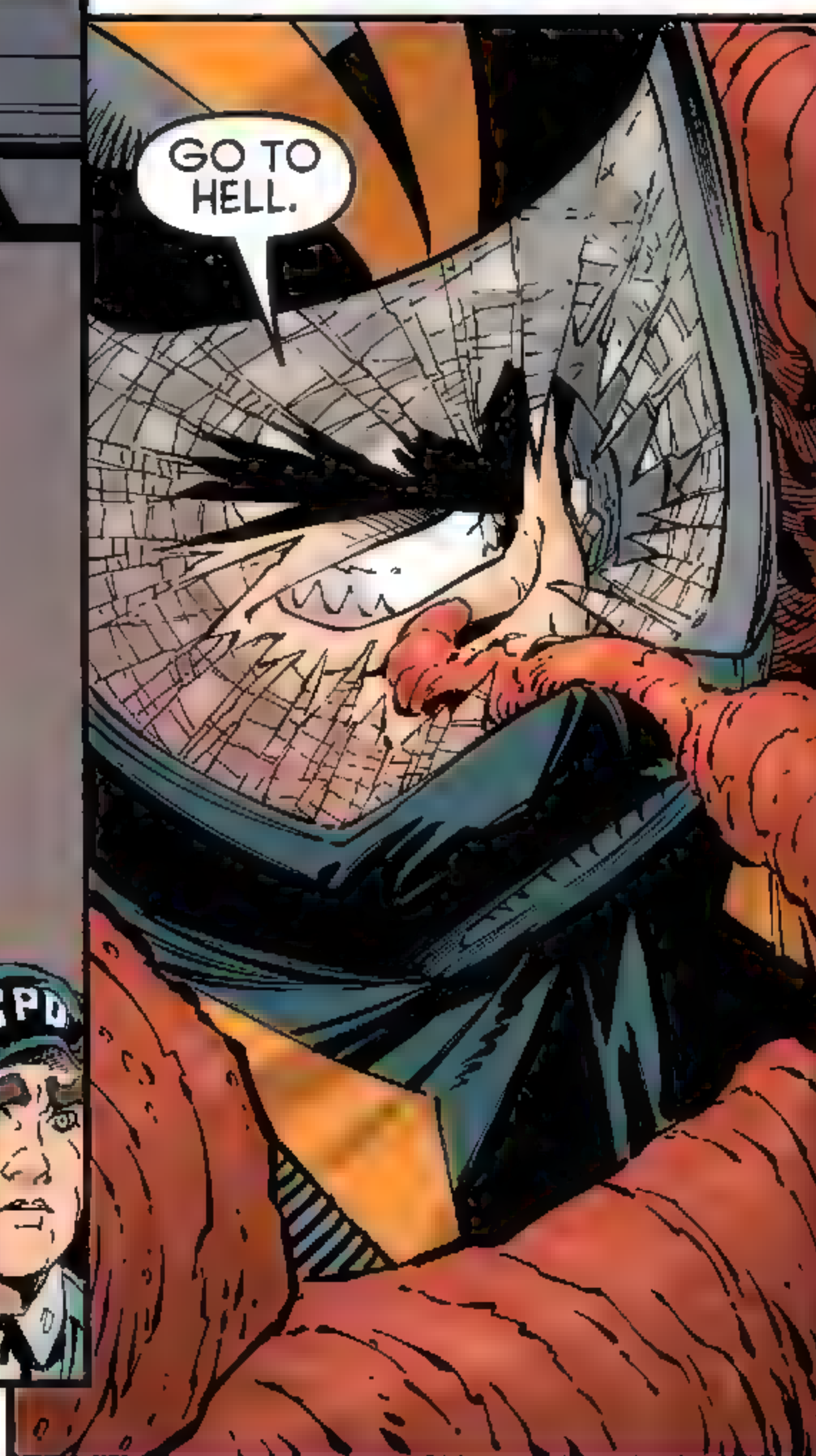
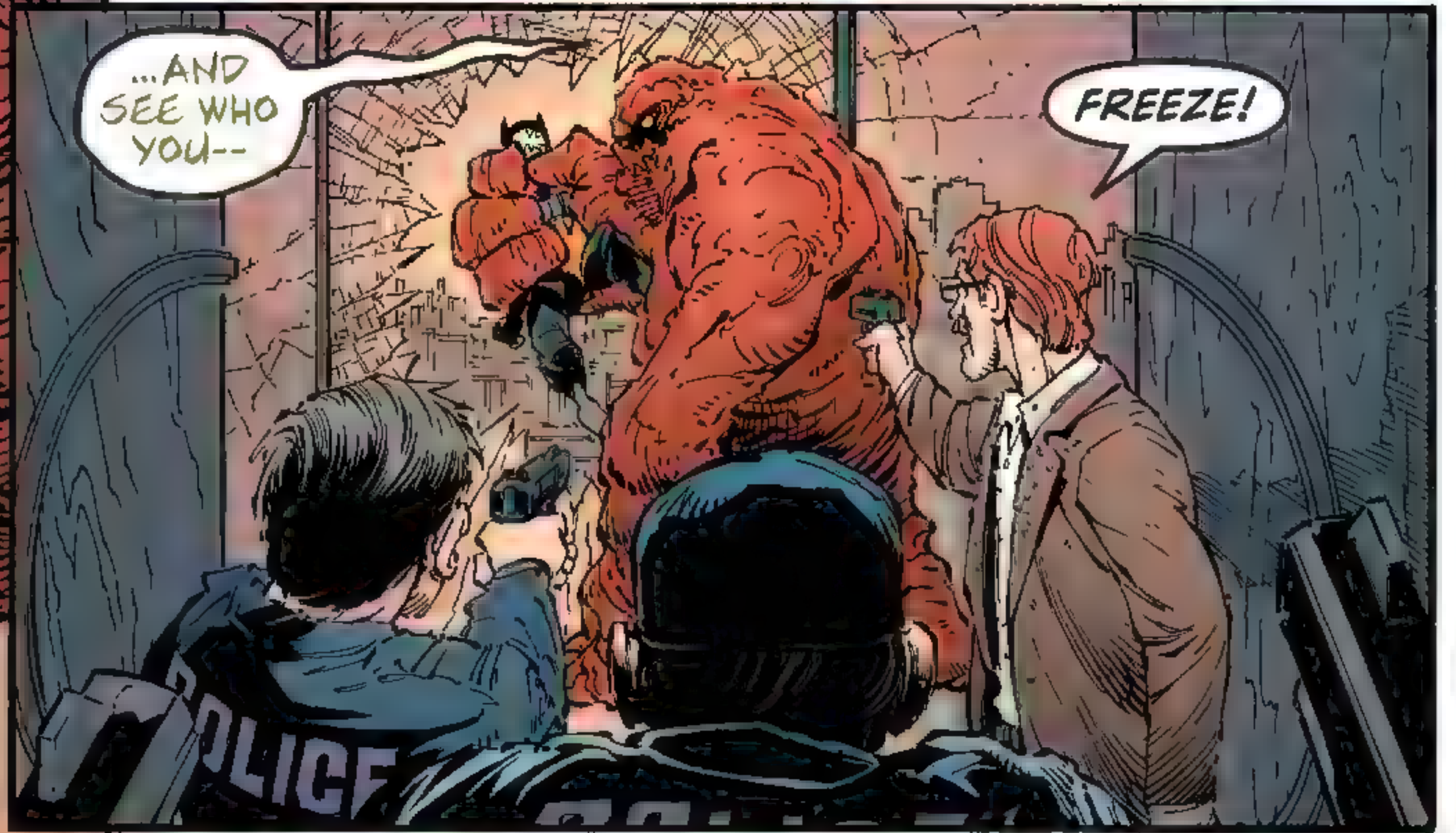
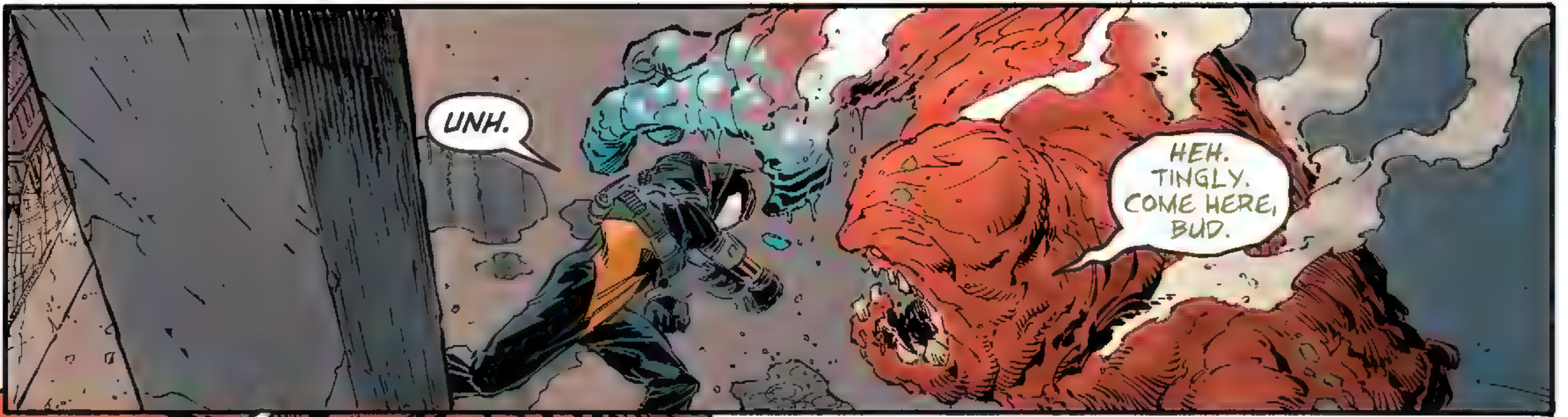
That's it, Bruce,
keep him busy.

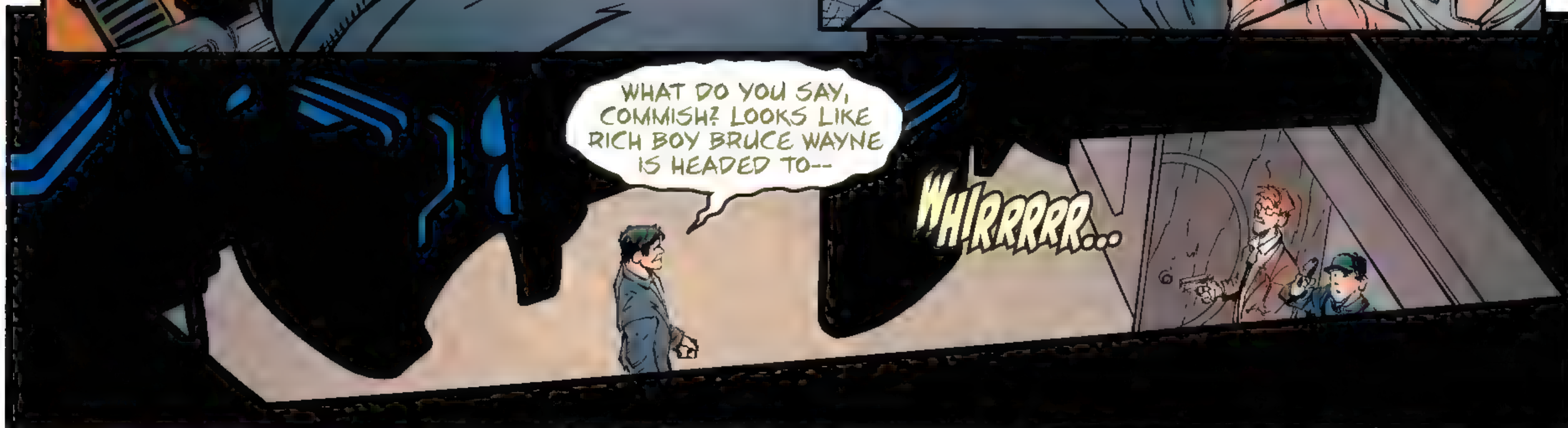
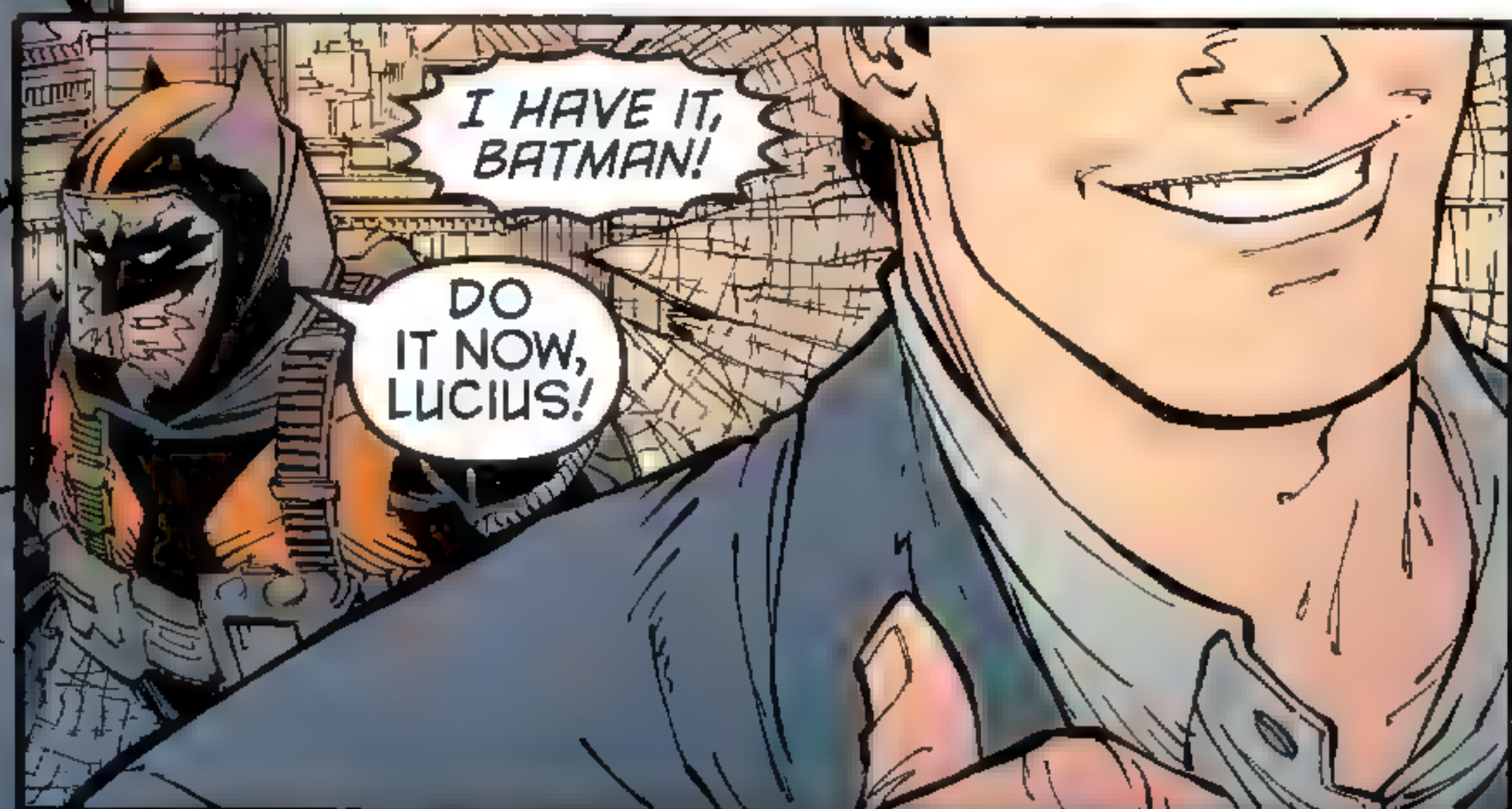
Pray the hydrogen
fluoride still works on--

HEH.
NICE TRY, OLD
BUDDY...



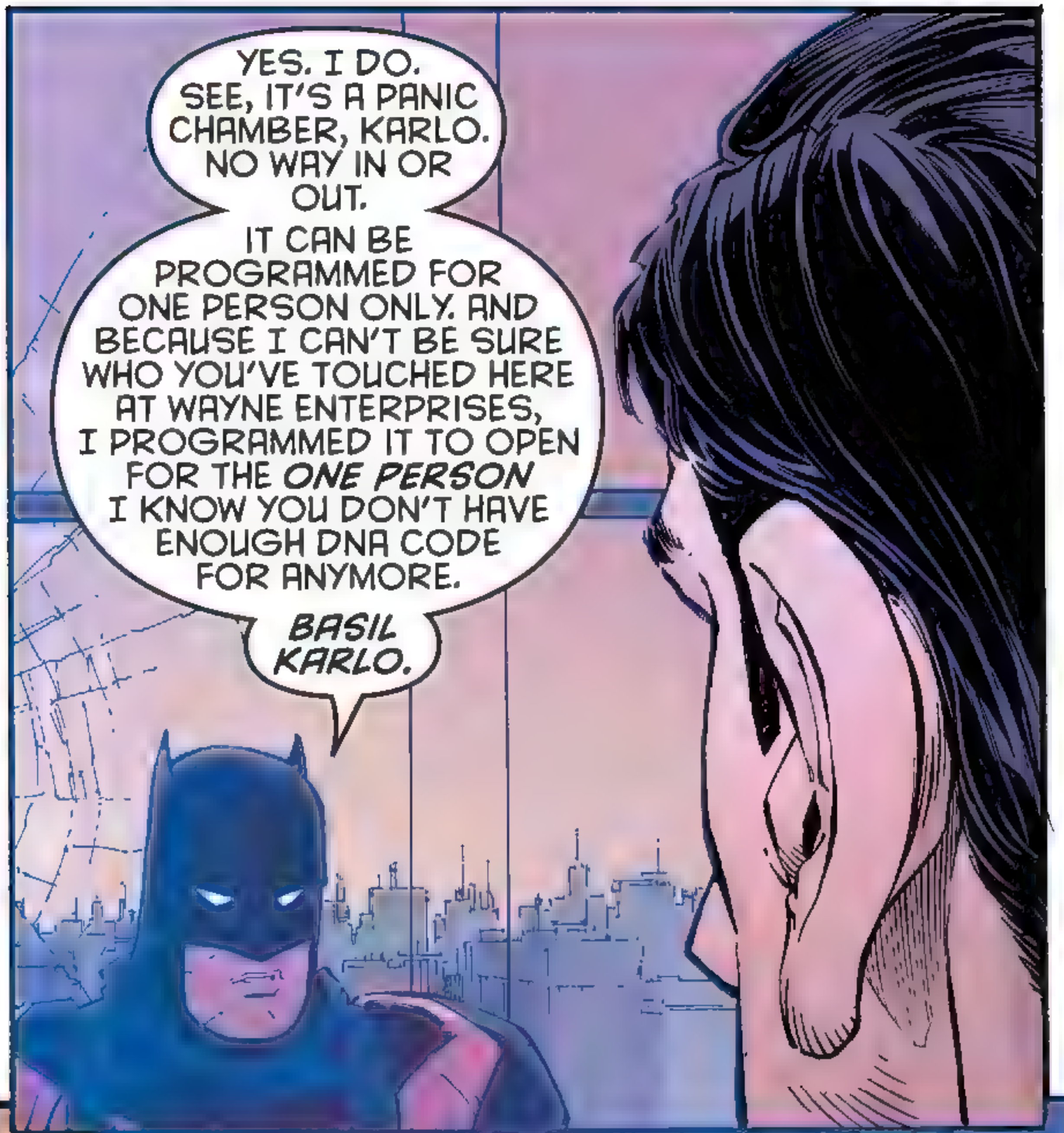








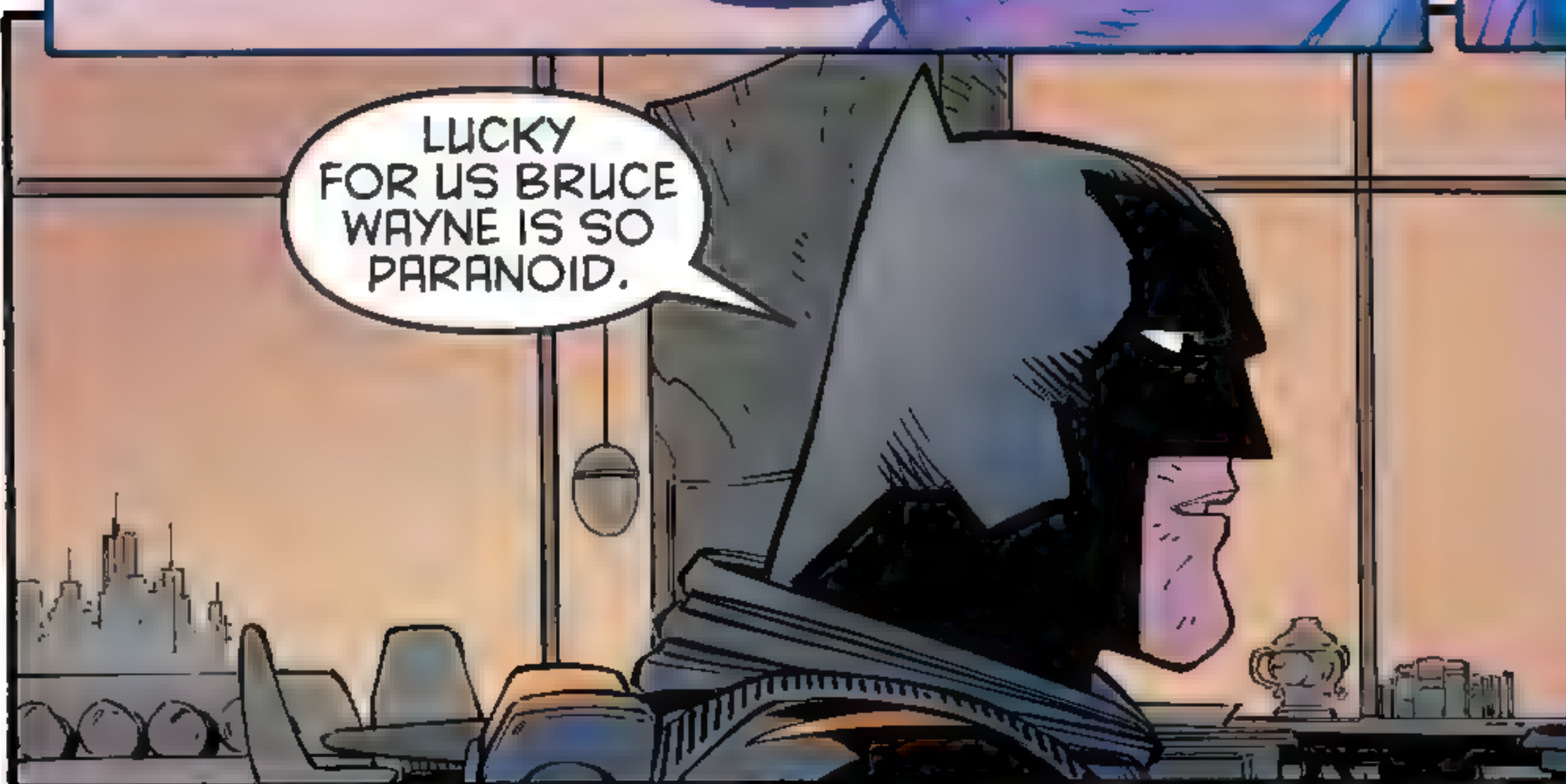
YOU
THINK THIS
CAN HOLD ME,
WAYNE?!



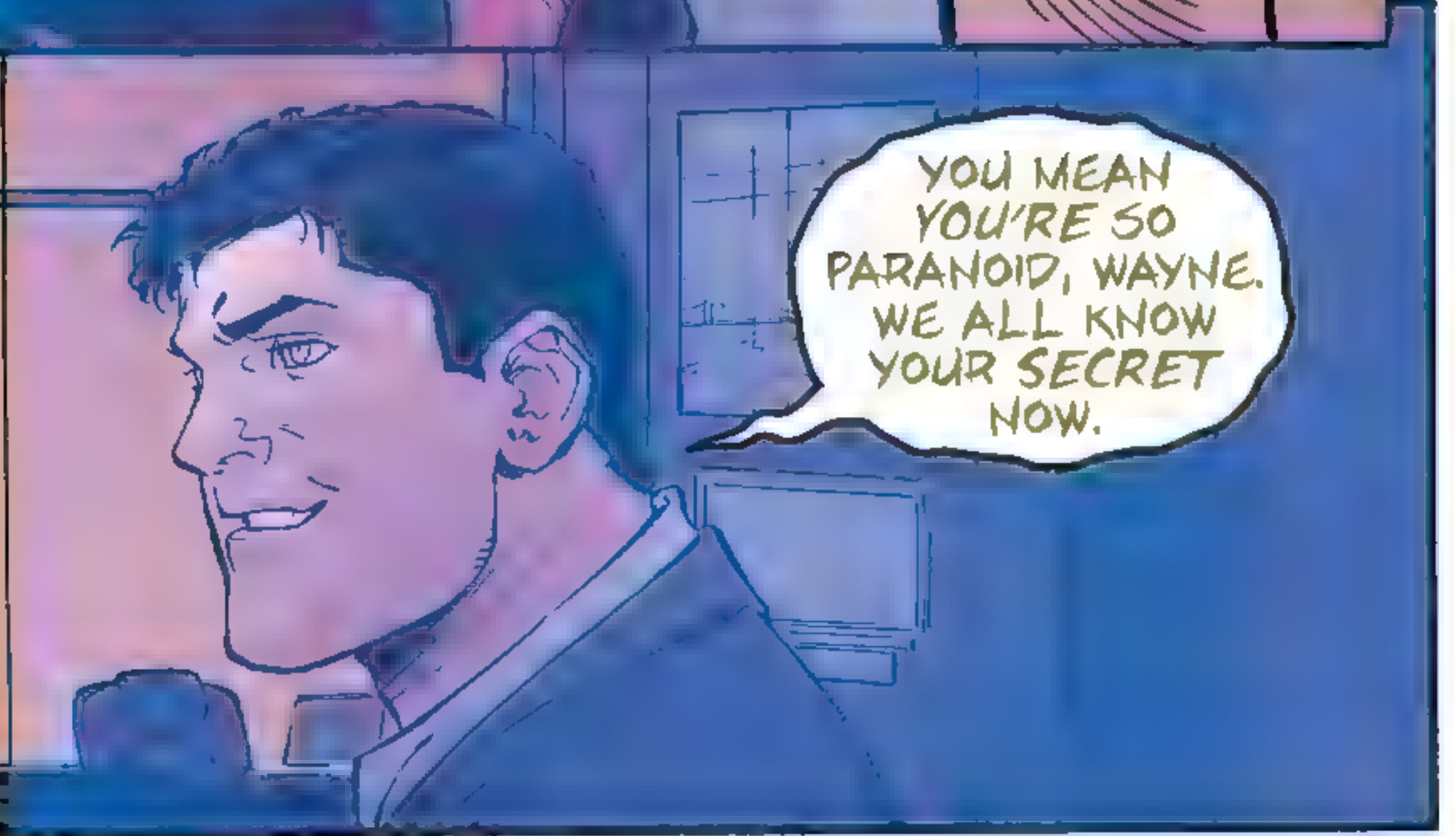
YES. I DO.
SEE, IT'S A PANIC
CHAMBER, KARLO.
NO WAY IN OR
OUT.

IT CAN BE
PROGRAMMED FOR
ONE PERSON ONLY, AND
BECAUSE I CAN'T BE SURE
WHO YOU'VE TOUCHED HERE
AT WAYNE ENTERPRISES,
I PROGRAMMED IT TO OPEN
FOR THE *ONE PERSON*
I KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE
ENOUGH DNA CODE
FOR ANYMORE.

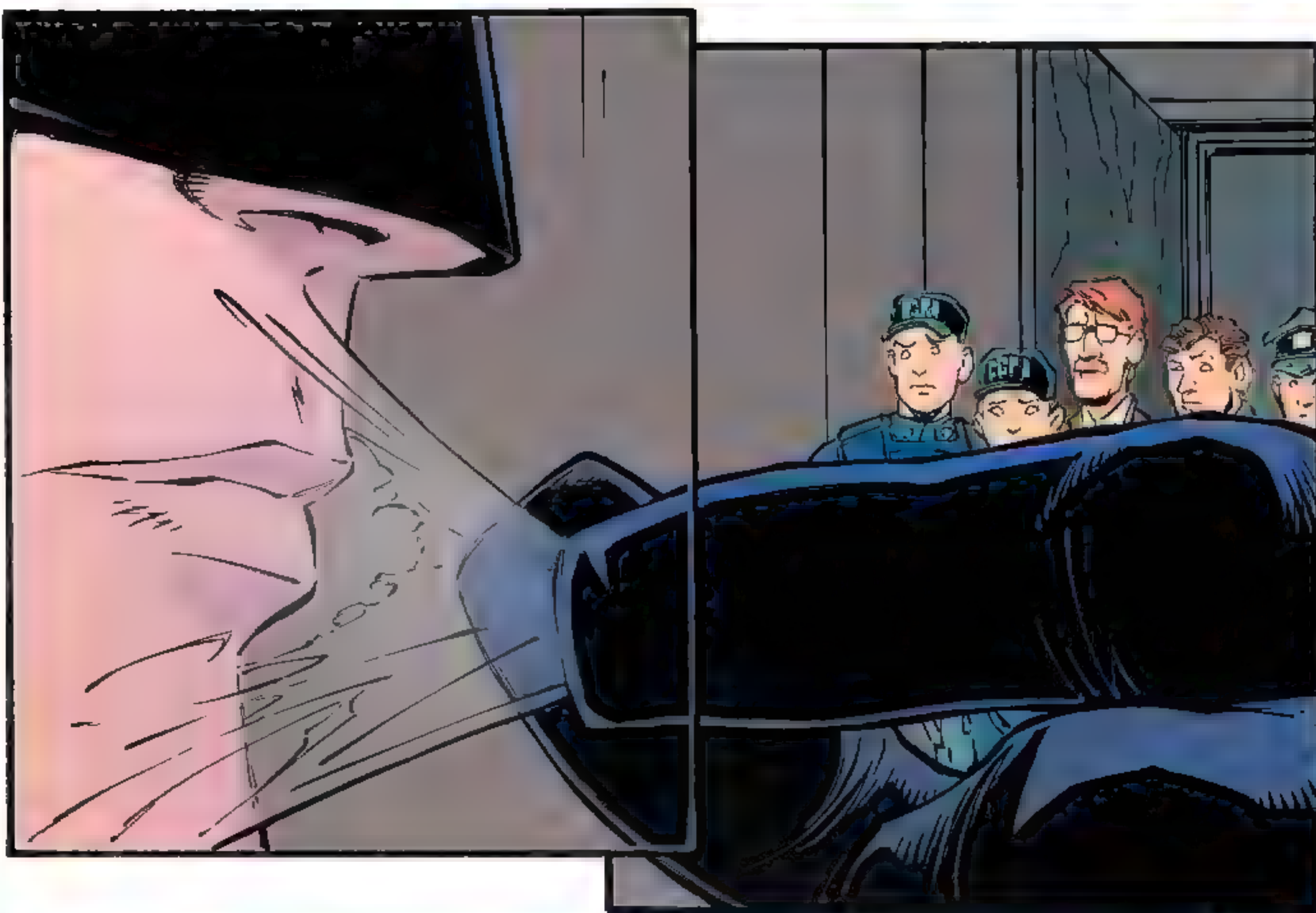
BASIL
KARLO.



LUCKY
FOR US BRUCE
WAYNE IS SO
PARANOID.



YOU MEAN
YOU'RE SO
PARANOID, WAYNE.
WE ALL KNOW
YOUR SECRET
NOW.



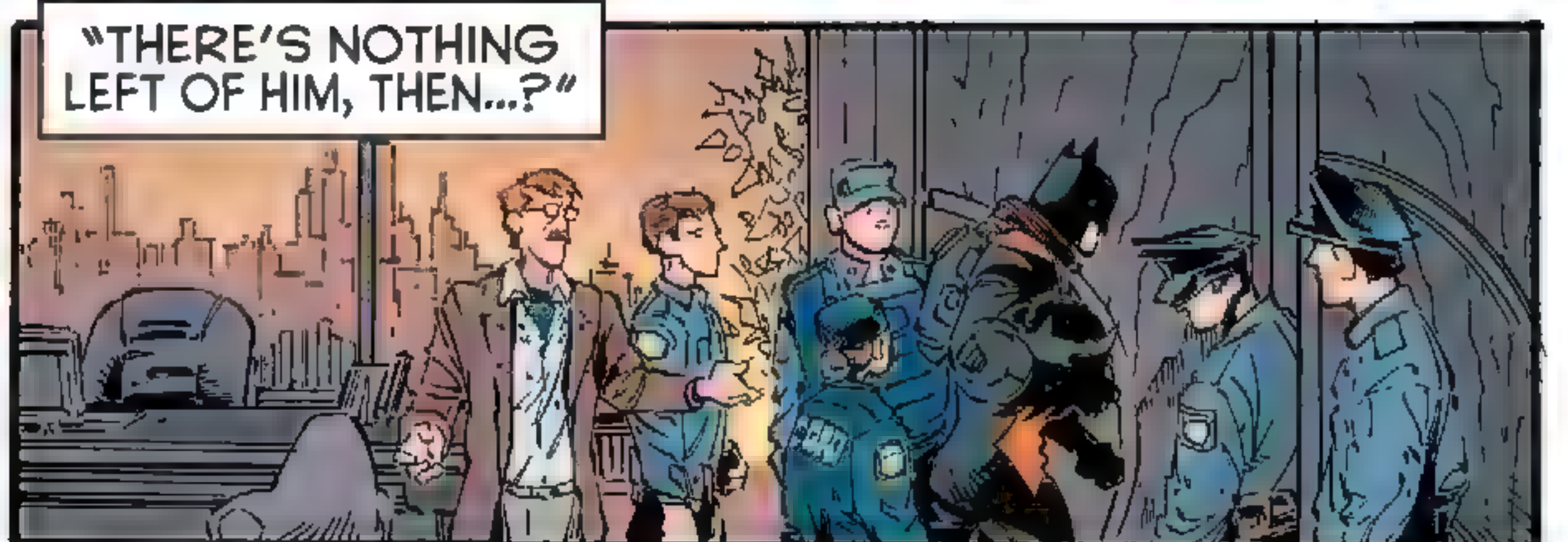
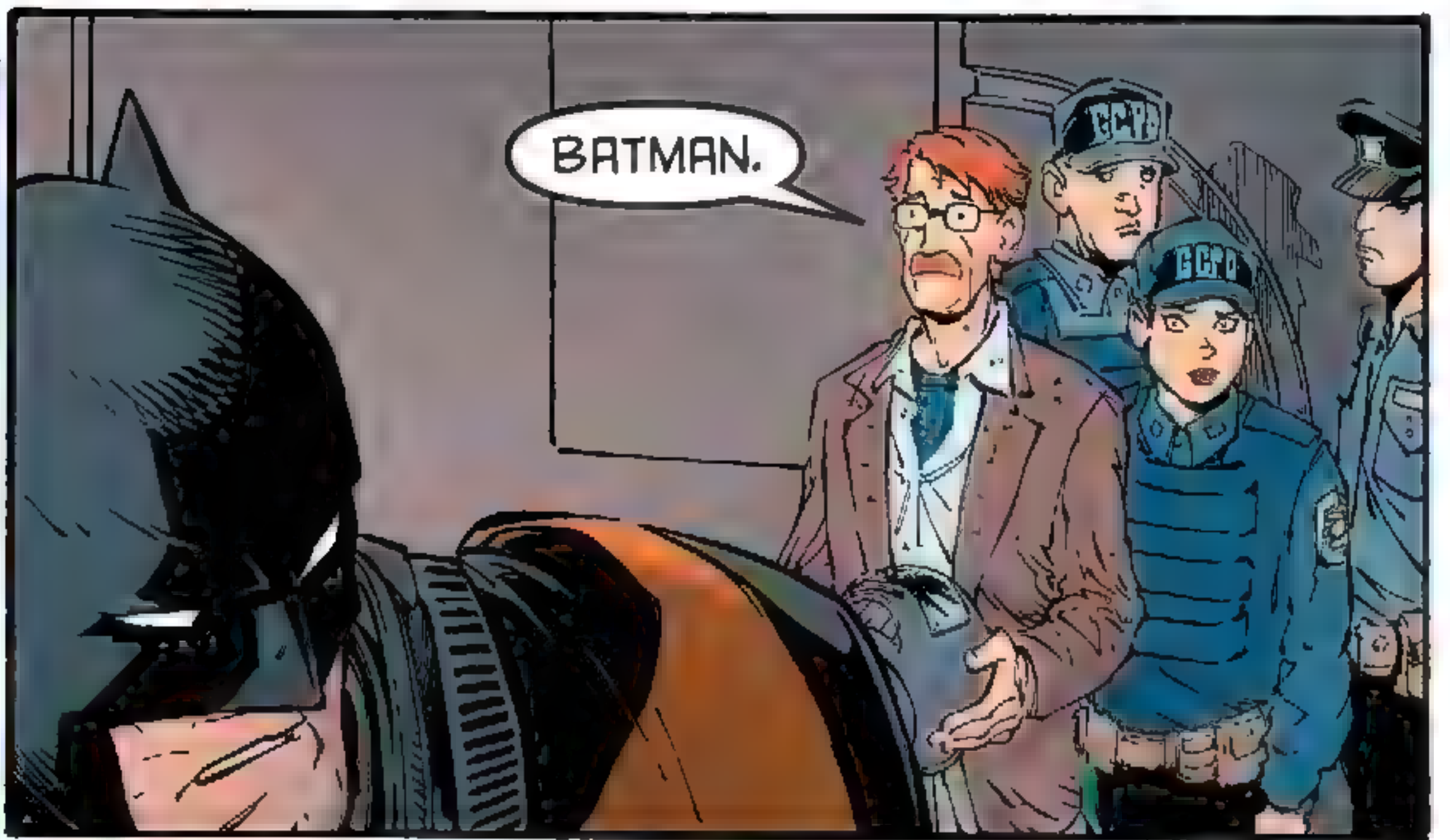
IT'S A FIBER
MASK. I TOOK AN
IMPRESSION OFF WAYNE
AFTER SAVING HIM FROM
THE CRUSHER. THE DNA
YOU TOOK FROM
ME IS *HIS*.

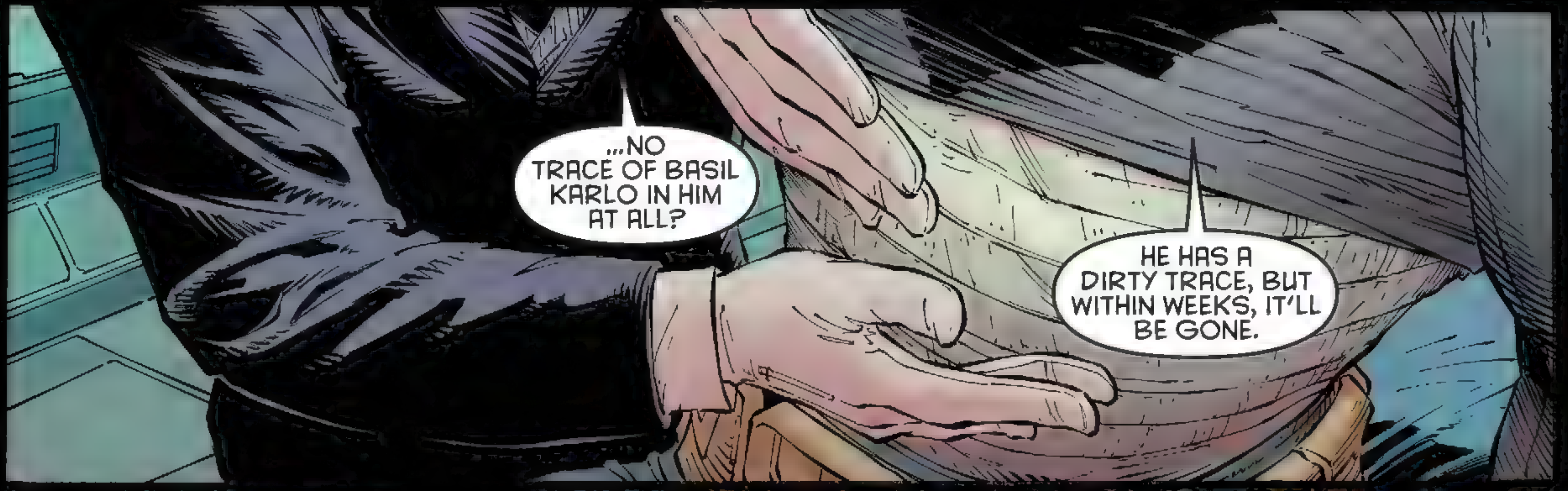
NOW I
NEED TO GET
HIM TO THE
HOSPITAL.



YEAH, GO TAKE
CARE OF HIM, BATMAN!
GO TAKE CARE OF
YOUR LITTLE RICH
BOY FRIEND.

HE'S LIKE
THE REST, YOU
KNOW? WAYNE.
DOESN'T CARE
ABOUT ANYONE BUT
HIMSELF, NOT HIS
FRIENDS...





...NO
TRACE OF BASIL
KARLO IN HIM
AT ALL?

HE HAS A
DIRTY TRACE, BUT
WITHIN WEEKS, IT'LL
BE GONE.

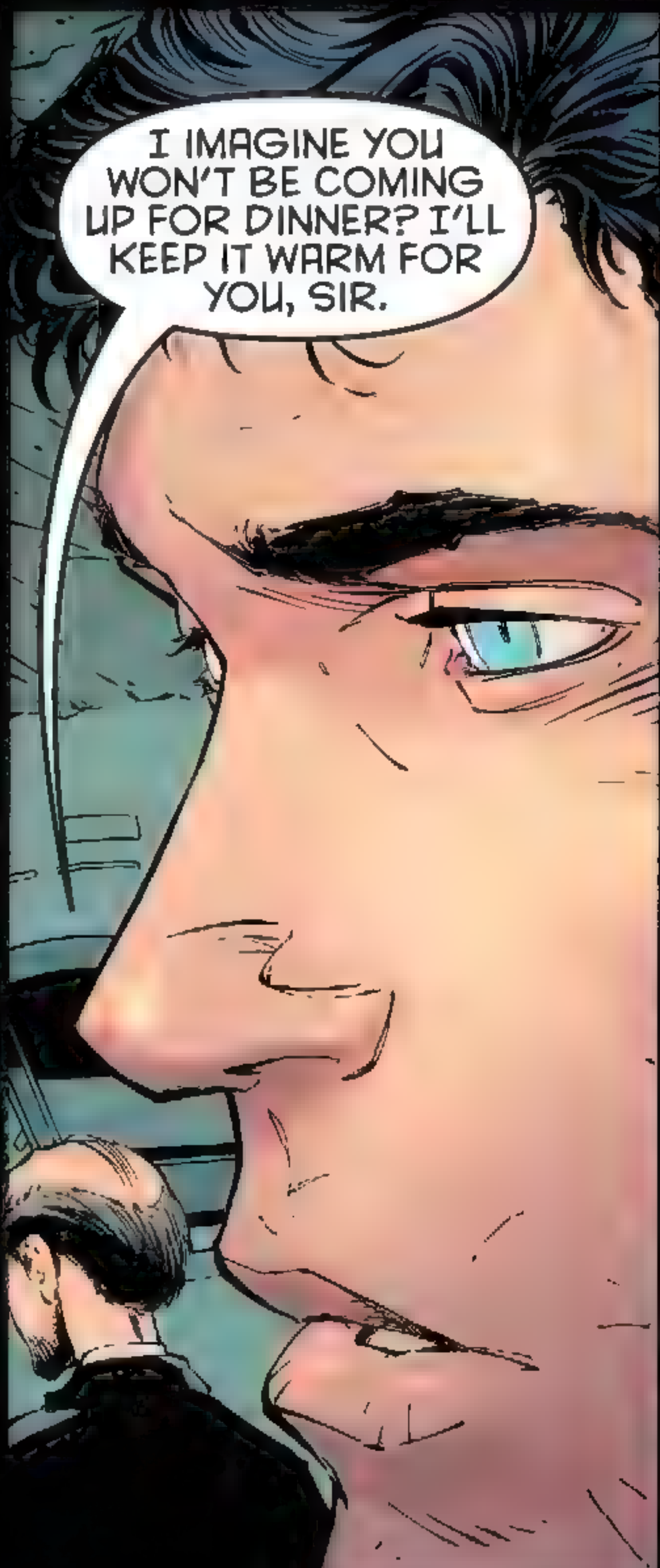


HE'LL BE A CIPHER.
A PERFECT CLAY MAN
WHO CAN BE ANYONE
BUT THE MAN HE
ONCE WAS.



WELL, I FIND
THAT TRAGIC, AND I
WOULDN'T WISH IT UPON
ANYONE, EVEN KARLO.
DETESTABLE AS HIS
ACTING WAS.

HEH.



I IMAGINE YOU
WON'T BE COMING
UP FOR DINNER? I'LL
KEEP IT WARM FOR
YOU, SIR.



ALFRED...

I'M NOT
LOSING MYSELF
THIS TIME. NOT LIKE
I DID WITH JASON.
I JUST...

...I'M
NOT READY
TO LET HIM
GO.



MAY
I WATCH
WITH YOU,
SIR?

"MAN, ONE PUNCH AND THE REAPER GOES DOWN. WHAT A *LIGHTWEIGHT*."

"MAYBE IT WAS JUST THAT *PERFECT* A PUNCH, ROBIN."

"UGH, *THIS* IS THE ANTIDOTE? HOW MUCH DO I NEED TO--"

"THE WHOLE THING."

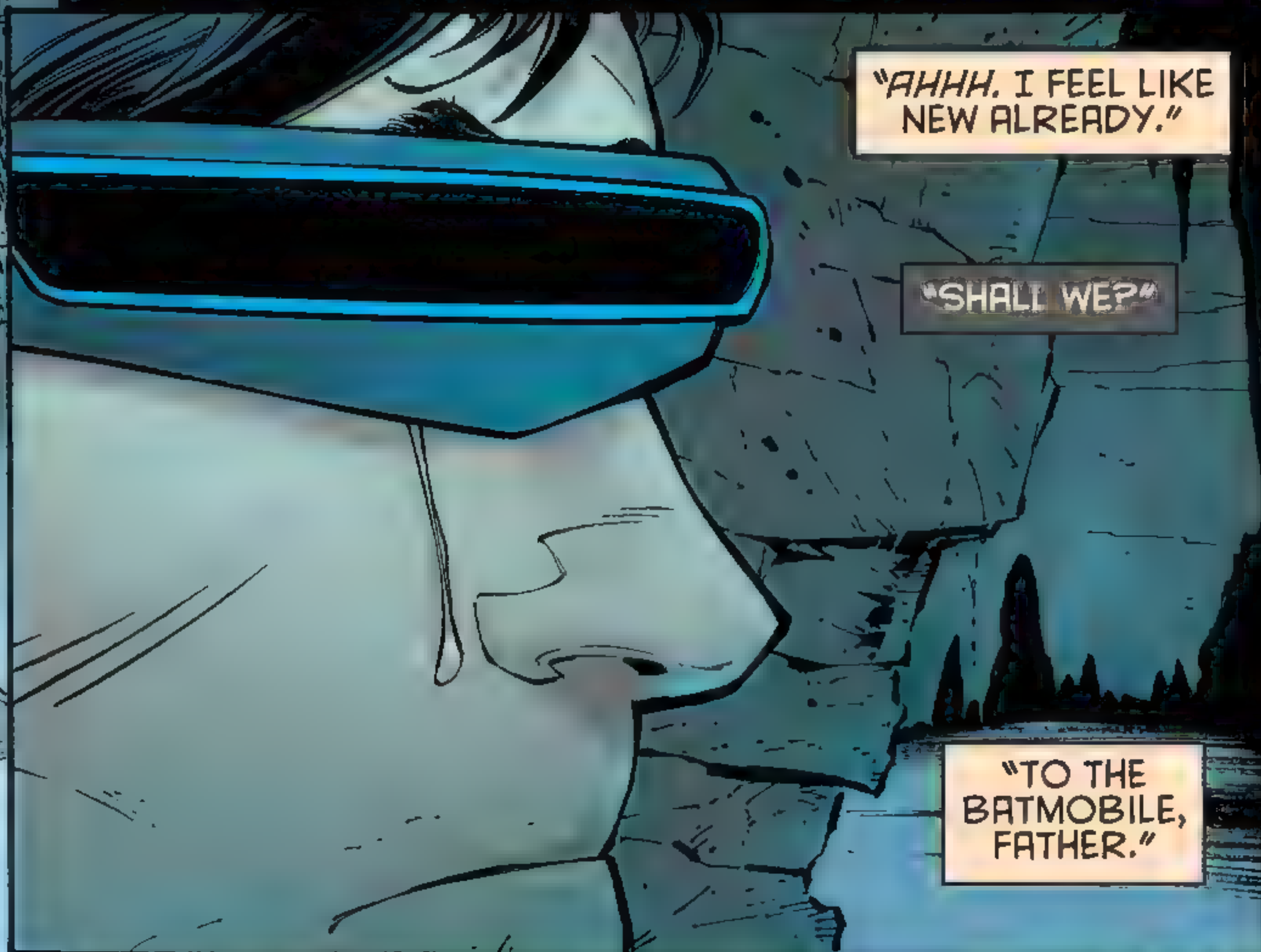


"TTT"

"YOU'RE KIDDING."

"I'M KIDDING. TEN MILLIGRAMS SHOULD DO IT."

"..."



"AHHH. I FEEL LIKE NEW ALREADY."

"SHALL WE?"

"TO THE BATMOBILE, FATHER."



"ROBIN."

"SORRY! I MEANT BATMAN."

"I MEANT BATMAN..."

END



YAM
13

GHOST LIGHTS

JAMES TYNION IV writer ALEX MALEEV artist BRAD ANDERSON NATHAN FAIRBAIRN colorists variant cover by ALEX MALEEV
SUPERMAN created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER By special arrangement with the JERRY SIEGEL family



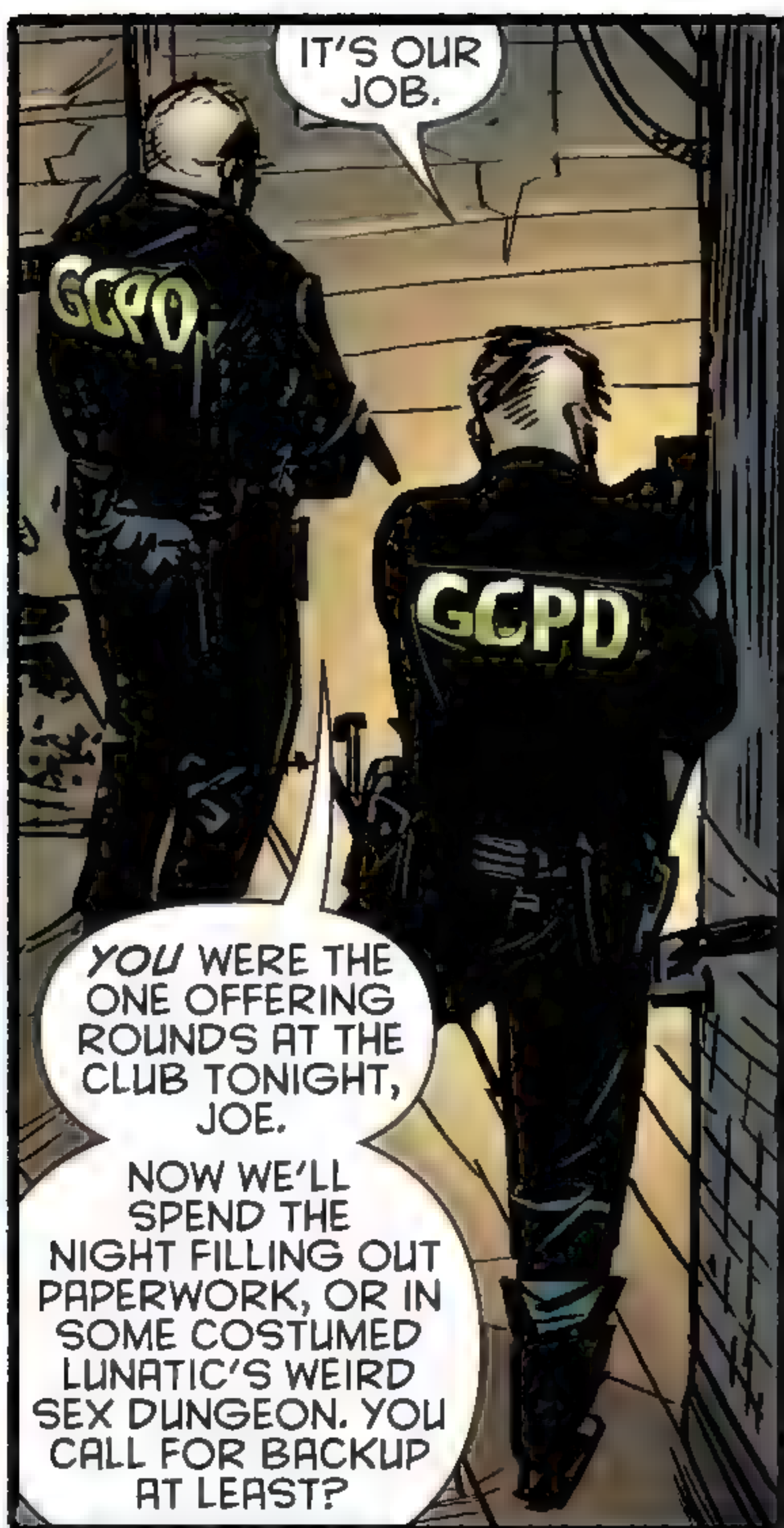
AM
13



HELL OF A FRIEND *YOU* ARE.

HEY! WE WERE LESS THAN A BLOCK AWAY.

FIVE PEOPLE MISSING? REPORTS OF *UNCONTROL-LABLE SCREAMING* AND *STRANGE LIGHTS*?



IT'S OUR JOB.

YOU WERE THE ONE OFFERING ROUNDS AT THE CLUB TONIGHT, JOE.

NOW WE'LL SPEND THE NIGHT FILLING OUT PAPERWORK, OR IN SOME COSTUMED LUNATIC'S WEIRD SEX DUNGEON. YOU CALL FOR BACKUP AT LEAST?



YEAH. BULLOCK'S GONNA DROP BY.

WELL, THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE *TWICE* THE PAPER-WORK.

WAIT... LOOK.



THE HELL IS *THAT*?



IT KEEPS MOVING...



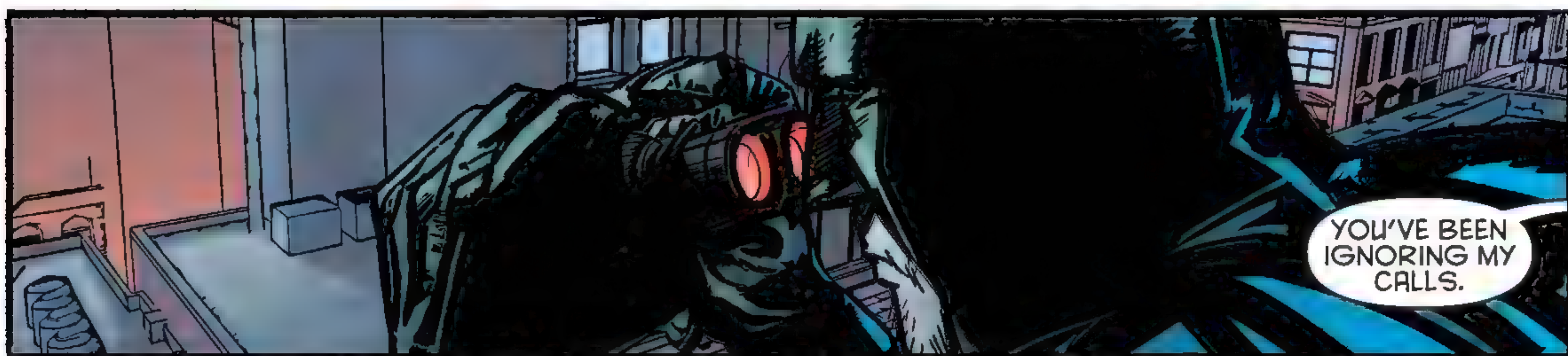
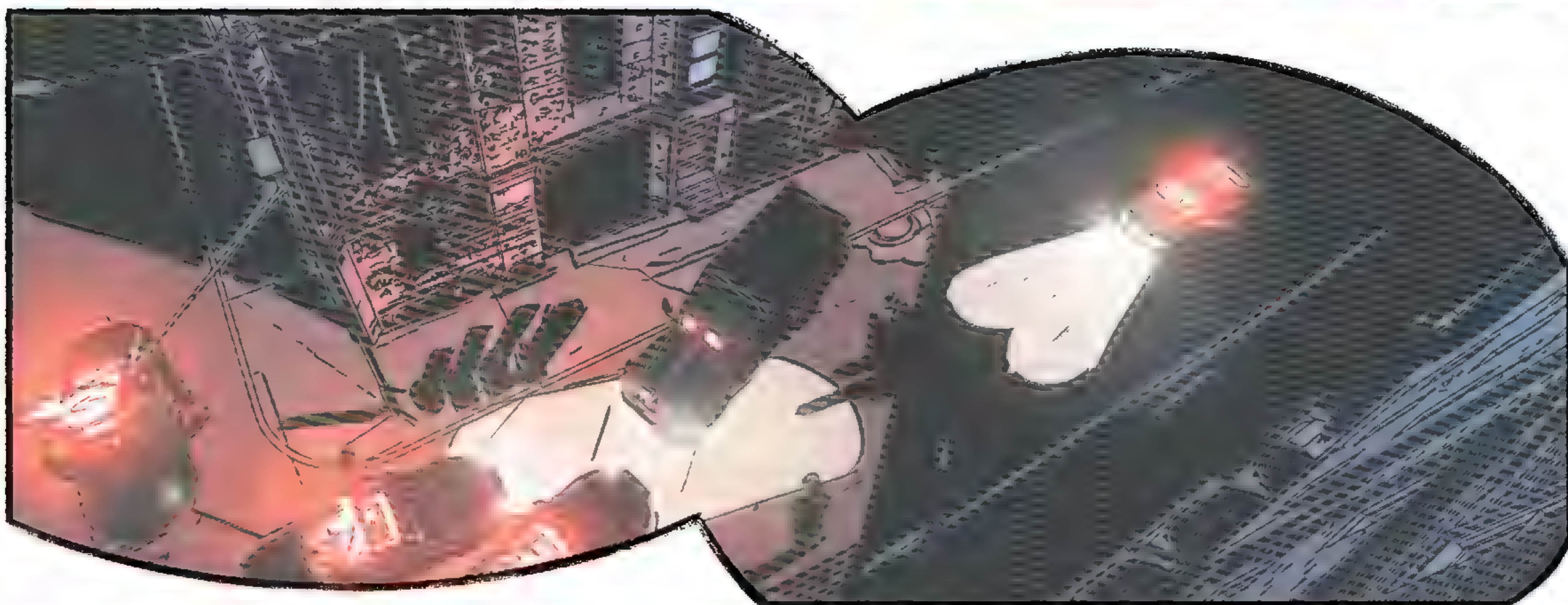
712

THERE, OVER BY THAT APARTMENT!



WHAT THE--

STAY QUIET, MAN. DON'T GET TOO CLOSE.





I'VE BEEN BUSY.

DO YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO--

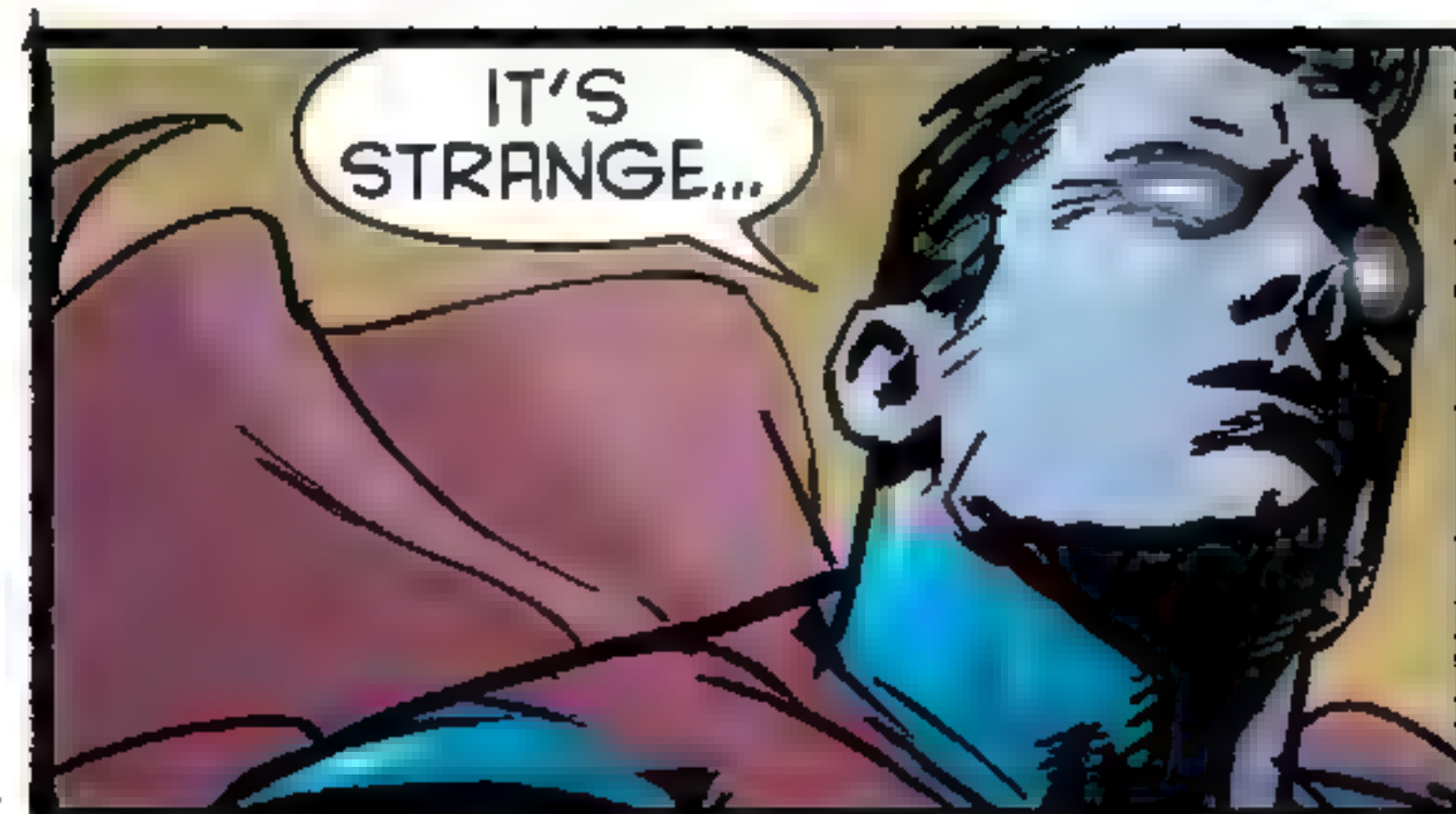
NO.



I'M YOUR FRIEND, BATMAN. I WANT TO *HELP*.

THEN DO SOMETHING *USEFUL*. SIX PEOPLE HAVE GONE MISSING IN THAT BUILDING IN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

MOST RECENTLY ONE OF THE OFFICERS THEY SENT TO INVESTIGATE. NONE OF THEM HAVE LEFT. CAN YOU SEE THEM INSIDE?



IT'S STRANGE...



...THERE'S SOMETHING INTERFERING WITH MY VISION.

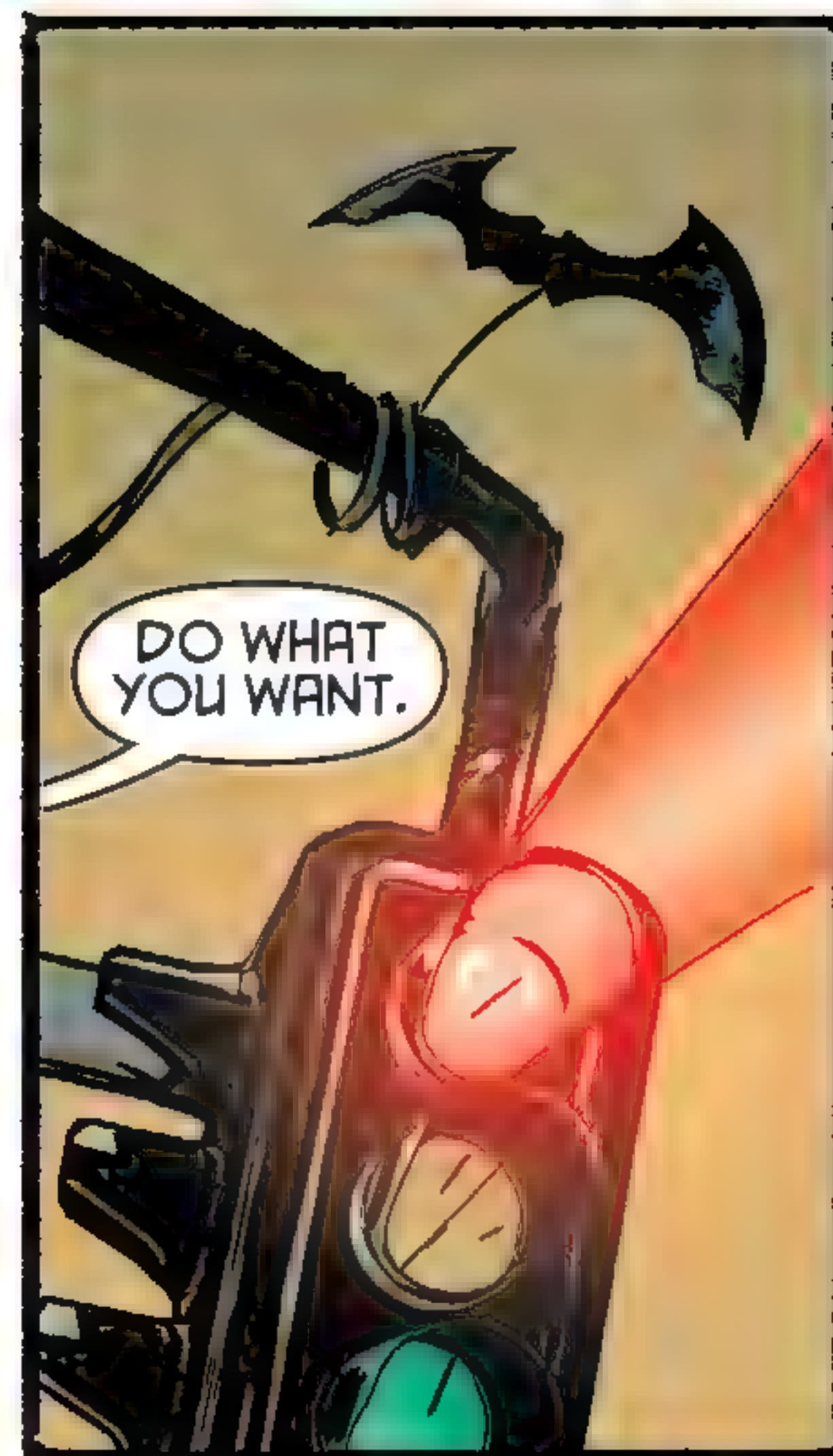
DOESN'T THAT CONCERN YOU, SUPERMAN?

OF COURSE IT DOES.



CARE TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK?

YOU'RE ACTUALLY *ASKING* ME?



DO WHAT YOU WANT.



I'M GOING IN.



YOU DO REALIZE YOU CAN TALK TO ME, RIGHT? I'M *LITERALLY* ALWAYS JUST A FEW MINUTES AWAY IF YOU NEED TO *TALK*.

STAY FOCUSED.

THERE'S SOMETHING OFF ABOUT THIS PLACE. LIGHT ISN'T TRAVELING CORRECTLY...IT'S DIFFICULT TO DESCRIBE TO SOMEONE WHO CAN'T SEE LIKE I CAN.



AND...HOW DO I PUT IT? I HAVE THIS SENSATION OF PRESSURE IN MY ABDOMEN THAT'S MAKING ME FEEL LIGHTHEADED.

NAUSEA. YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT *NAUSEA*.



THERE. THAT'S WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR.



A *GHOST LIGHT*?

WILL O' THE WISP, HOBBY LANTERN... THEY CALL IT DIFFERENT THINGS IN DIFFERENT PLACES. THE OFFICER WHO WAS TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING SAID IT LED THEM TO WHATEVER TOOK HIS PARTNER.

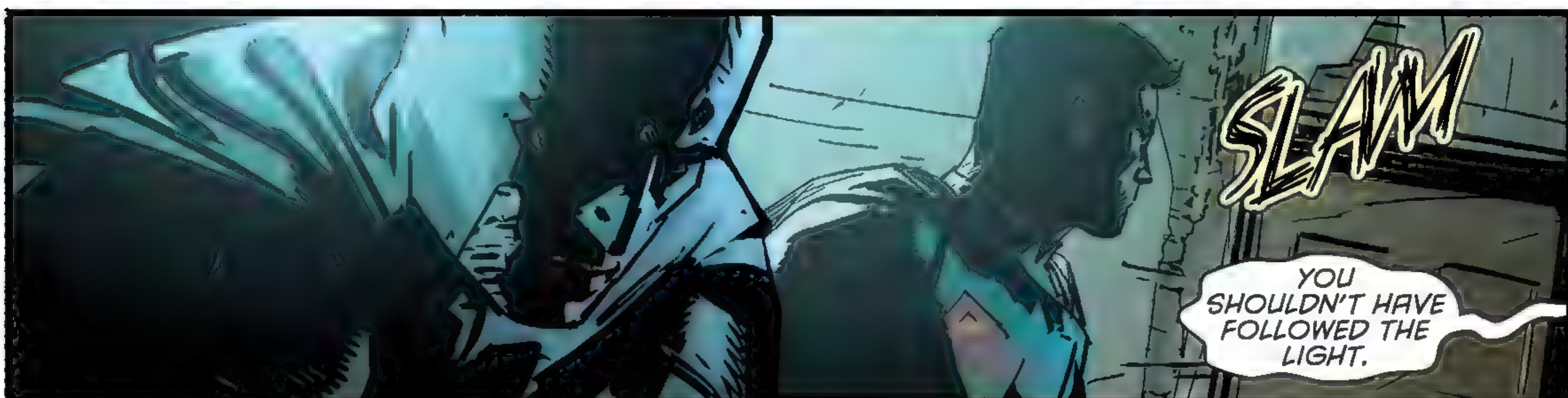
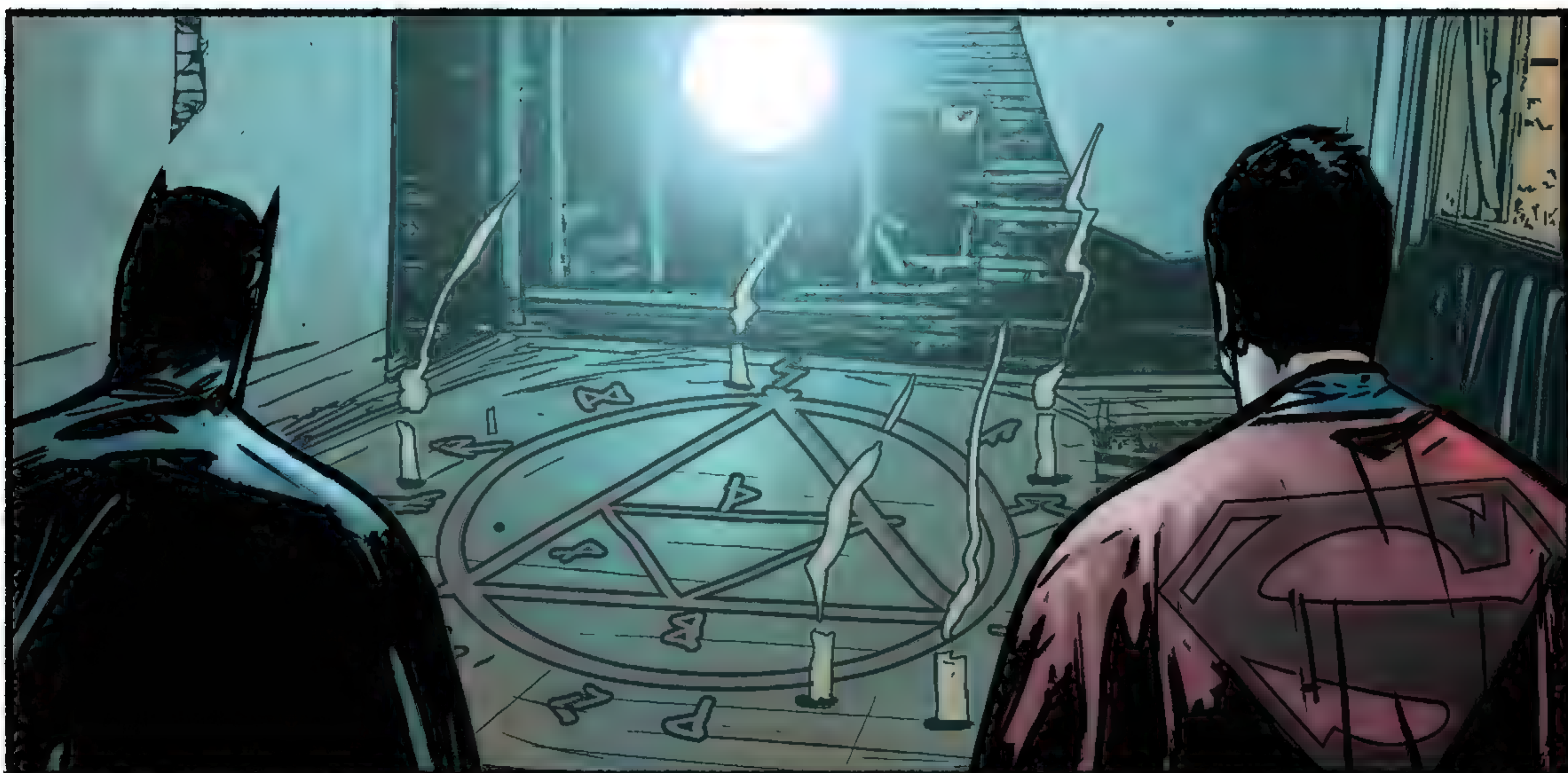


IN KANSAS WE CALLED THEM *GHOST LIGHTS*. YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO FOLLOW THEM INTO THE FIELDS AT NIGHT. YOU'D NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN.

MY FRIENDS AND I WOULD GO LOOKING, BUT WE NEVER ACTUALLY *SAW* ONE. IT'S LIKE STARING AT A STROBE LIGHT. IT *HURTS* TO LOOK DIRECTLY AT IT.



I CAN HANDLE IT JUST FINE.



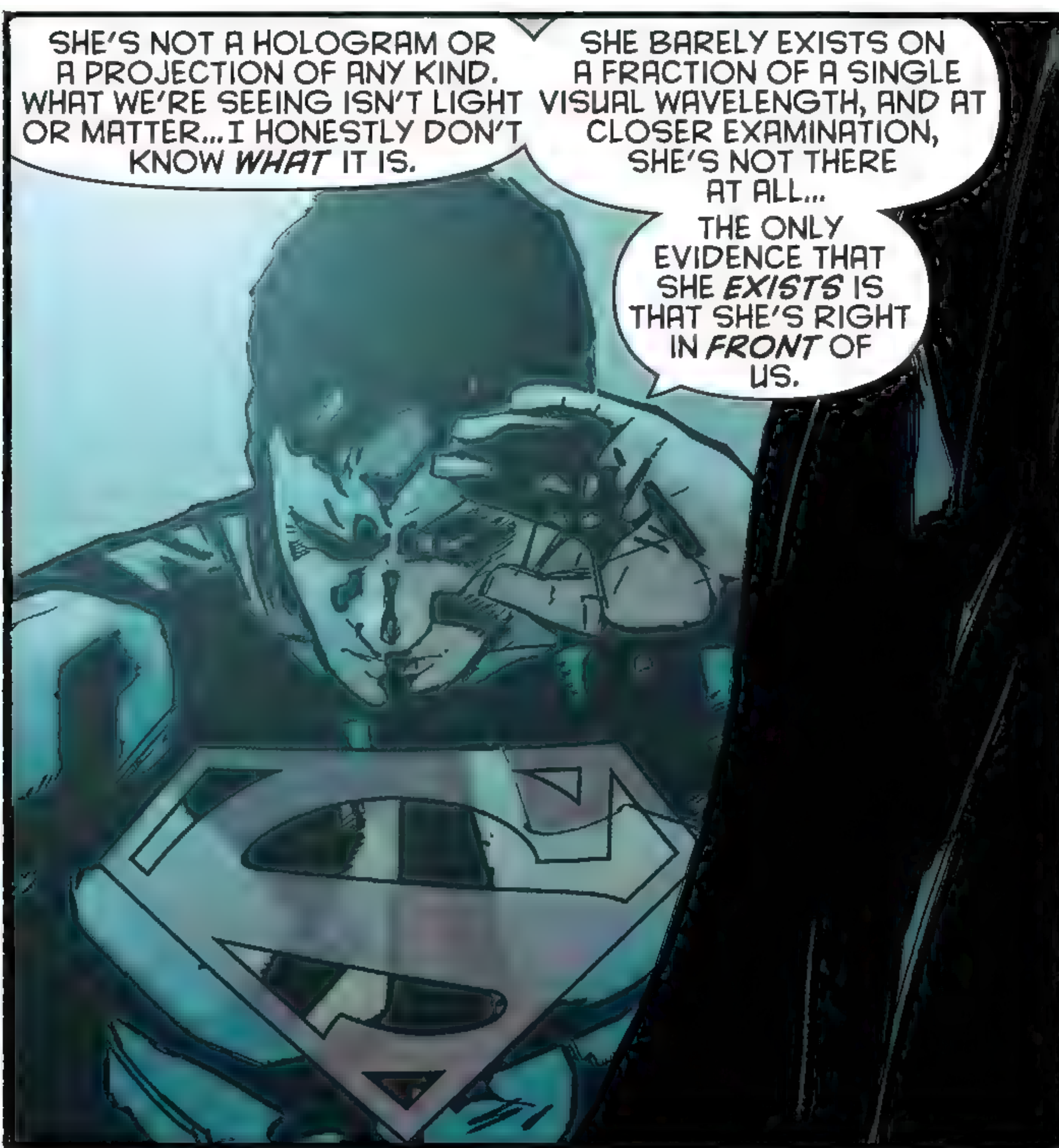


WHY DO THEY
ALL HAVE TO
FOLLOW THE
LIGHT?



SHE'S ABOUT A
HUNDRED TIMES
WORSE THAN THE
ORB. MY VISION
CAN'T MAKE
SENSE OF
IT.

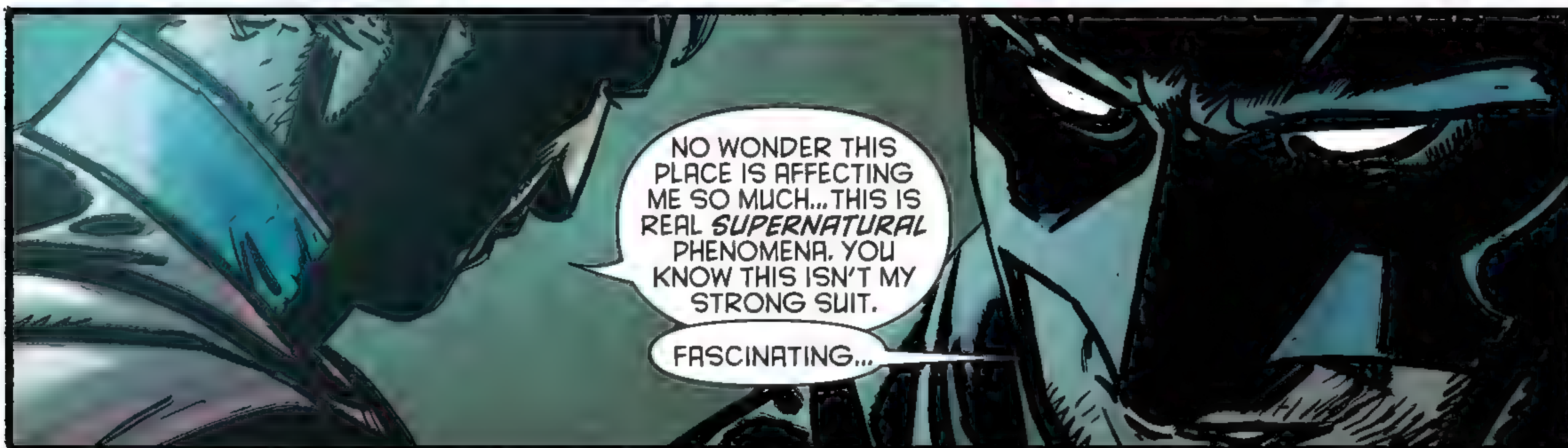
STICK
WITH IT. TELL
ME WHAT
SHE IS.



SHE'S NOT A HOLOGRAM OR
A PROJECTION OF ANY KIND.
WHAT WE'RE SEEING ISN'T LIGHT
OR MATTER... I HONESTLY DON'T
KNOW *WHAT* IT IS.

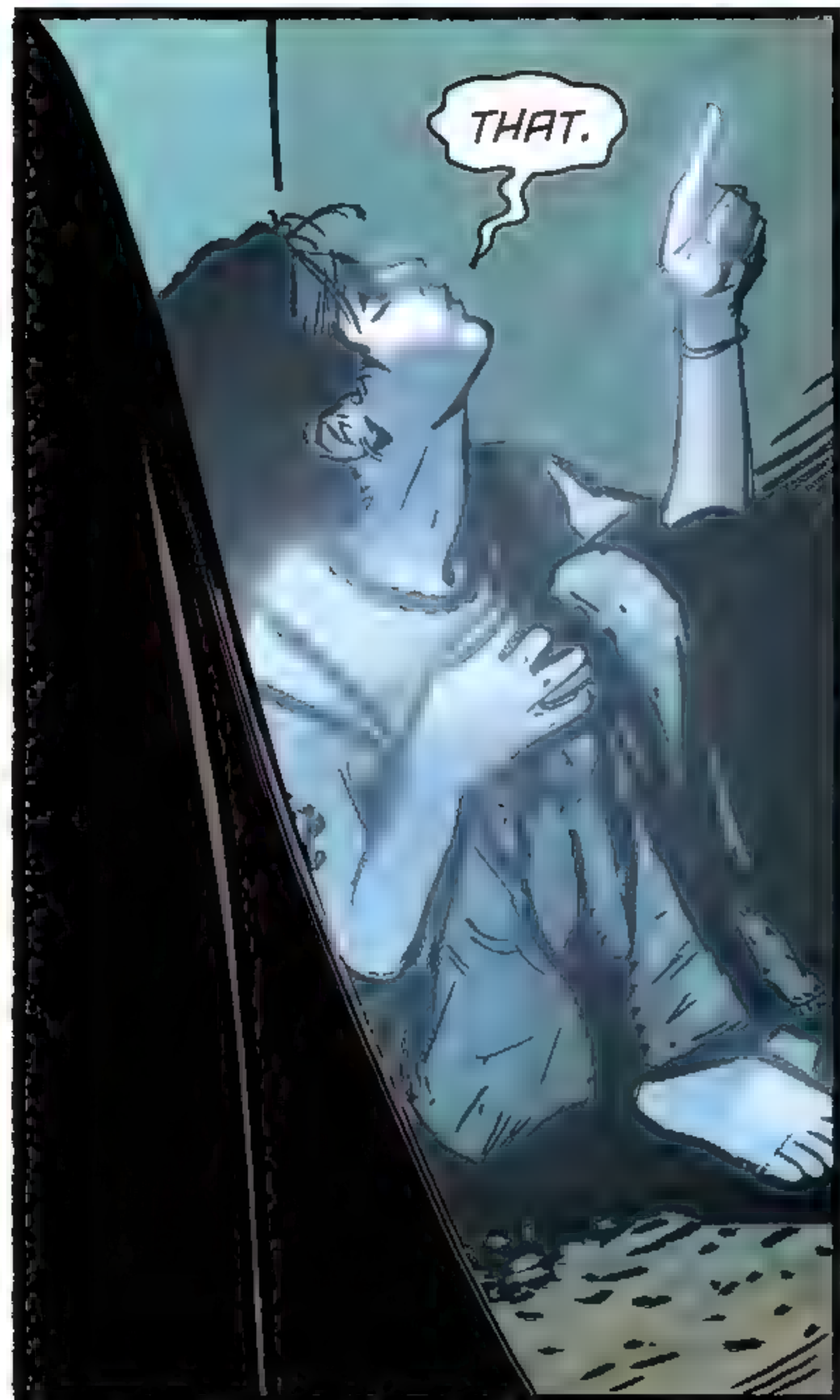
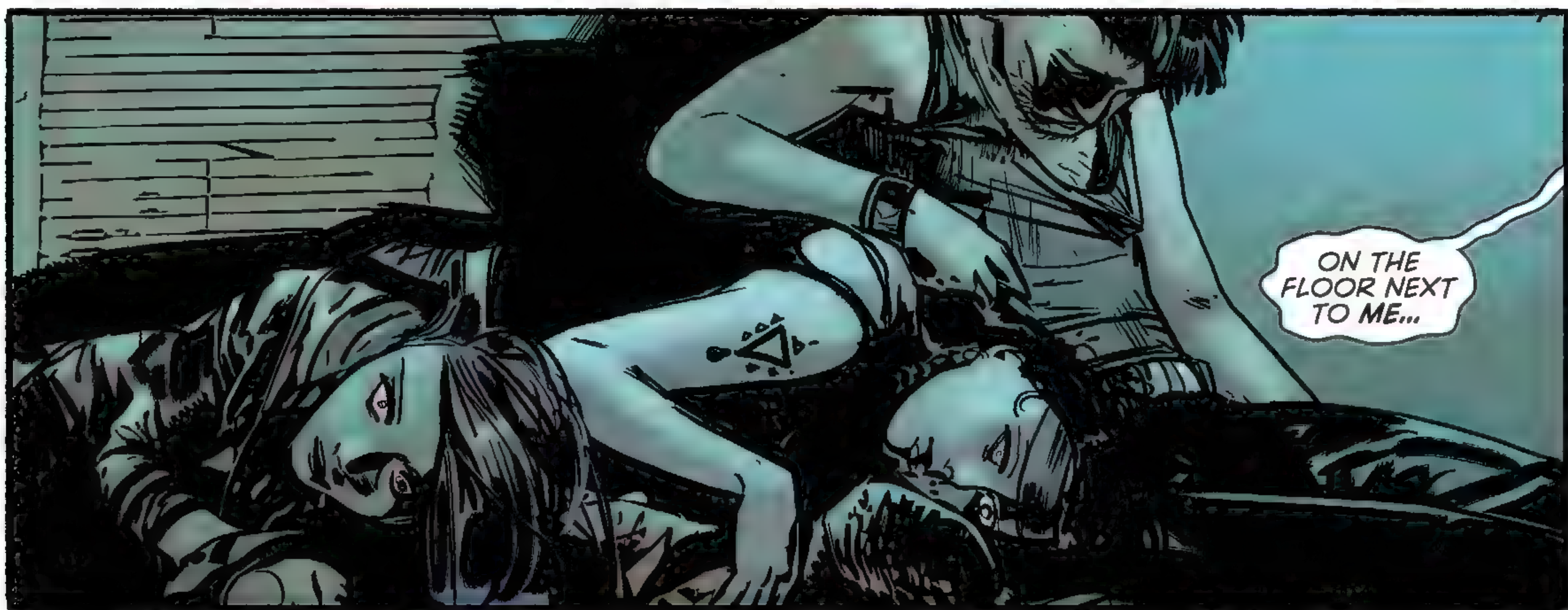
SHE BARELY EXISTS ON
A FRACTION OF A SINGLE
VISUAL WAVELENGTH, AND AT
CLOSER EXAMINATION,
SHE'S NOT THERE
AT ALL...

THE ONLY
EVIDENCE THAT
SHE *EXISTS* IS
THAT SHE'S RIGHT
IN *FRONT* OF
US.



NO WONDER THIS
PLACE IS AFFECTING
ME SO MUCH... THIS IS
REAL *SUPERNATURAL*
PHENOMENA. YOU
KNOW THIS ISN'T MY
STRONG SUIT.

FASCINATING...







"I THOUGHT THE NAME SOUNDED SILLY. WILL O' THE WISP."

"WHAT COULD BE THE HARM IN SUMMONING THAT? BUT HE DIDN'T THINK IT WAS A JOKE."

"HE SAID IT WAS A SOUL EATER... GATHERING THE STRENGTH OF EACH SOUL IT TOOK, AND IF IT GOT BOTH OF US, IT WOULD BE FREE TO WANDER THE EARTH."



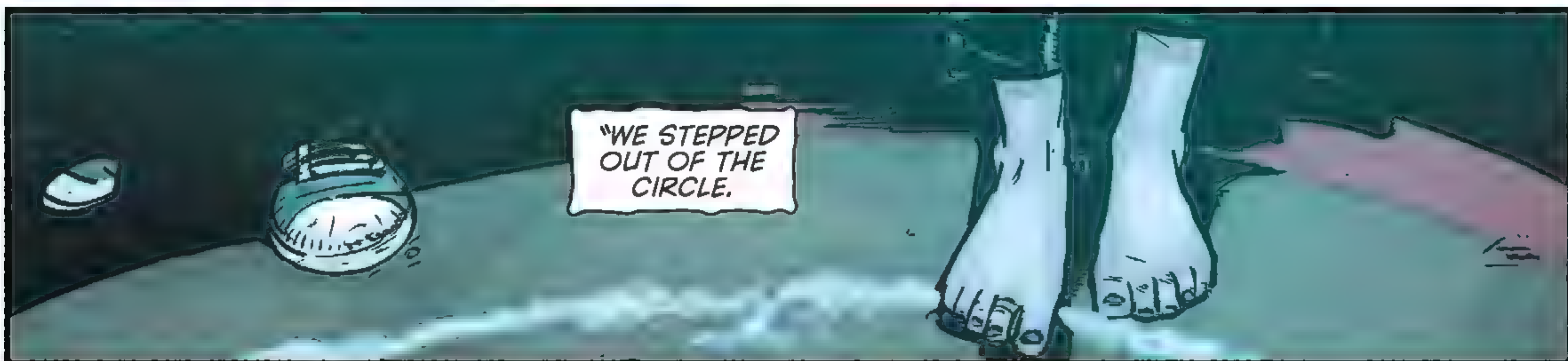
"I THOUGHT HE WAS JOKING... WELL, BECAUSE IT'S RIDICULOUS, ISN'T IT? HE JUST TOLD ME NOT TO STEP OUT OF THE CIRCLE OF SALT."



"WE'D BE SAFE IN THERE."



"BUT THEN THE ORBS APPEARED... THEY WERE SO BEAUTIFUL. WE COULDN'T HELP OURSELVES."

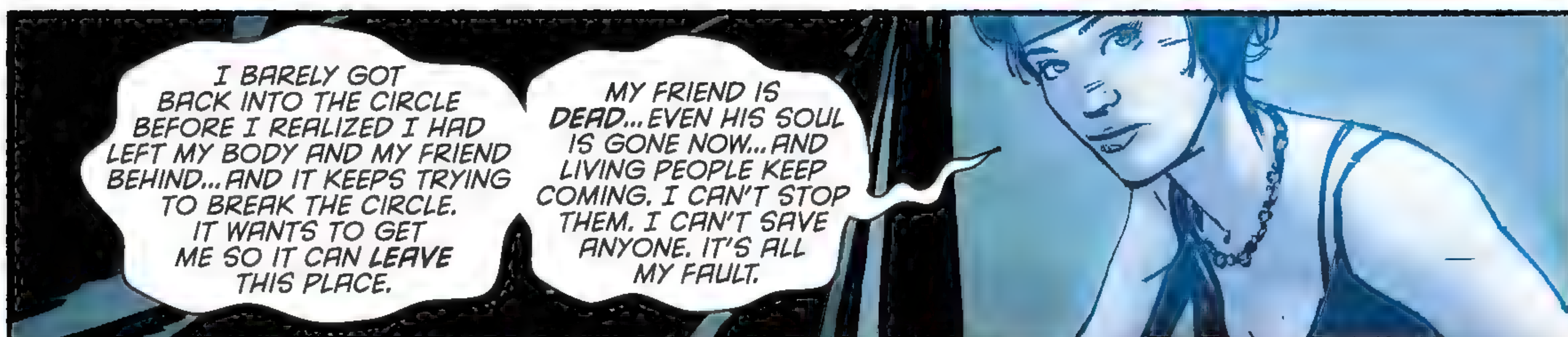


"WE STEPPED OUT OF THE CIRCLE."

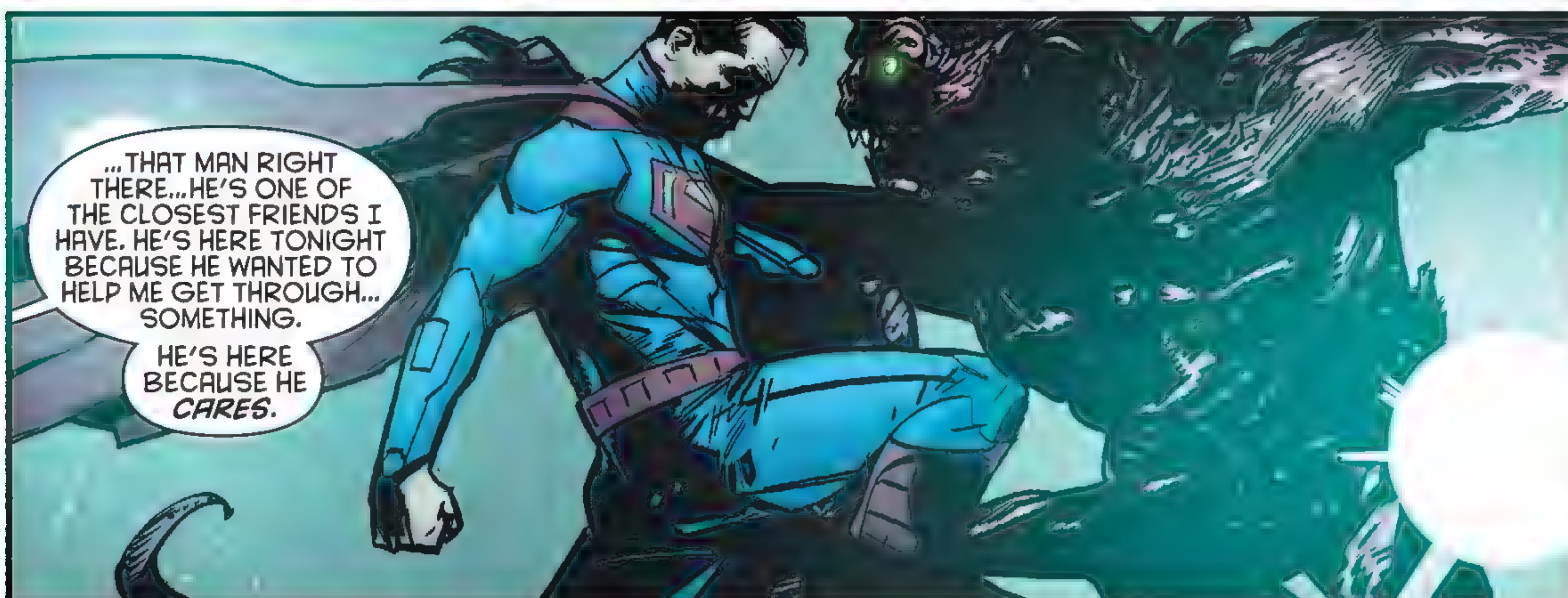


"THAT'S WHEN WE SAW THE HORROR OF WHAT WE SUMMONED."

"RIGHT BEFORE IT RIPPED THE SOULS OUT OF OUR BODIES."

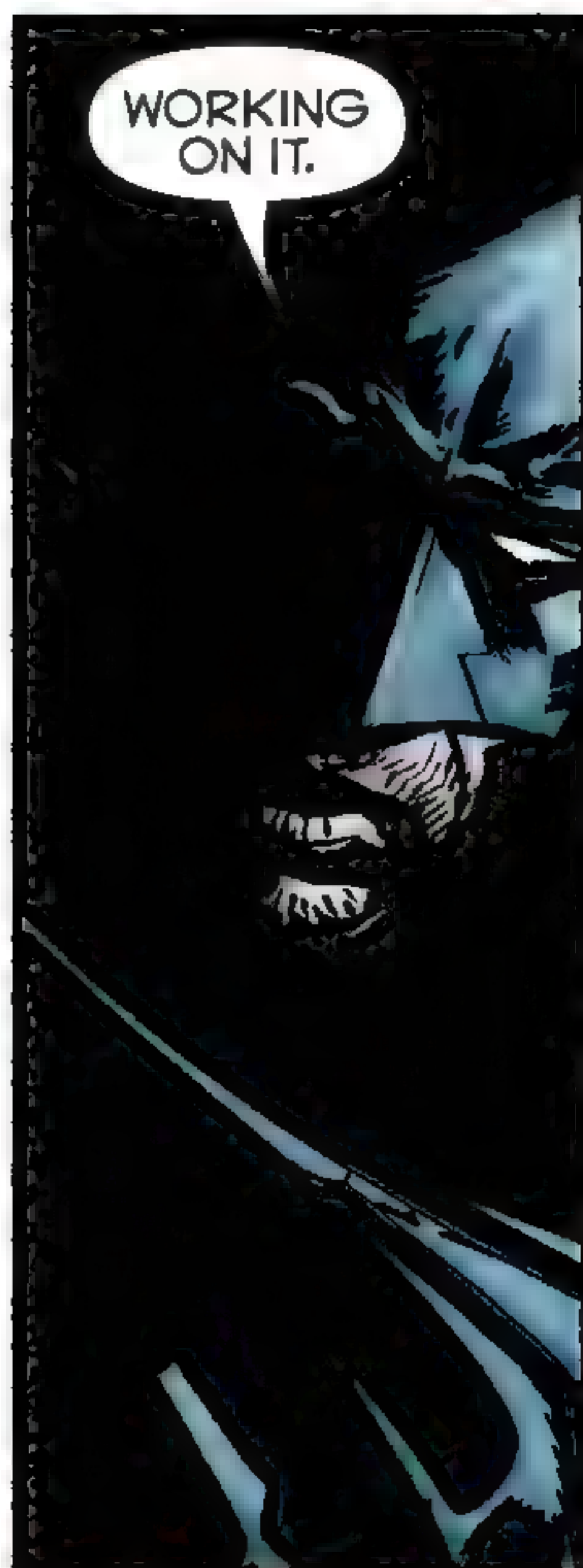








COULD...USE
A HAND. STARTING
TO HAVE TROUBLE
STANDING OVER
HERE.



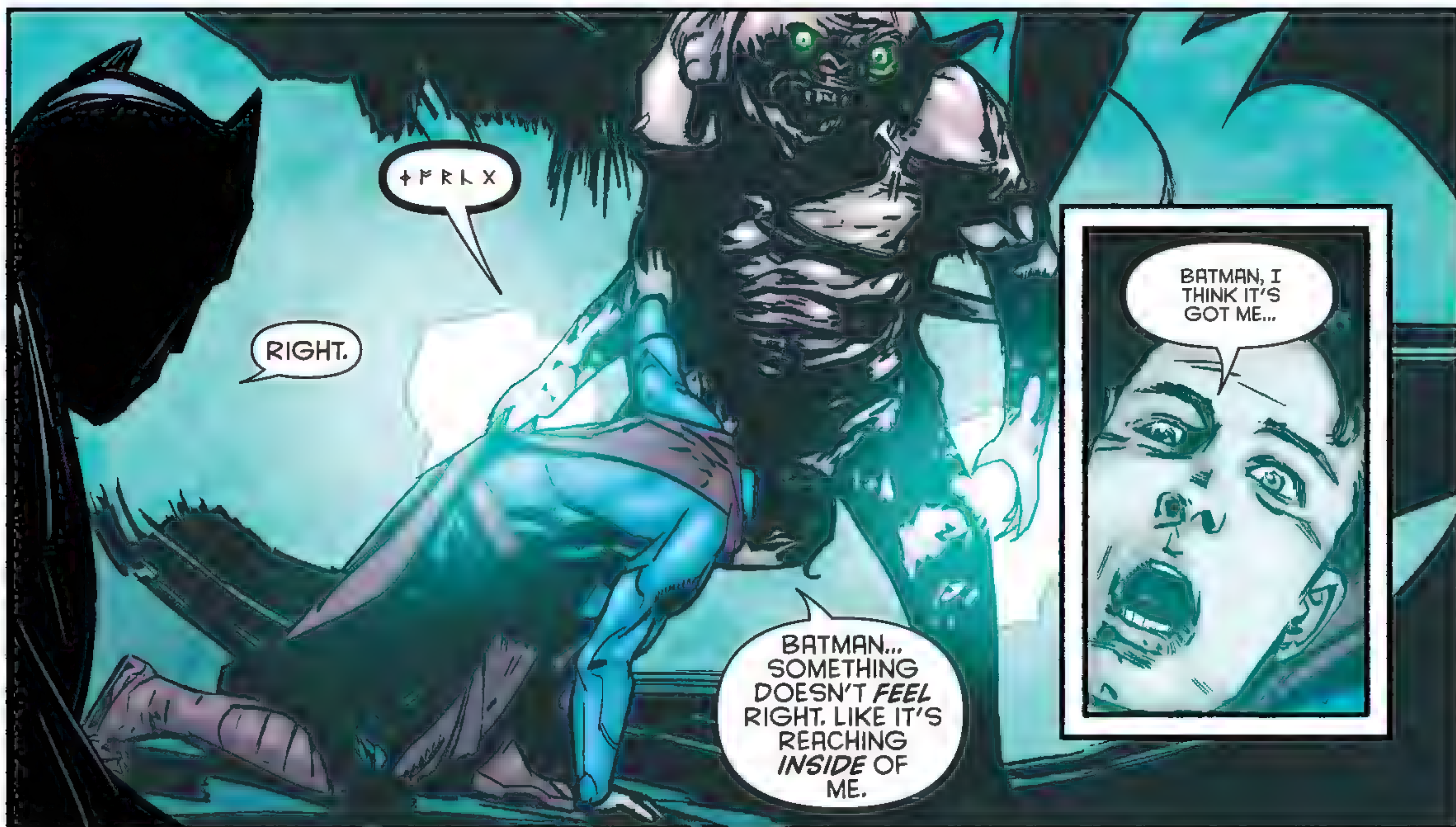
WORKING
ON IT.



HRM.



I NEED THE
GALLIC PHRASE
FOR "CAST
OUT." MAYBE
"EXPEL."



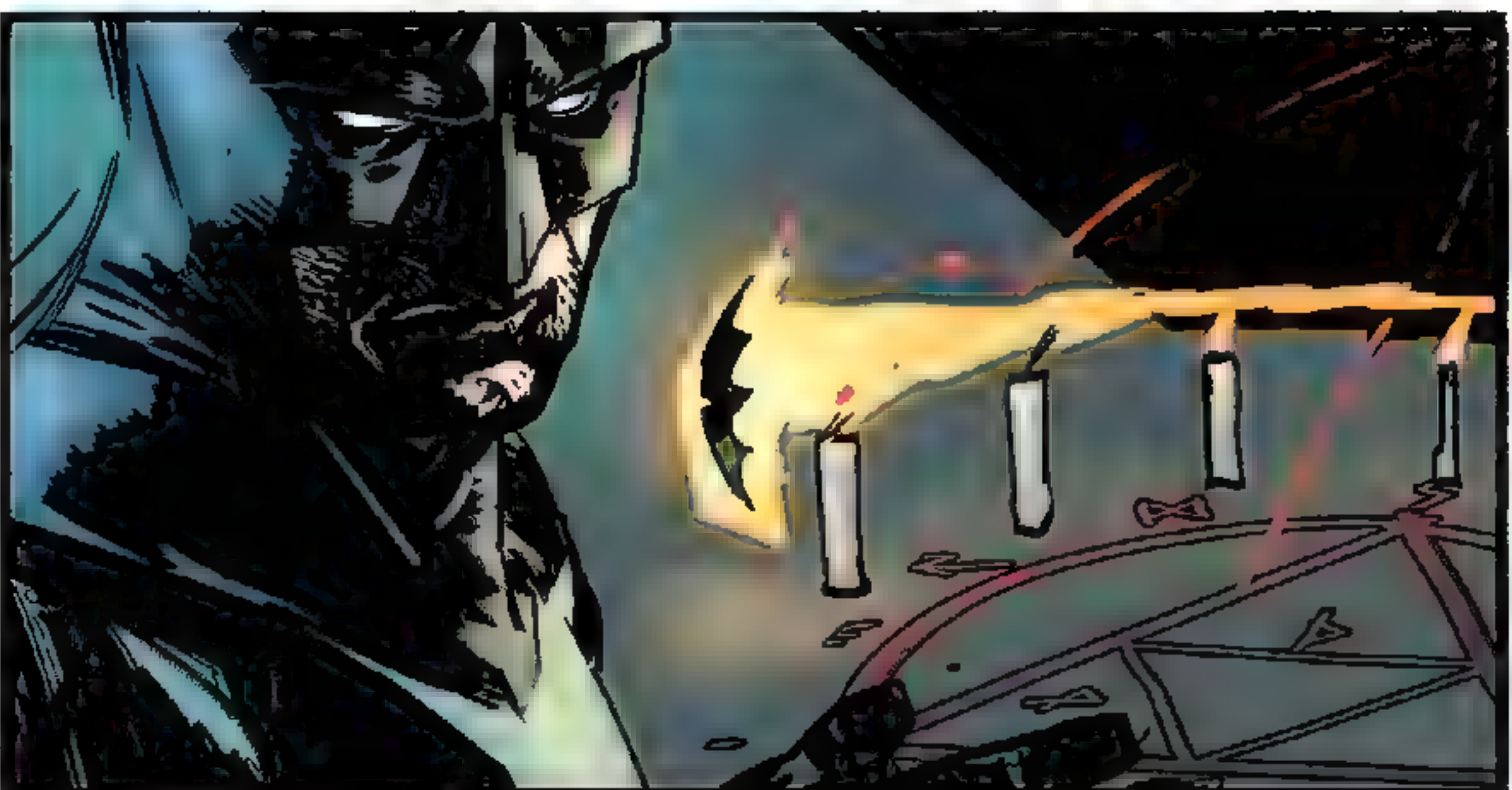
†FRLX

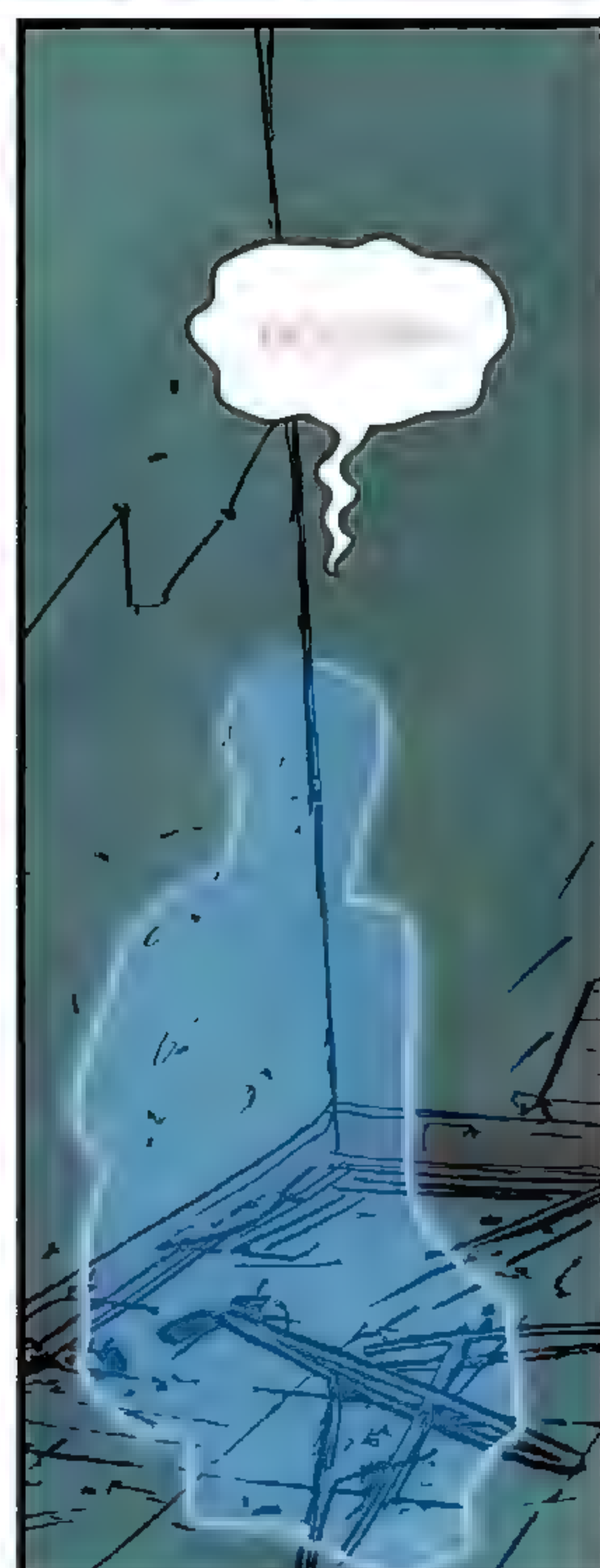
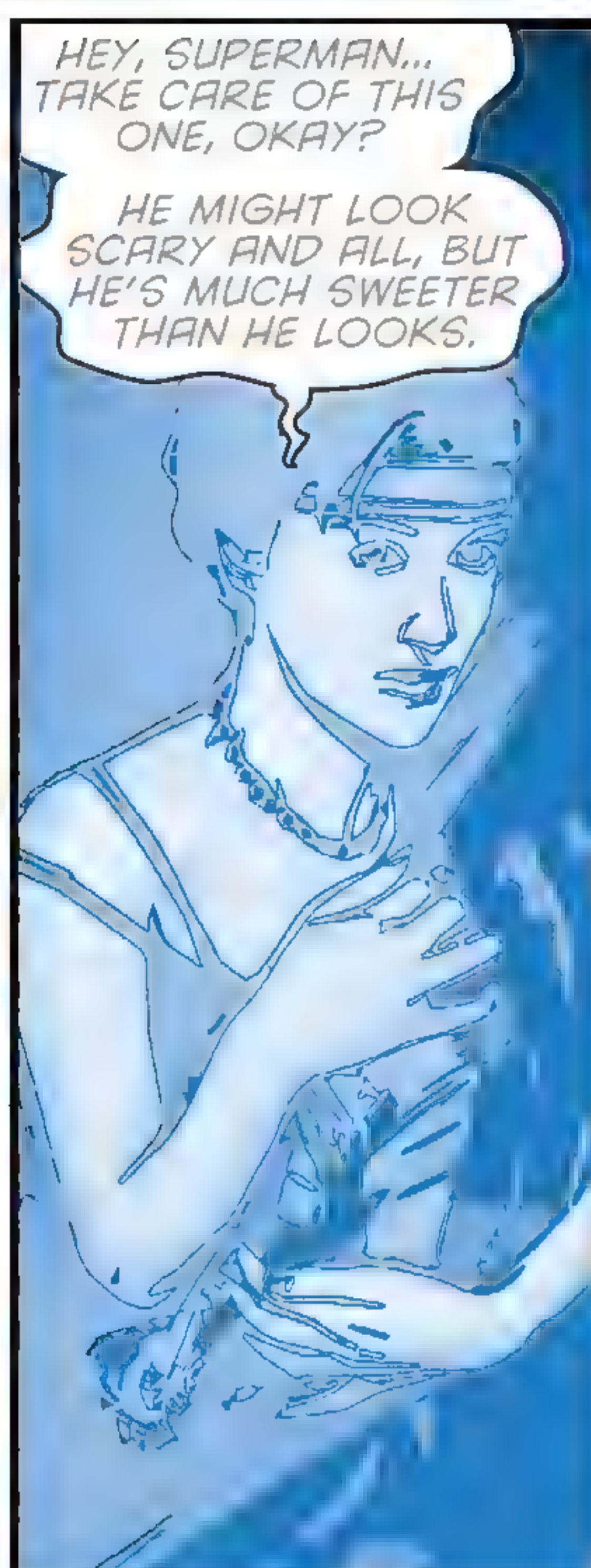
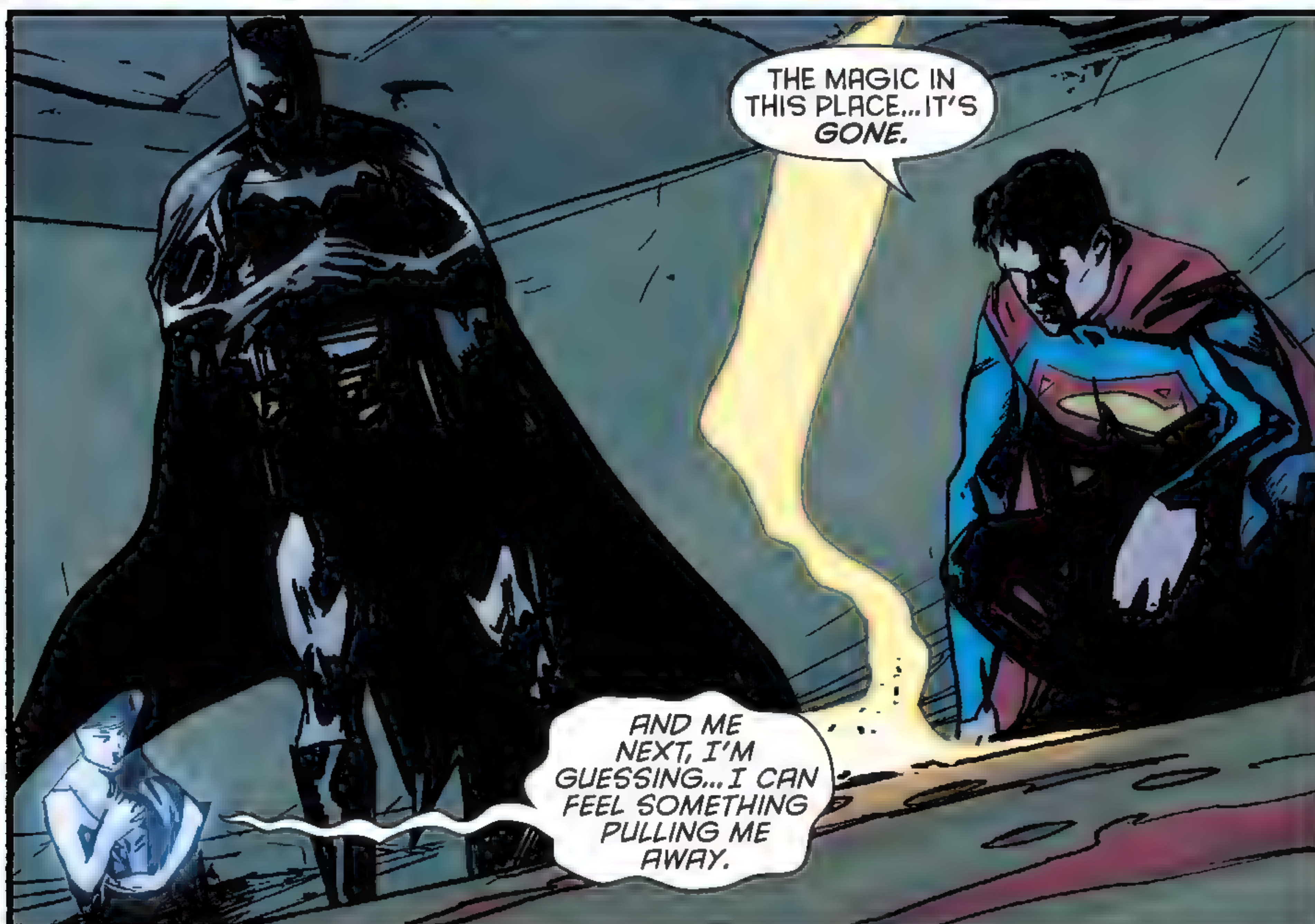
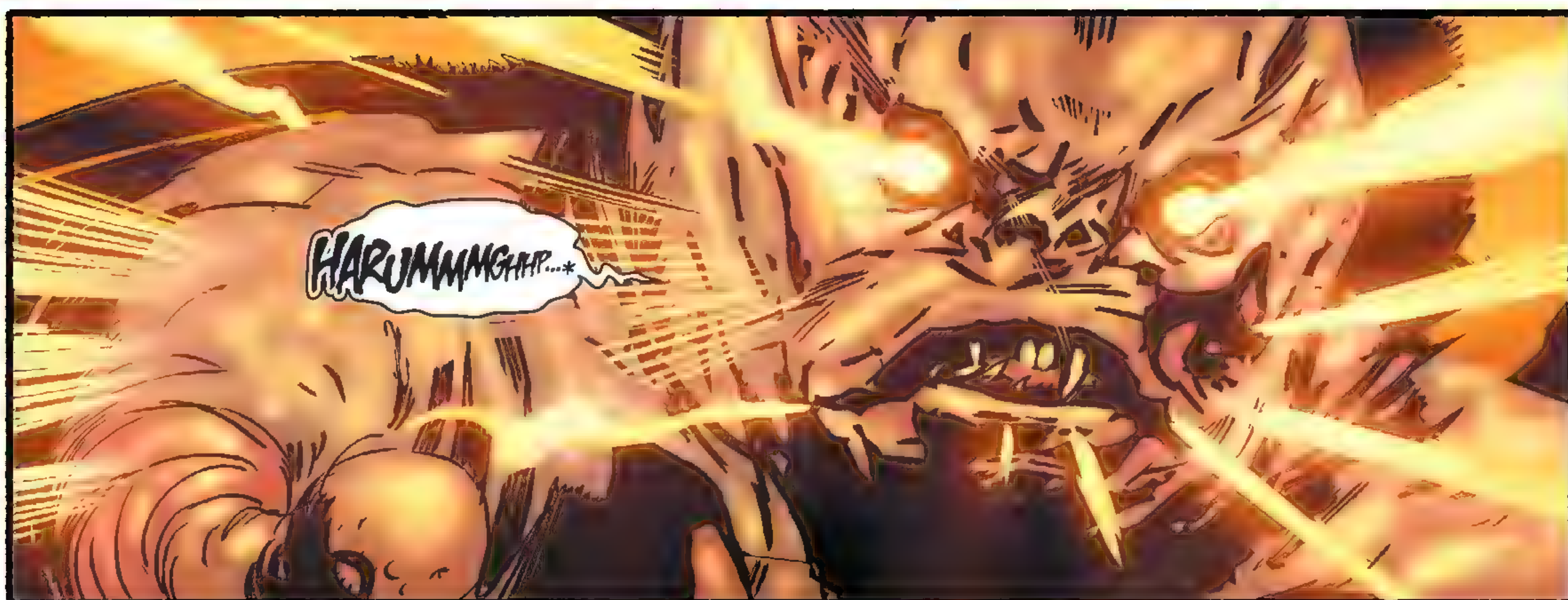
RIGHT.

BATMAN...
SOMETHING
DOESN'T *FEEL*
RIGHT. LIKE IT'S
REACHING
INSIDE OF
ME.



BATMAN, I
THINK IT'S
GOT ME...





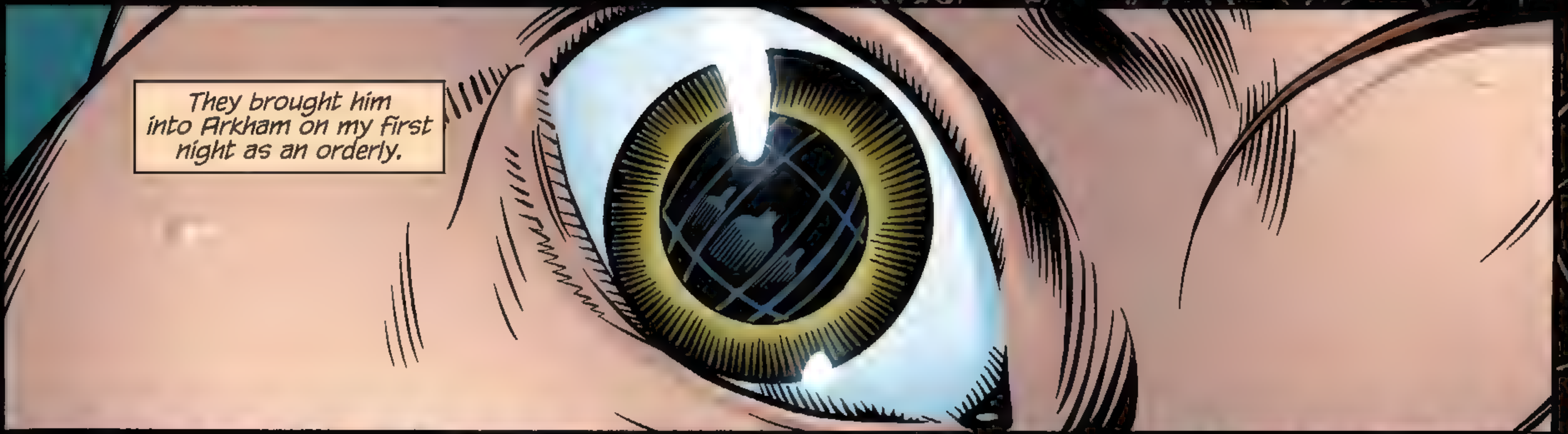




AGES

SCOTT SNYDER MARGUERITE BENNETT plotters MARGUERITE BENNETT writer WES CRAIG penciller CRAIG YEUNG DREW GERACI
WES CRAIG JACK PURCELL SANDU FLOREA MARC DEERING inkers IAN HANNIN colorist cover by JOCK

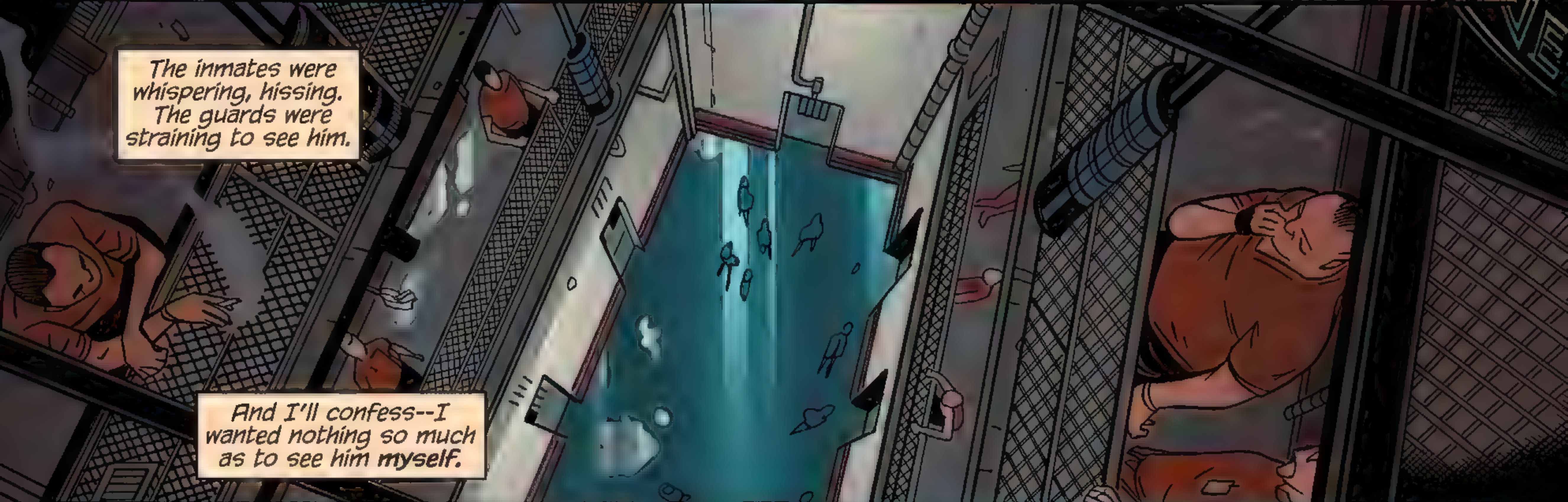




They brought him
into Arkham on my first
night as an orderly.



I'd only been
there a few hours.



The inmates were
whispering, hissing.
The guards were
straining to see him.

And I'll confess--I
wanted nothing so much
as to see him myself.



They said he was the most
dangerous man ever to set
foot in Arkham.



And when he turned
the corner, he didn't
fail to impress.

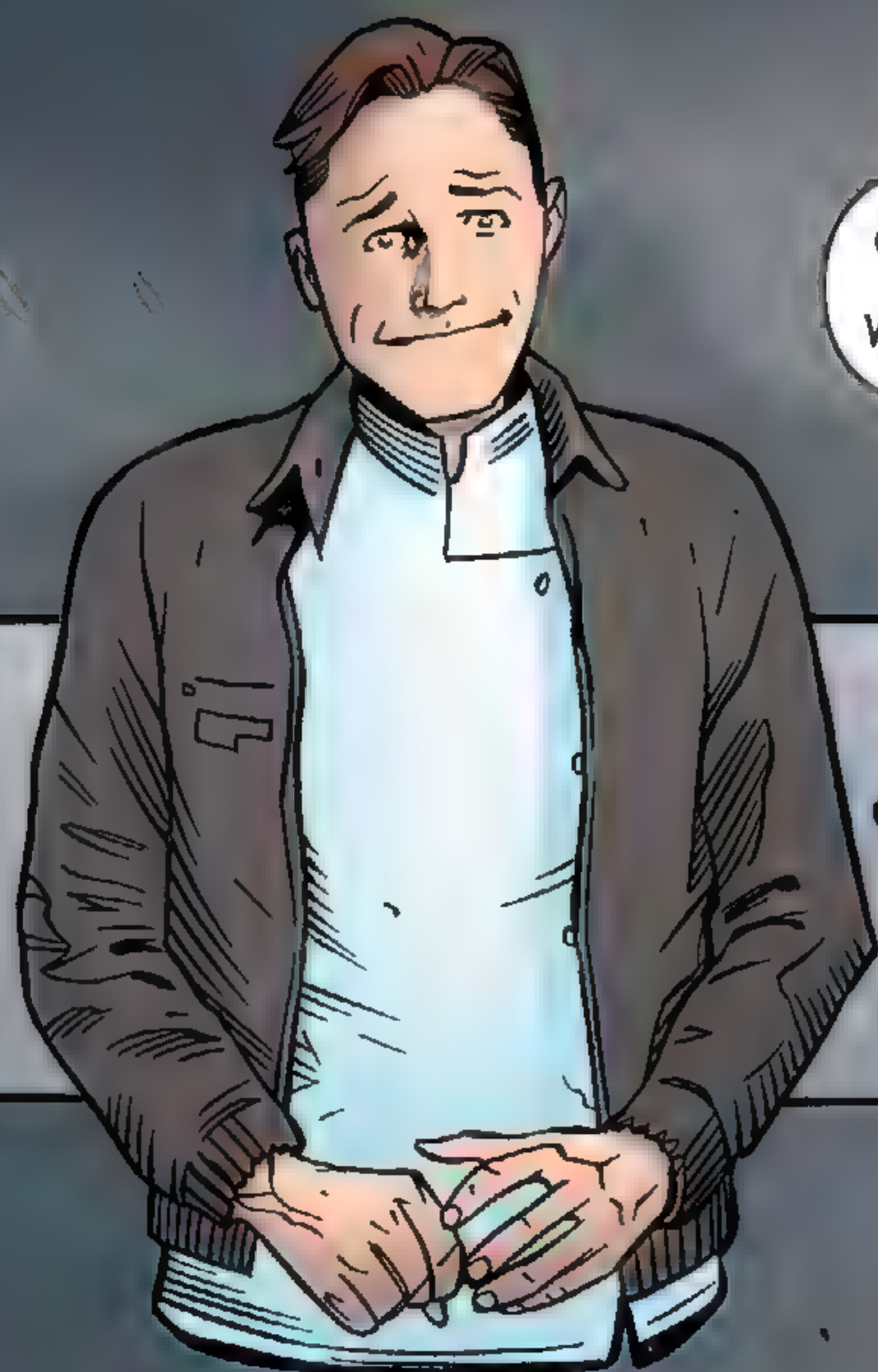


WHAT ARE
YOU WAITING
FOR?

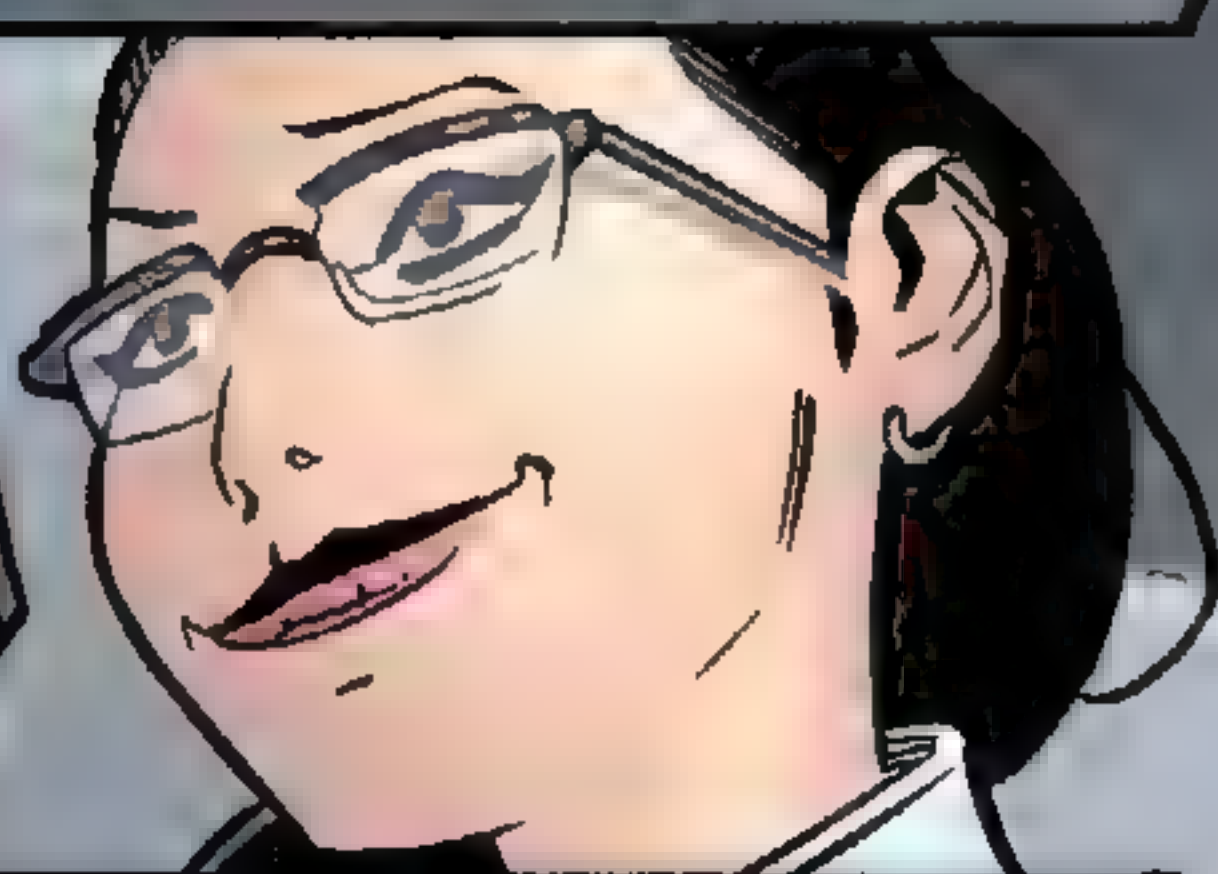
LOCK
ME UP.

It was my
first night...

...it was
his, too.



OUR NEWEST ORDERLY, FRESH OFF THE BUS. COULDN'T WAIT TO CHANGE INTO YOUR SCRUBS?



JUST-- JUST HAPPY TO BE HERE, IS ALL.

...REALLY?



WELL, I THOUGHT I COULD DO SOME GOOD.



HA! YOU ARE FROM METROPOLIS.

SO, HOW MANY TIMES DID THE BUS BREAK DOWN?

TWICE.

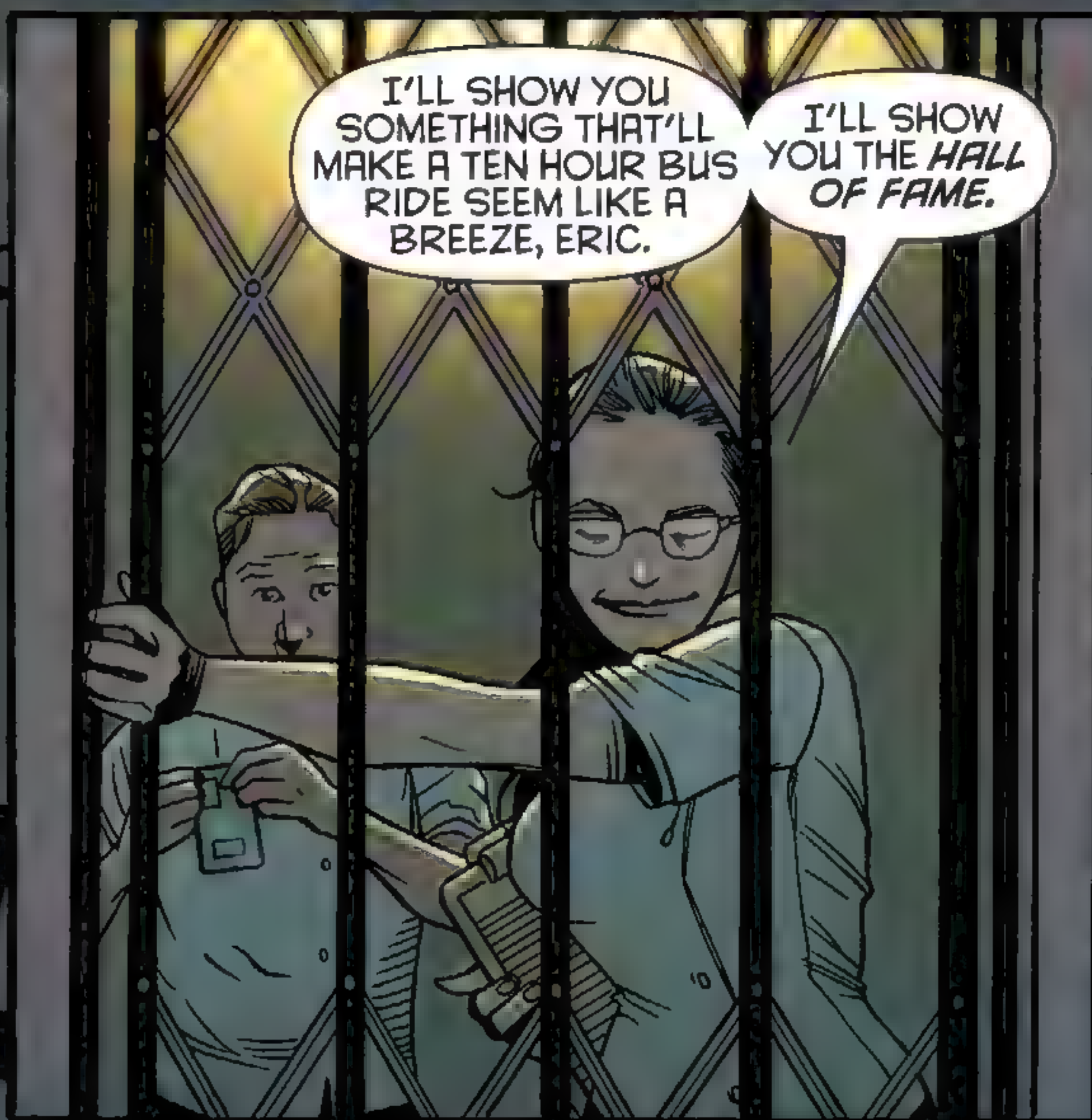
ONLY TWICE?! YOU GOT LUCKY-- YOU'VE GOT THE LOOK OF SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN TRAPPED INDOORS TOO LONG.

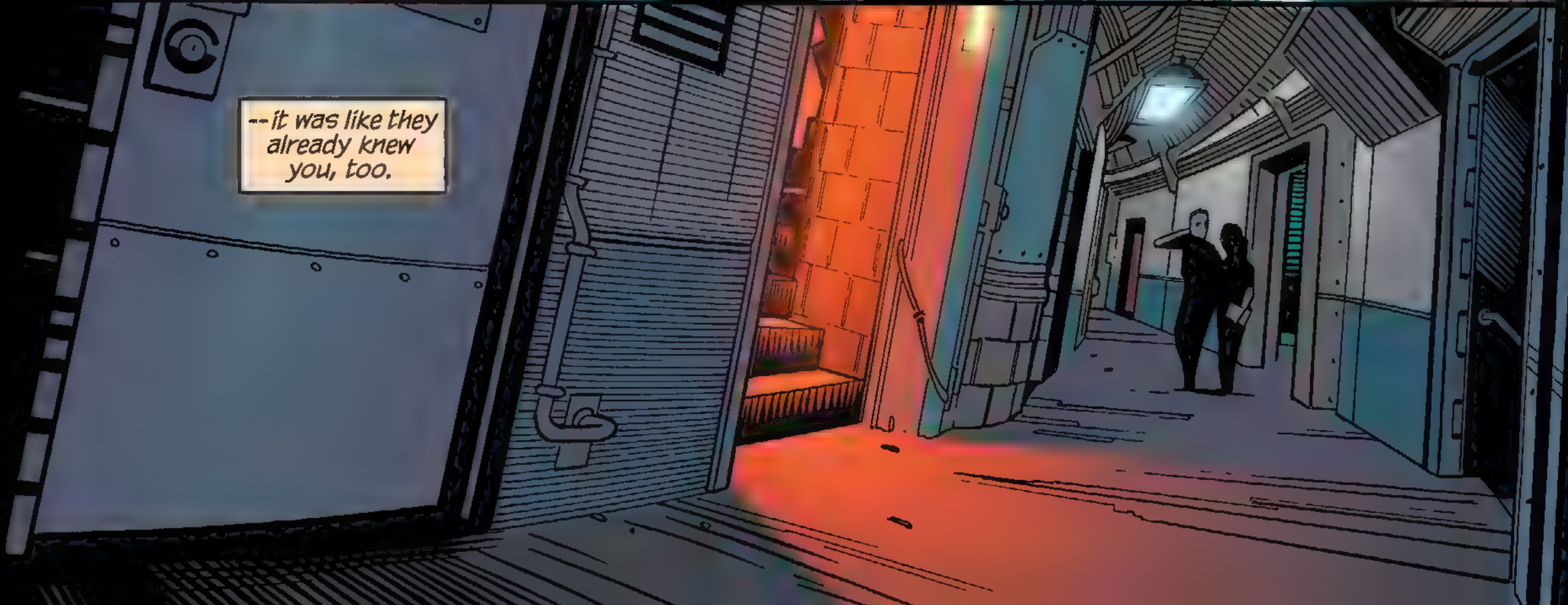
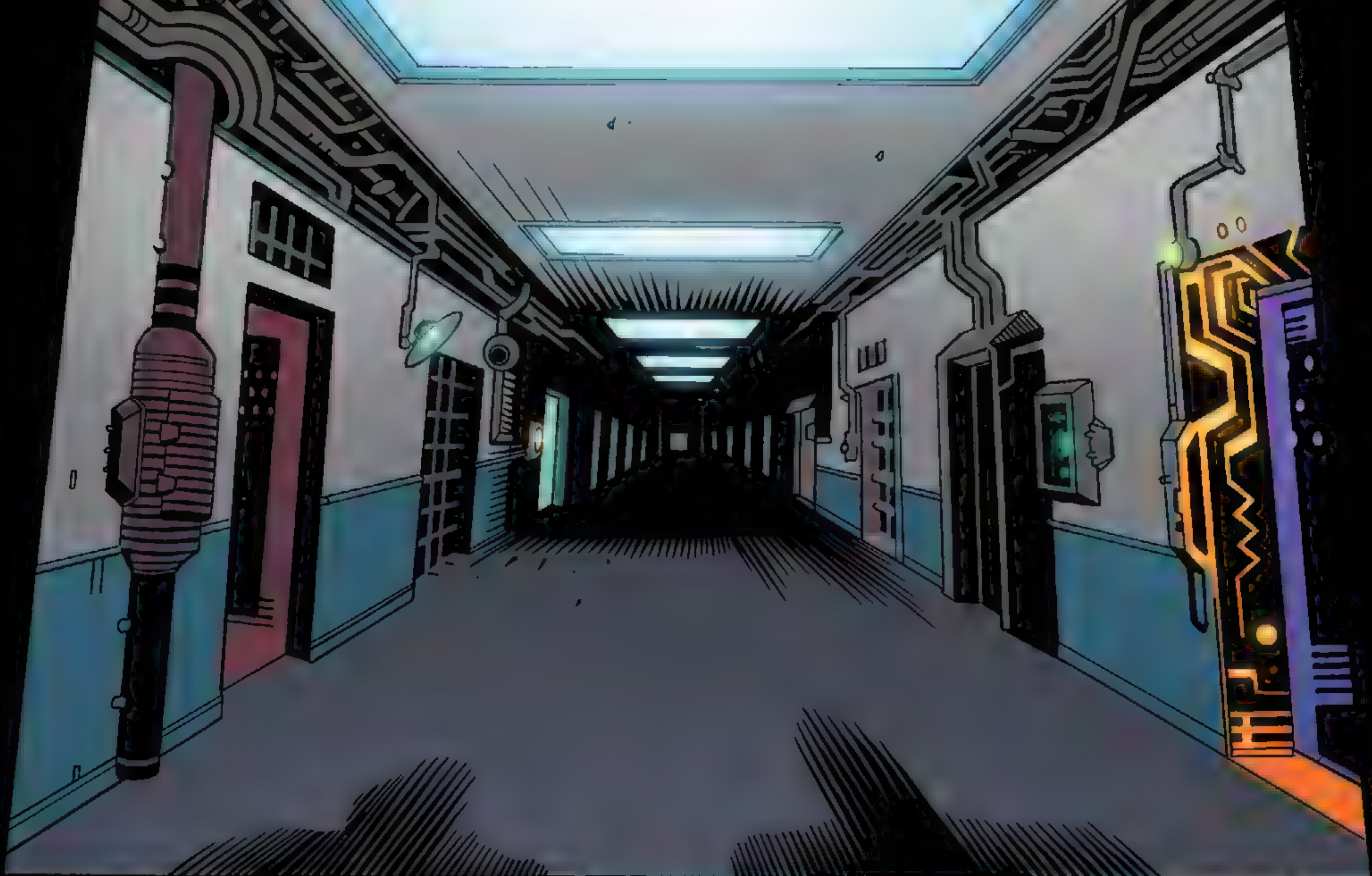
FOLLOW ME SWEETIE...



I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT'LL MAKE A TEN HOUR BUS RIDE SEEM LIKE A BREEZE, ERIC.

I'LL SHOW YOU THE HALL OF FAME.







MAHREEN,
WHAT'S
DOWN
THAT
WAY?



OH. THAT WING
IS *OLDER*--USED TO
BE PART OF ABRAHAM
ARKHAM'S ORIGINAL
MANSION.

THERE'S
SOMEONE
DOWN
THERE--



OUR *FIRST*
INMATE. SHE'S BEEN HERE
FROM THE BEGINNING. NOT
MANY PEOPLE KNOW ABOUT
HER. OR...*REMEMBER*
HER, I GUESS.

SHE'S
CALLED THE
ANCHORESS.

I'VE
HEARD OF
HER--

YOU DID YOUR
HOMEWORK.



I TRY.
SHE'S BEEN
HERE THAT
LONG?

SOME OF
THE INMATES
ARE INCURABLE,
DR. ARKHAM
THINKS.

I DON'T
THINK *ANYONE'S*
BEYOND HELP, OR
SAVING.



AN
IDEALIST?

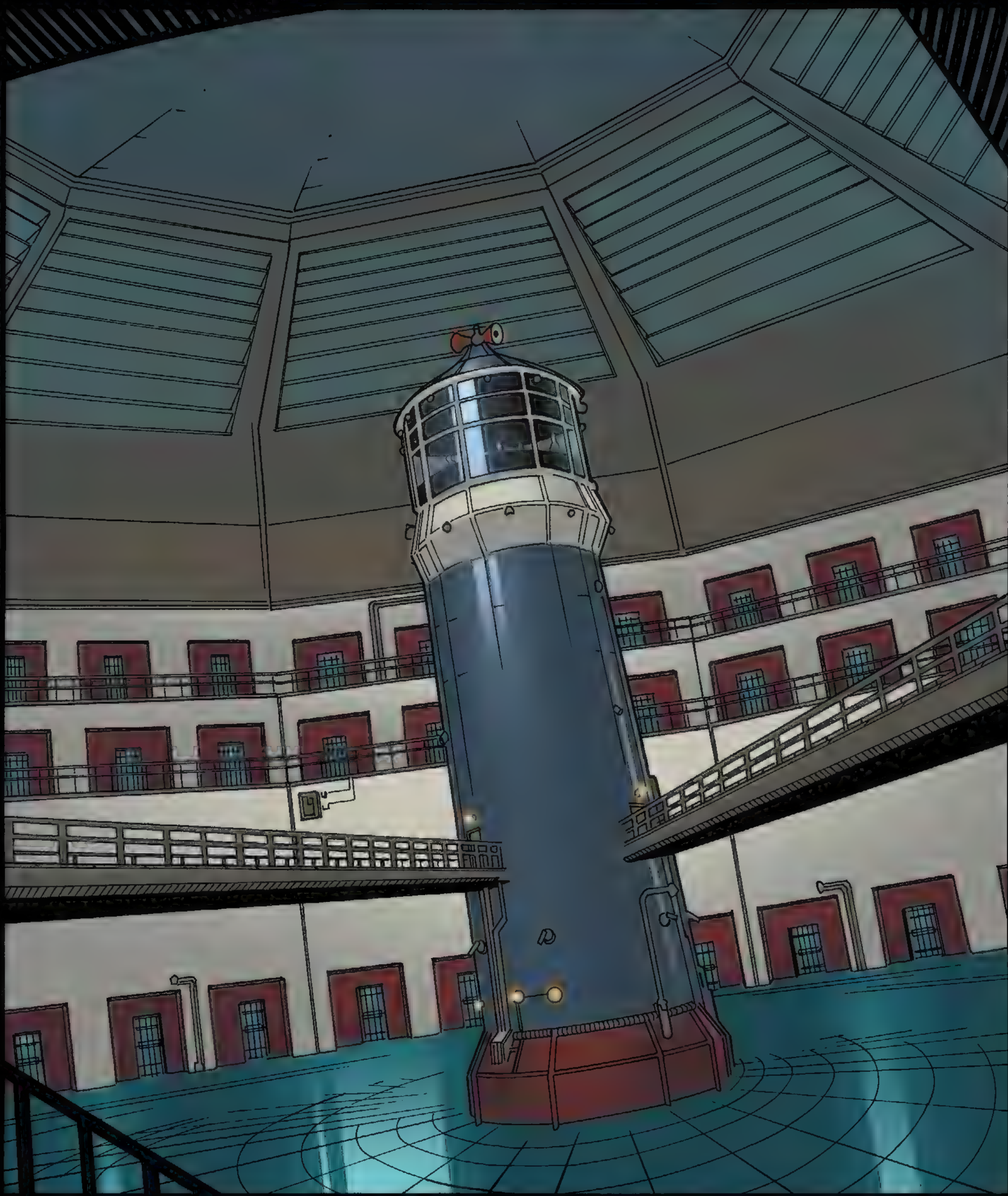
OR AN
IDIOT.

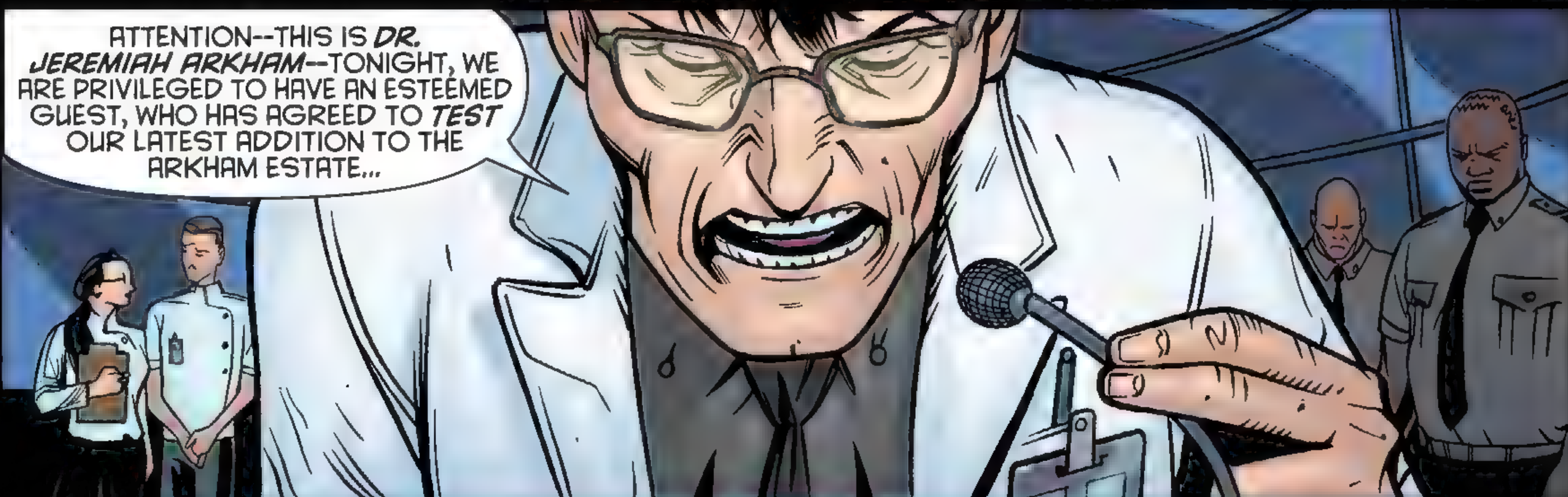
...PLEASE...
COME BACK...

The oldest
inmate...

NOW.

...and the
newest.



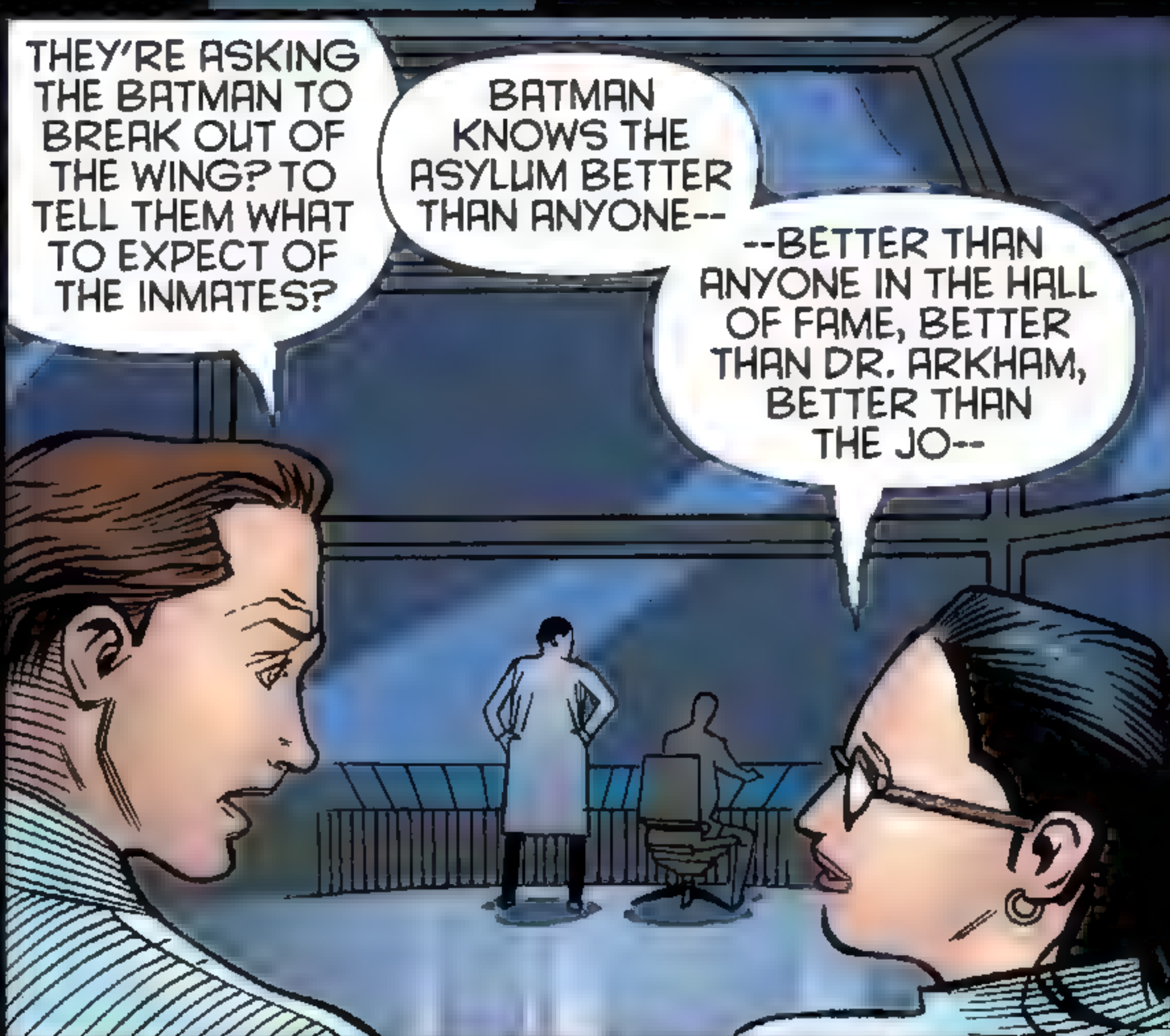


ATTENTION--THIS IS DR. JEREMIAH ARKHAM--TONIGHT, WE ARE PRIVILEGED TO HAVE AN ESTEEMED GUEST, WHO HAS AGREED TO TEST OUR LATEST ADDITION TO THE ARKHAM ESTATE...



...A SPECIAL WING DESIGNED FOR OUR MORE PARTICULAR PATIENTS...

... THE TARTARUS WING.



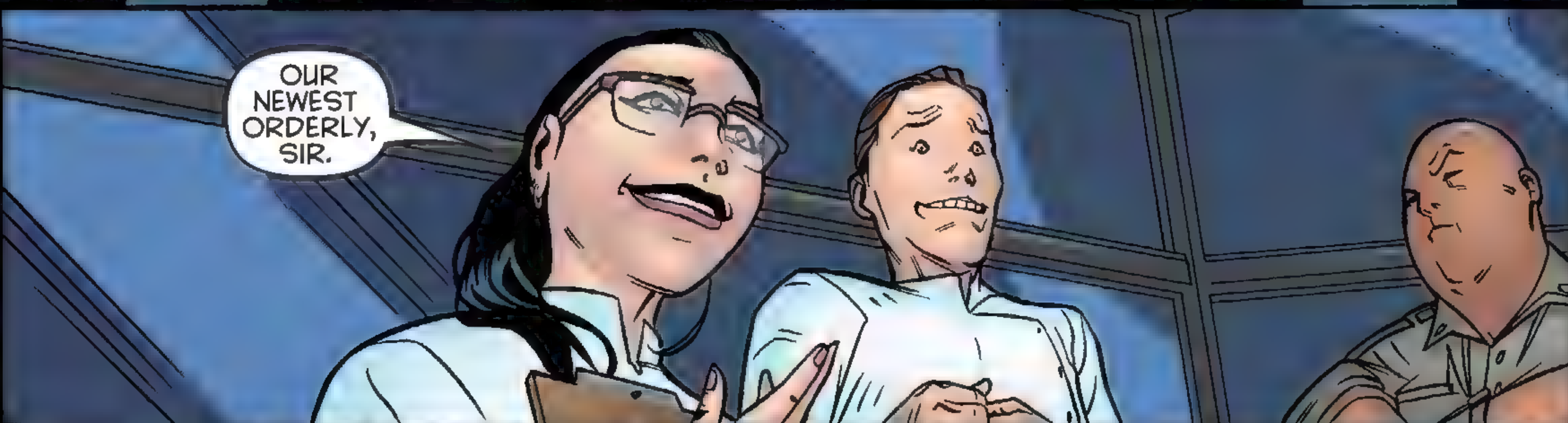
THEY'RE ASKING THE BATMAN TO BREAK OUT OF THE WING? TO TELL THEM WHAT TO EXPECT OF THE INMATES?

BATMAN KNOWS THE ASYLUM BETTER THAN ANYONE--

--BETTER THAN ANYONE IN THE HALL OF FAME, BETTER THAN DR. ARKHAM, BETTER THAN THE JO--



AND WHO IS THIS, MAHREEN?



OUR NEWEST ORDERLY, SIR.



ERIC, SIR. ERIC BORDER.



MR. BORDER, YOU ARE UNDERFOOT. GO BE OF SOME USE ELSEWHERE.



ALL
PERSONNEL ARE
REMOVED FROM
THE TARTARUS
WING...

...TRIAL BREAKOUT
COMMENCING...

...BATMAN,
PLEASE CONFIRM
AUDIO LINK.

CONFIRMED.
COMMENCE TRIAL
BREAKOUT.

THE ENTIRE
SYSTEM IN THIS WING IS
COMPUTER-OPERATED.
FOOD, WATER, AND ALL BASIC
NEEDS ARE ADMINISTERED
BY DRONES. THERE IS NO
HUMAN CONTACT.

GOOD. HARVEY DENT COULD *TERRIFY*
A GUARD OR AN ORDERLY INTO
OBEDIENCE...THE RIDDLER COULD
OUTSMART ONE, TRICK THEM INTO
GIVING SOMETHING AWAY. THESE
PRISONERS WILL NEED
ISOLATION.

THESE BARS
ARE TUNGSTEN ALLOY.
THEY CAN'T BE BENT
AND THEY CAN'T BE
BROKEN.

BUT THE
SCARECROW WAS
A CHEMIST, TO BEGIN.
IT'S NOT UNREASONABLE
THAT HE WOULD HAVE
ACCESS TO A
CARBORANE ACID...

...MONTHS AGO, I
MADE A SURGICAL INCISION
ON A CALLUS OVER THE
THENAR EMINENCE OF MY PALM.
THE MATERIALS INSIDE ARE
BIO-DEGRADABLE PROTOTYPES--
ENOUGH TO SLIDE BENEATH
METAL DETECTION.

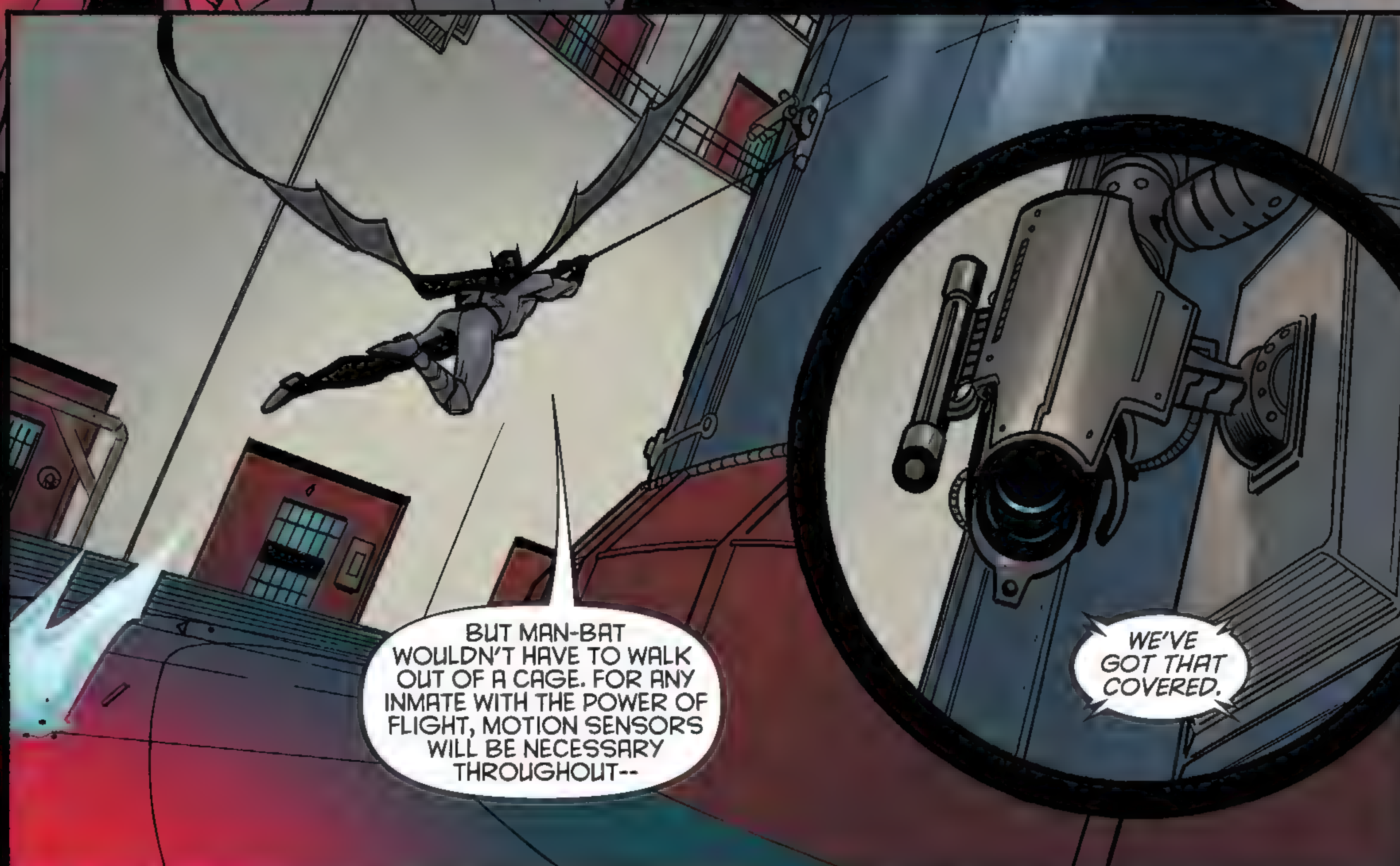
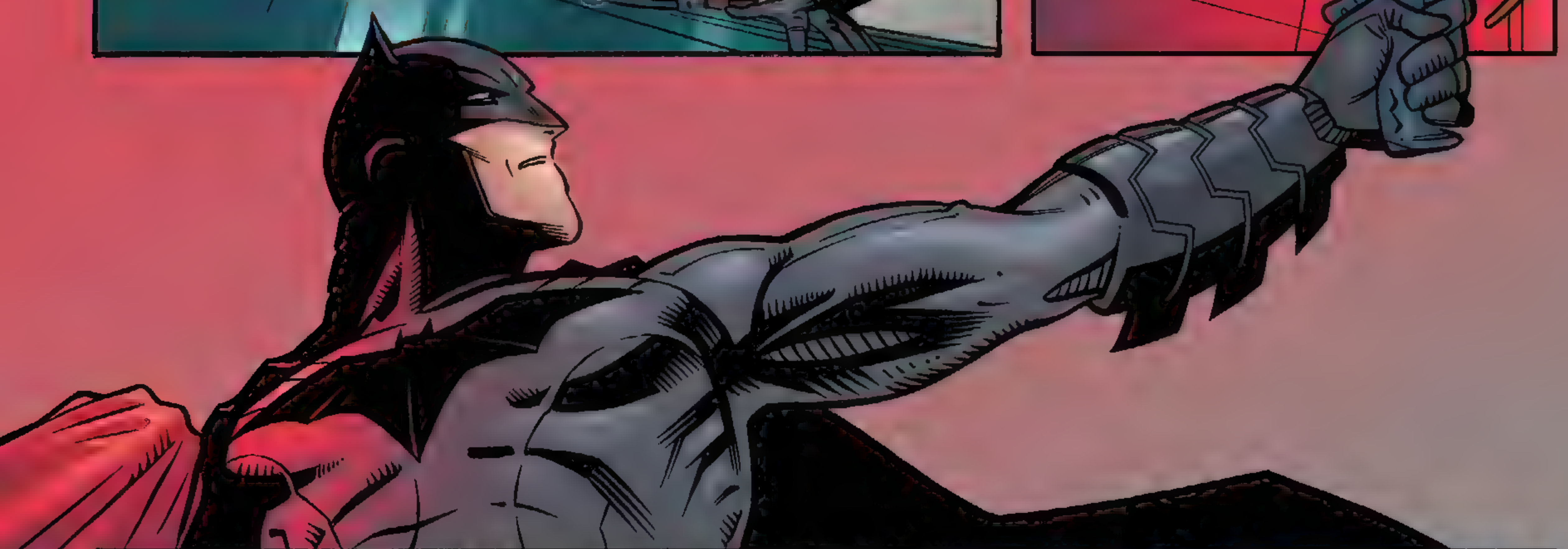
IT
HAS ITS
USES.



MAKE NOTE:
THE BATMAN HAS
CLEARED THE
FIRST CELL.

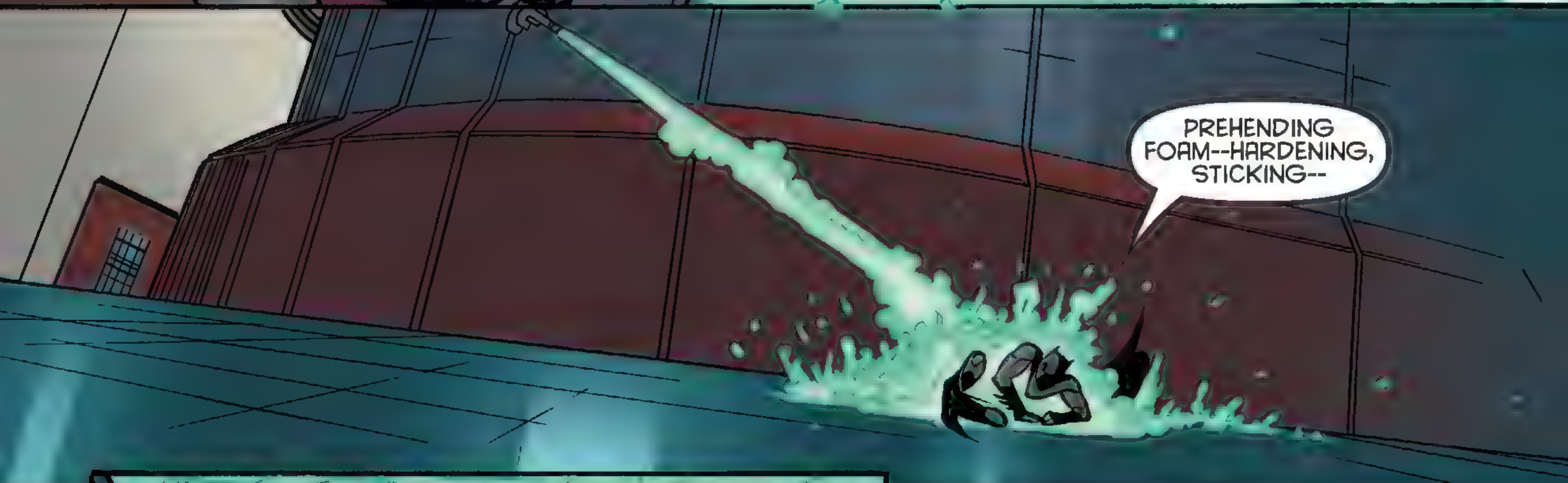


PRESSURE-
SENSITIVE
PLATES. YOU'RE
LEARNING.

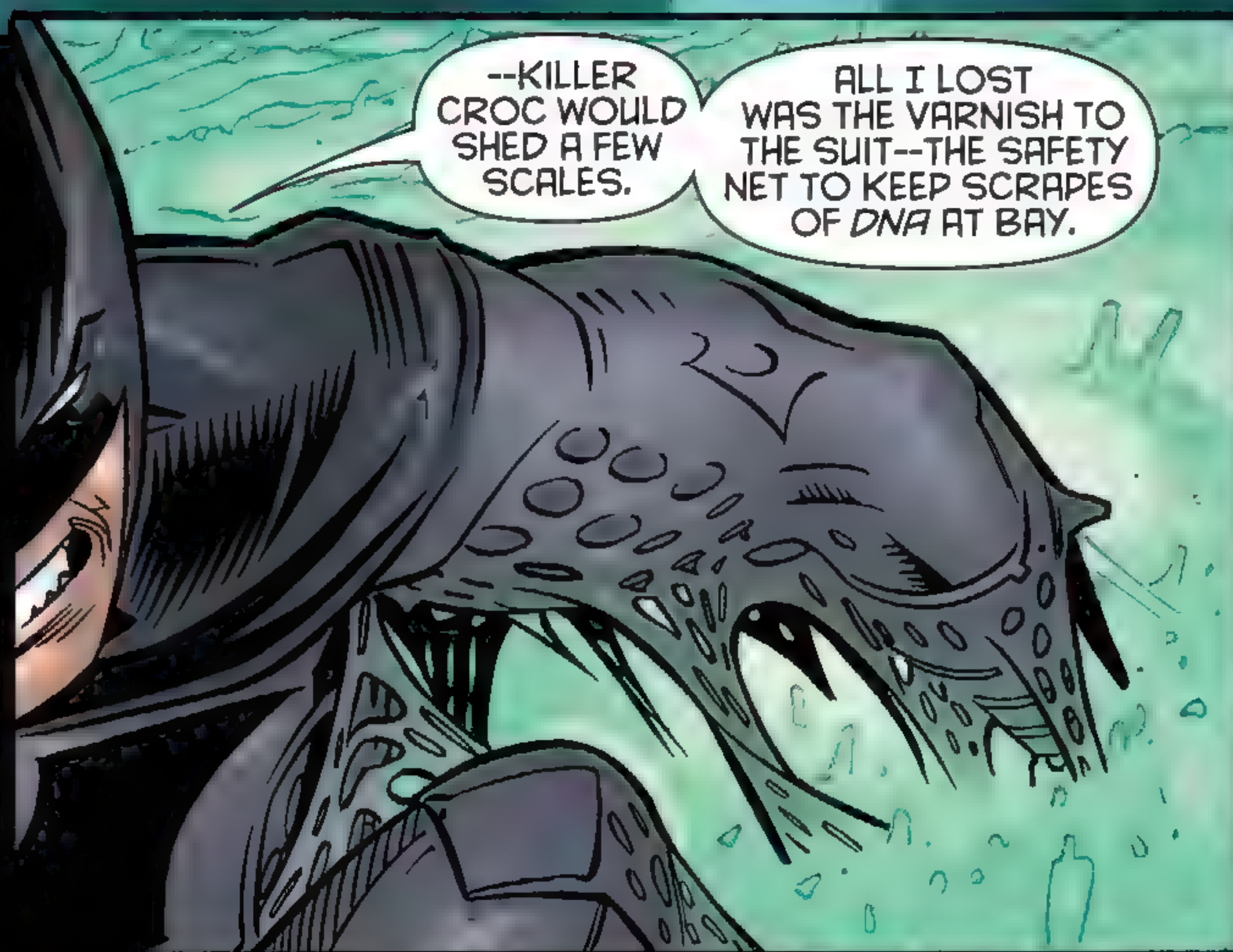


BUT MAN-BAT
WOULDN'T HAVE TO WALK
OUT OF A CAGE. FOR ANY
INMATE WITH THE POWER OF
FLIGHT, MOTION SENSORS
WILL BE NECESSARY
THROUGHOUT--

WE'VE
GOT THAT
COVERED.

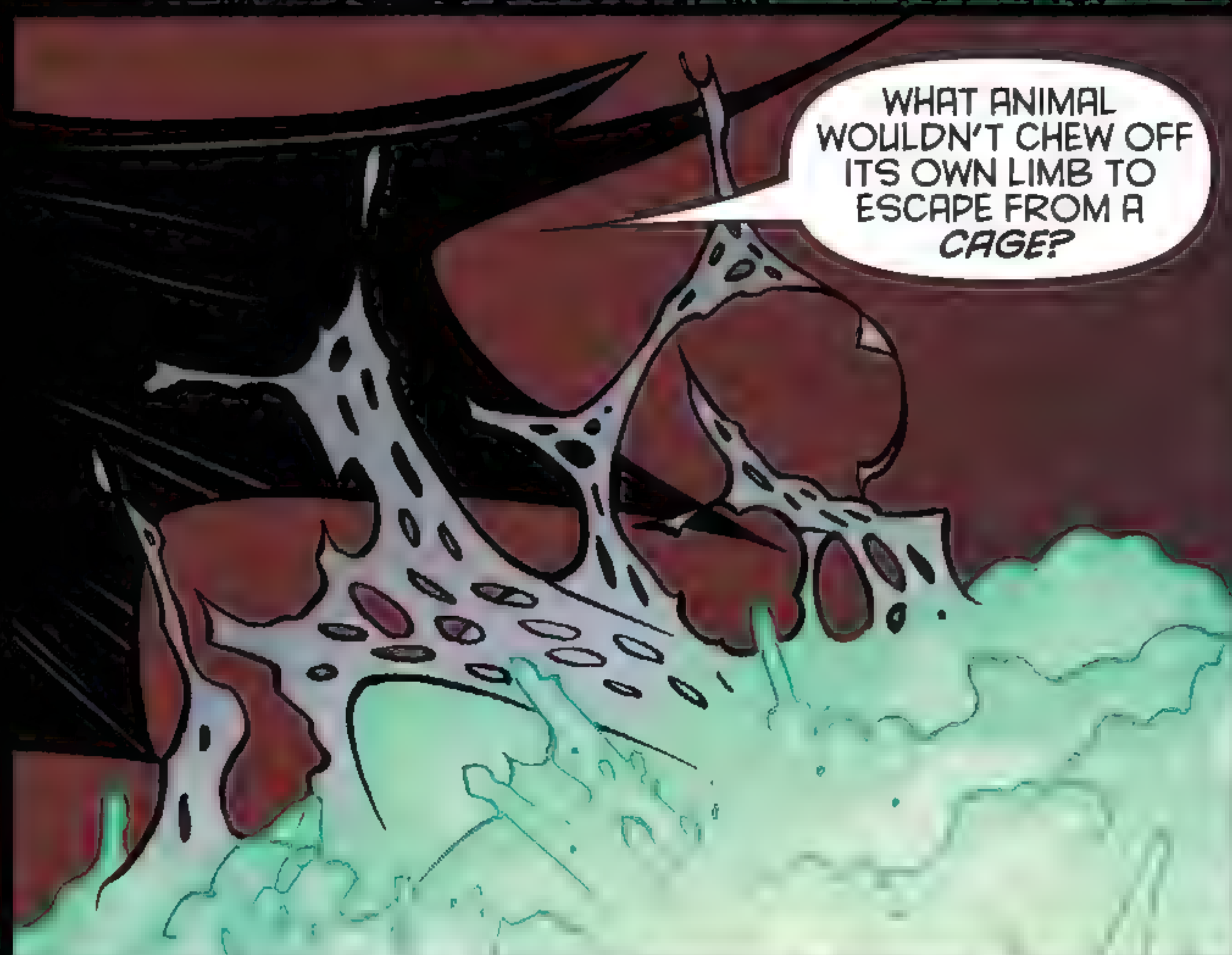


PREHENDING
FOAM--HARDENING,
STICKING--



--KILLER
CROC WOULD
SHED A FEW
SCALES.

ALL I LOST
WAS THE VARNISH TO
THE SUIT--THE SAFETY
NET TO KEEP SCRAPES
OF *DNA* AT BAY.



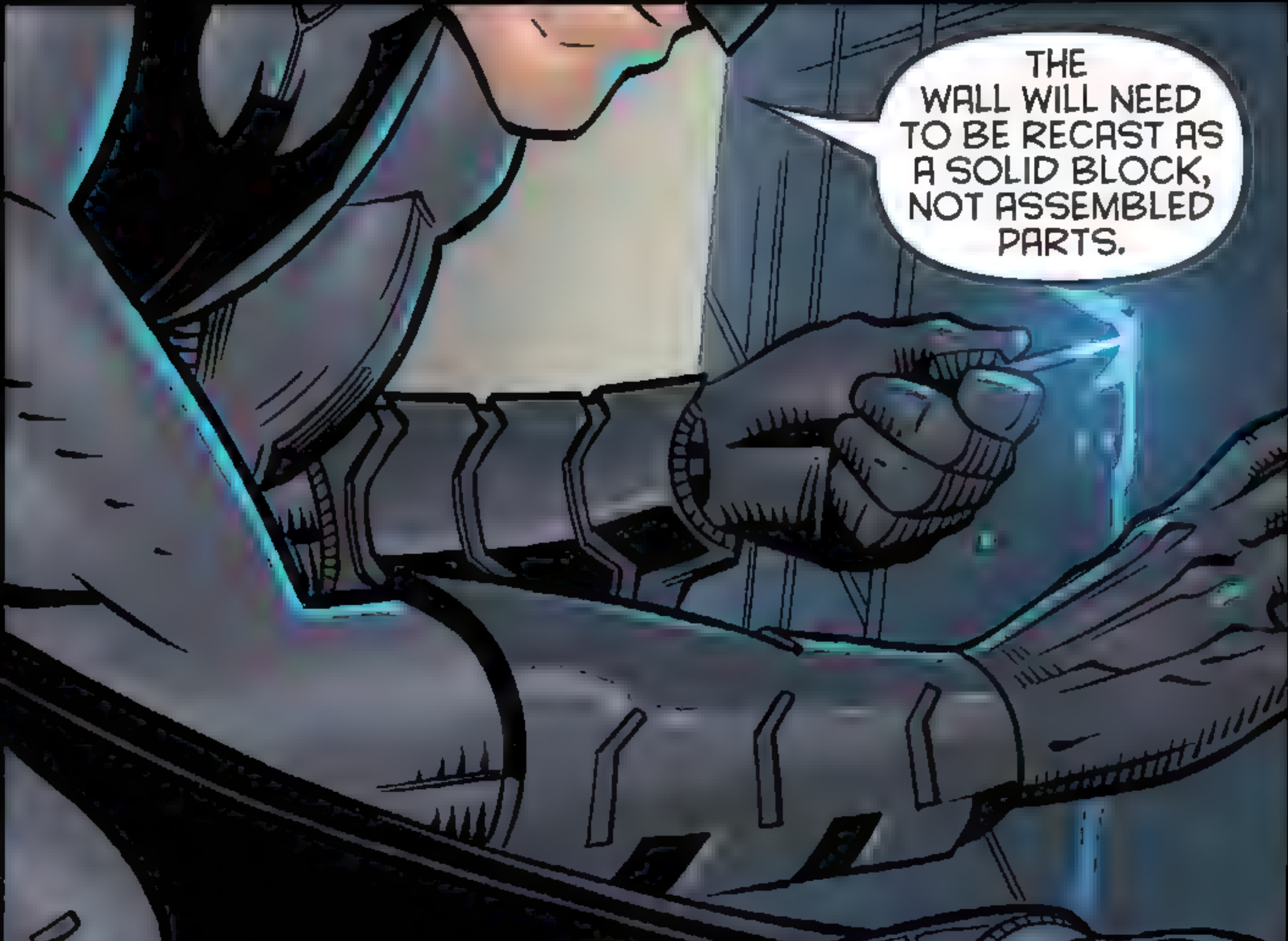
WHAT ANIMAL
WOULDN'T CHEW OFF
ITS OWN LIMB TO
ESCAPE FROM A
CAGE?



MR. FREEZE WOULD
TRY TO CRACK THE ENTIRE
STRUCTURE, BUT BANE WOULD
SEEK THE BREAKING POINT,
A WEAKNESS IN THE DESIGN--
ANY WELDING POINT, ANY
SOLDERING.



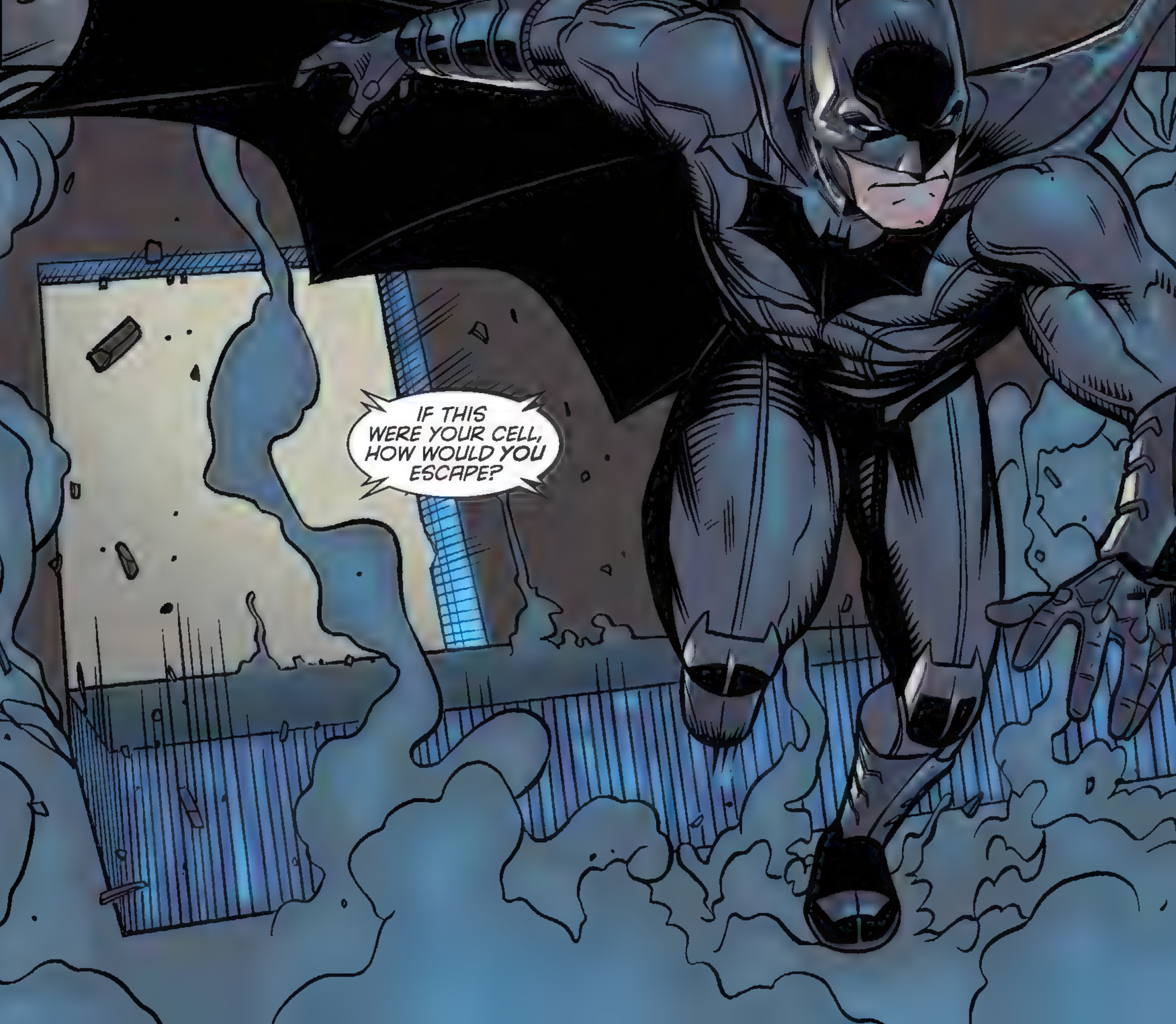
THIS IS A NEODYMIUM LASER. THE PENGUIN COULD EASILY ACQUIRE IT ON THE BLACK MARKET.



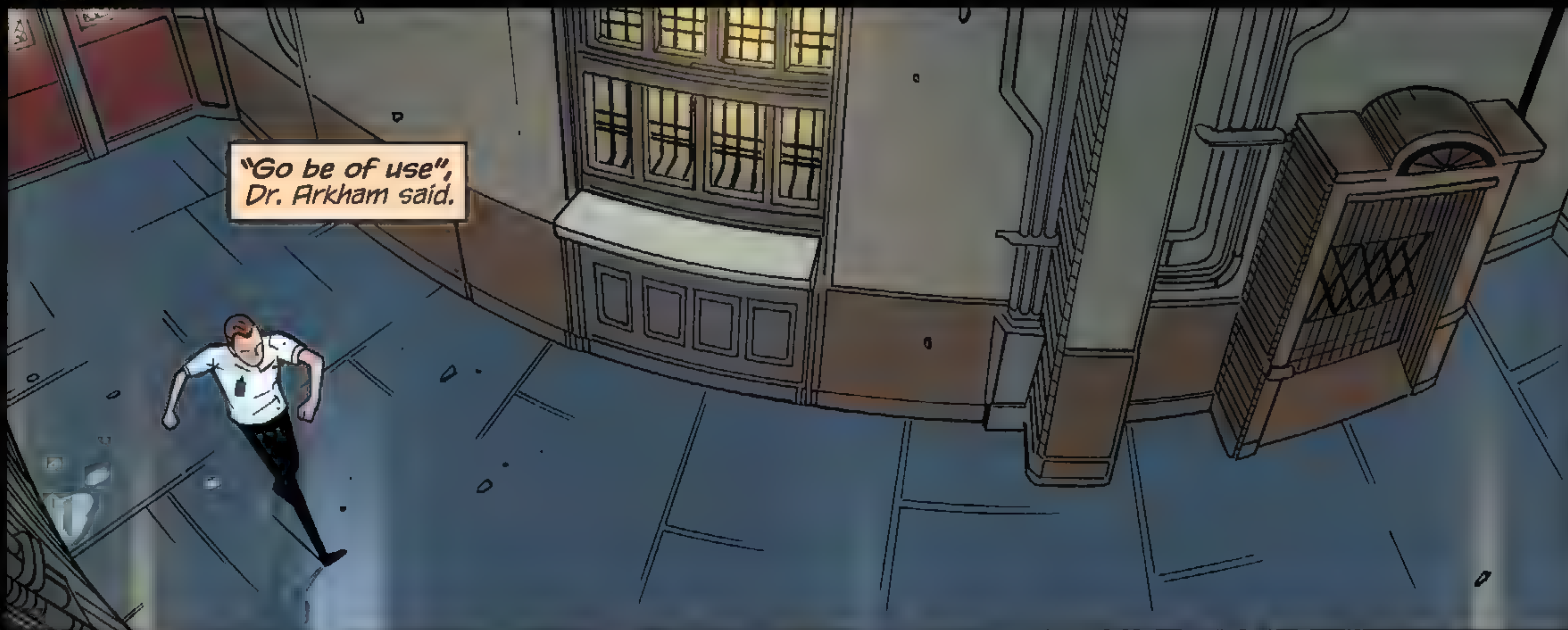
THE WALL WILL NEED TO BE RECAST AS A SOLID BLOCK, NOT ASSEMBLED PARTS.



AND YOU, BATMAN?



IF THIS WERE YOUR CELL, HOW WOULD YOU ESCAPE?



OH!
...YOU
CAME
BACK.



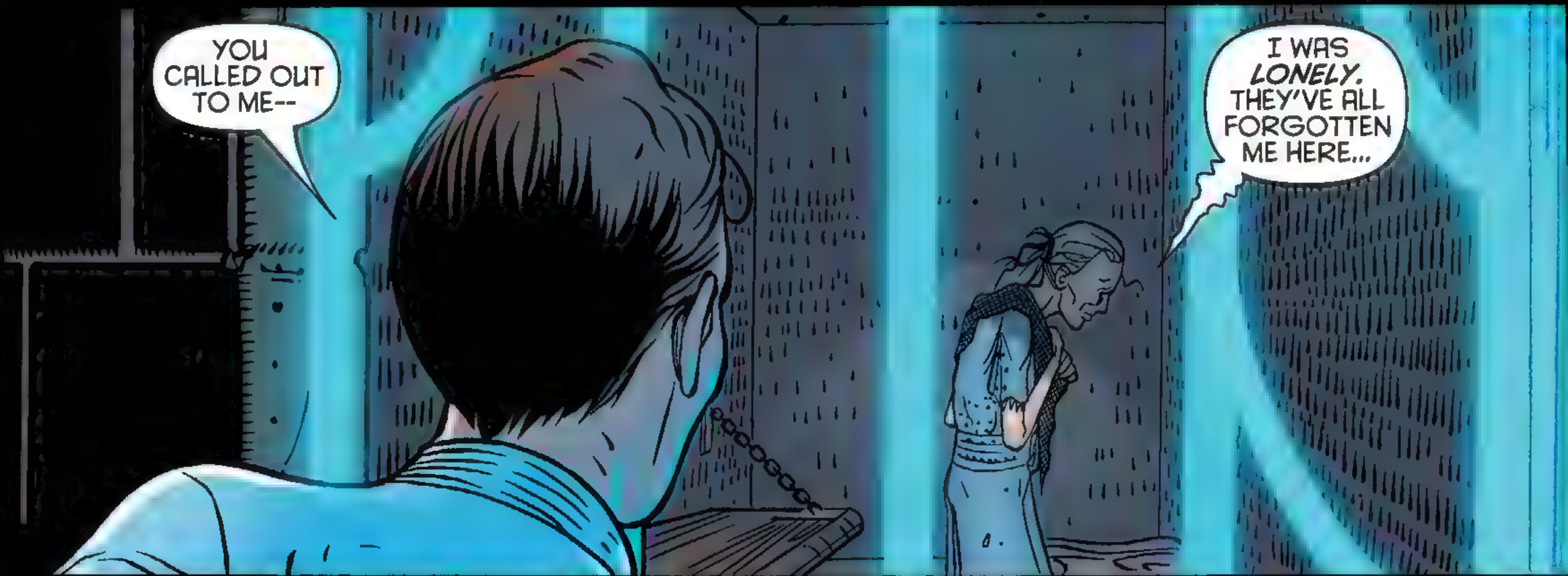


OH GOD--
ARE YOU
HURT?

I AM THE
ANCHORESS...
I DID THIS...TO
MYSELF.

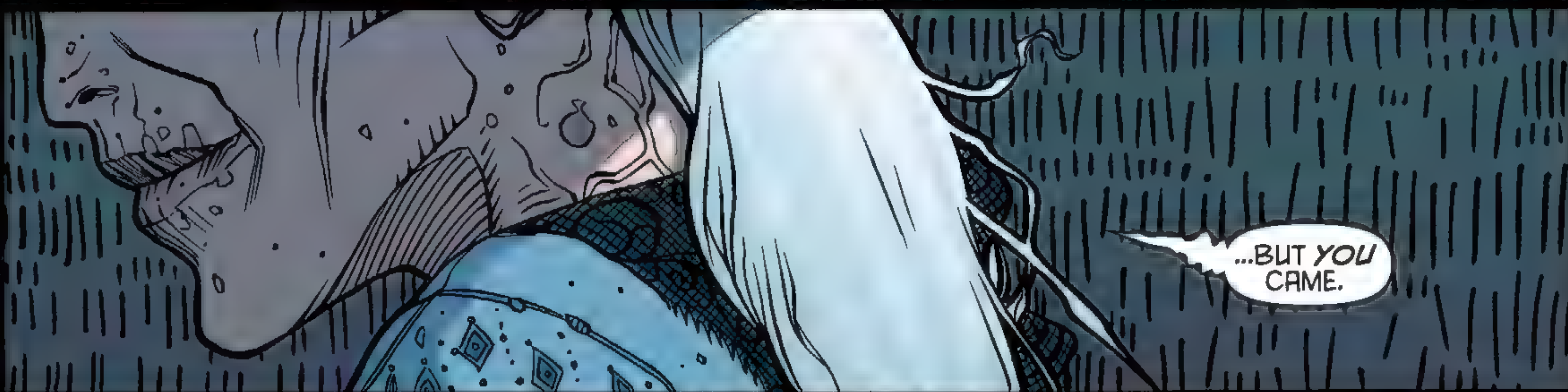
SHHHH. IT'S ALL
RIGHT. THAT'S WHAT
ANCHORESS
MEANS...

...IN TIMES LONG
PAST, ANCHORITES
WERE **PENITENTS**. THEY
LOCKED THEMSELVES
AWAY OF THEIR OWN
VOLITION, TO LIVE A LIFE
OF REMORSE.

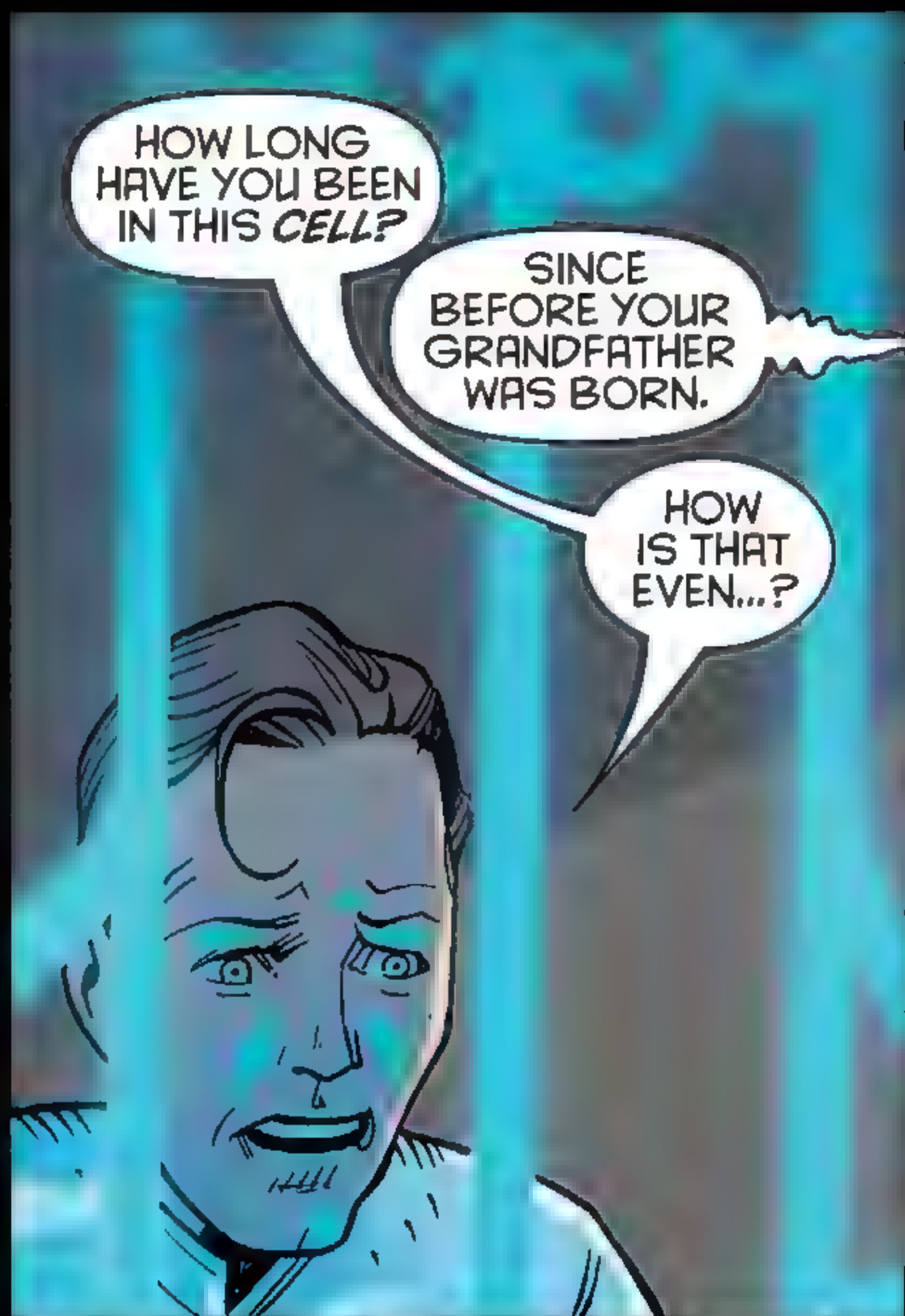


YOU
CALLED OUT
TO ME--

I WAS
LONELY.
THEY'VE ALL
FORGOTTEN
ME HERE...



...BUT **YOU**
CAME.



HOW LONG
HAVE YOU BEEN
IN THIS **CELL**?

SINCE
BEFORE YOUR
GRANDFATHER
WAS BORN.

HOW
IS THAT
EVEN...?

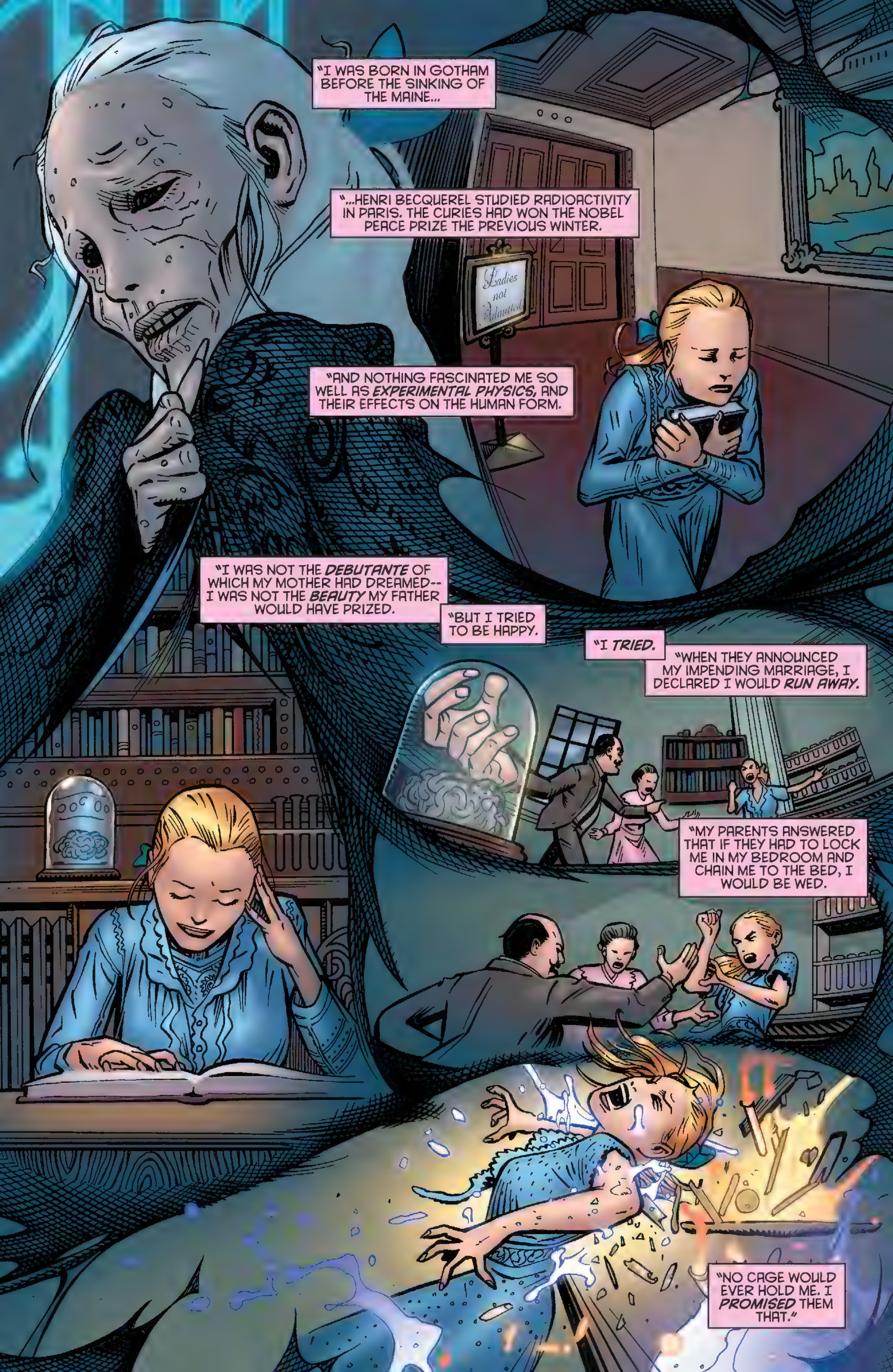


...TALK TO ME. I
CAME HERE TO DO
SOME GOOD. I'LL
LISTEN. YOU NEED
TREATMENT,
NOT--



WHATEVER
THIS IS.

IT WILL BE
GOOD FOR
YOU. TELL ME
WHY YOU'RE
HERE...



"I WAS BORN IN GOTHAM
BEFORE THE SINKING OF
THE MAINE...

"...HENRI BECQUEREL STUDIED RADIOACTIVITY
IN PARIS. THE CURIES HAD WON THE NOBEL
PEACE PRIZE THE PREVIOUS WINTER.

"AND NOTHING FASCINATED ME SO
WELL AS *EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICS*, AND
THEIR EFFECTS ON THE HUMAN FORM.

"I WAS NOT THE *DEBUTANTE* OF
WHICH MY MOTHER HAD DREAMED--
I WAS NOT THE *BEAUTY* MY FATHER
WOULD HAVE PRIZED.

"BUT I TRIED
TO BE HAPPY.

"I TRIED.

"WHEN THEY ANNOUNCED
MY IMPENDING MARRIAGE, I
DECLARED I WOULD *RUN AWAY*.

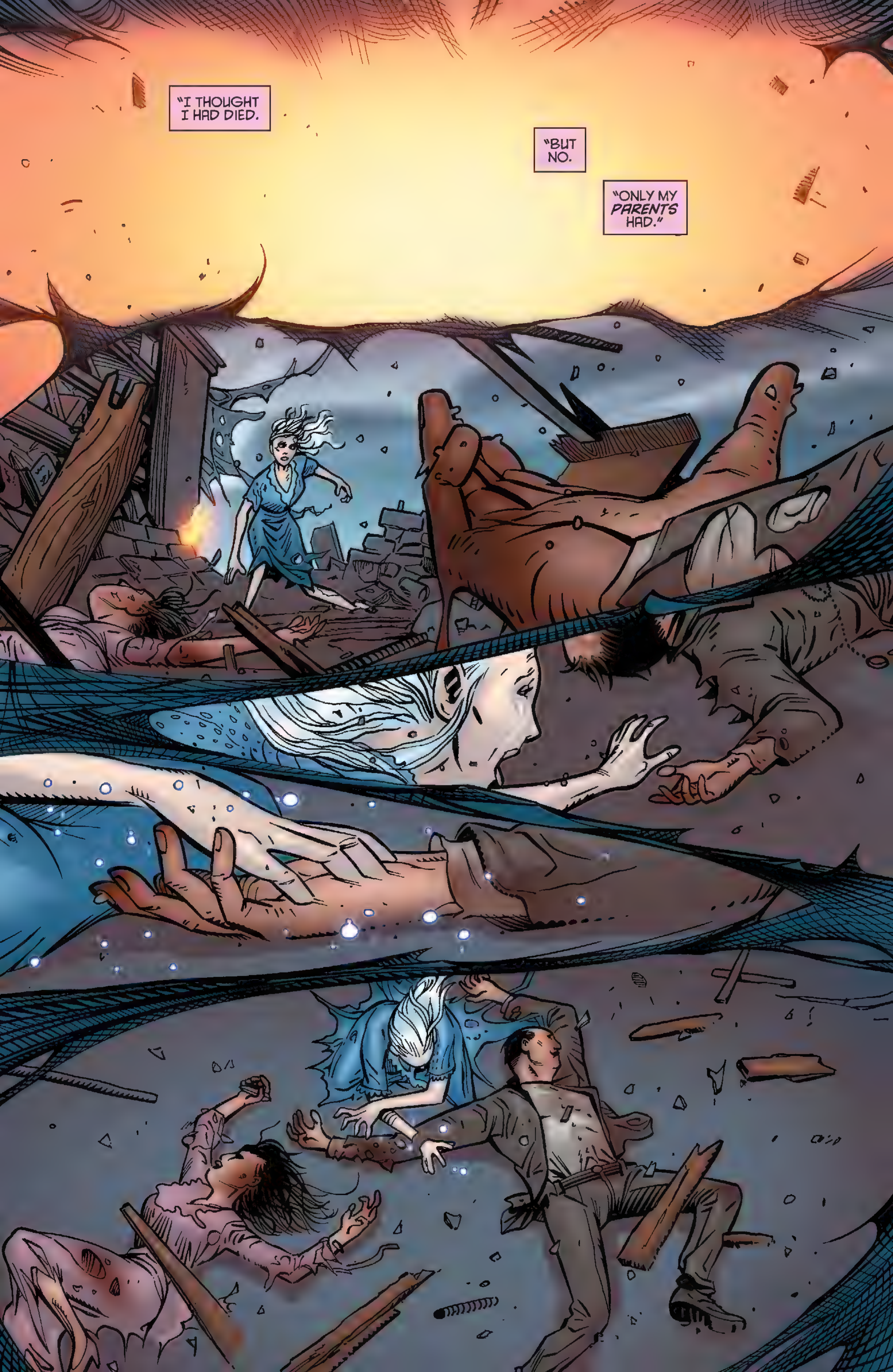
"MY PARENTS ANSWERED
THAT IF THEY HAD TO LOCK
ME IN MY BEDROOM AND
CHAIN ME TO THE BED, I
WOULD BE WED.

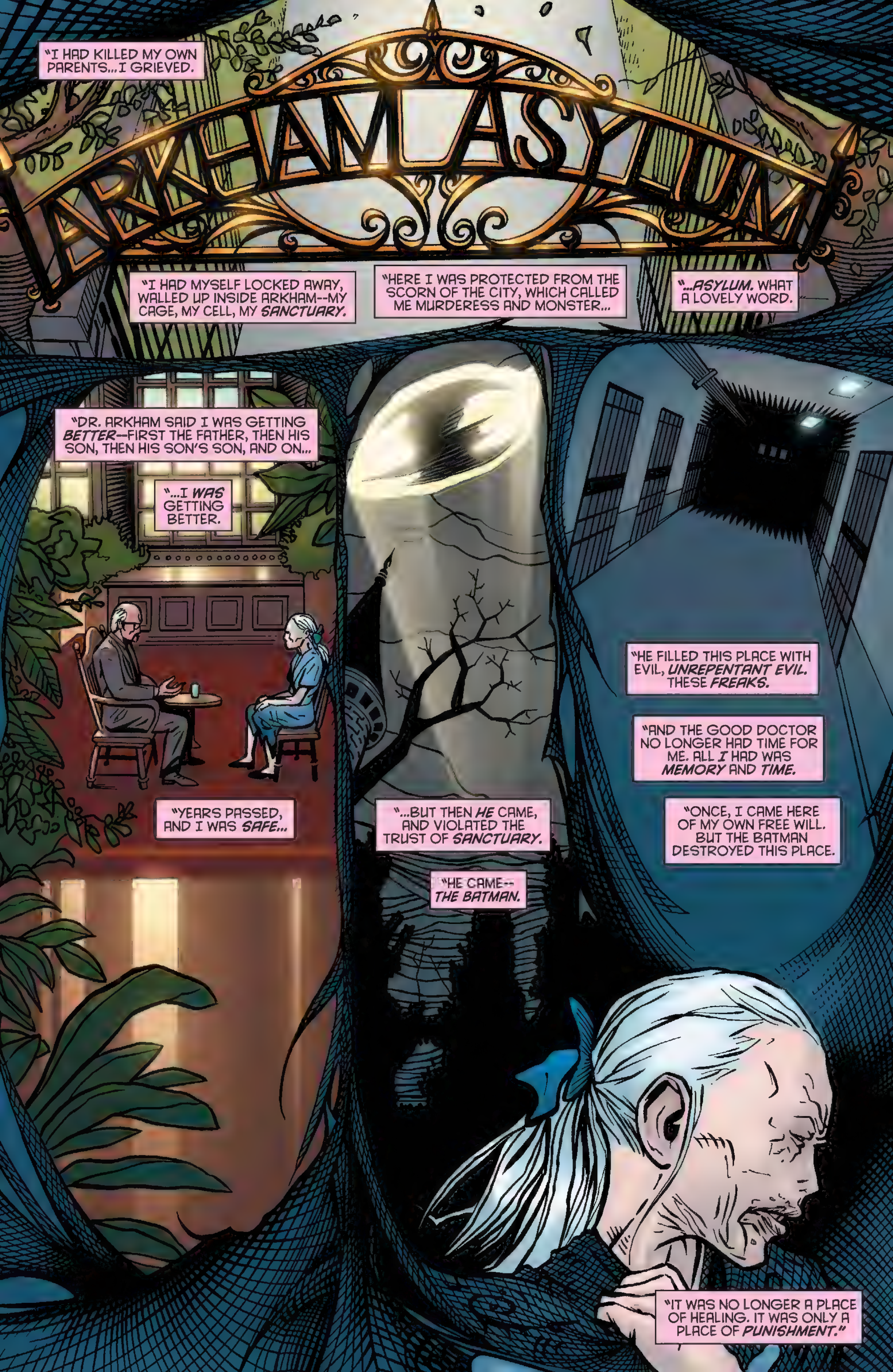
"NO CAGE WOULD
EVER HOLD ME. I
PROMISED THEM
THAT."

"I THOUGHT
I HAD DIED."

"BUT
NO."

"ONLY MY
PARENTS
HAD."





"I HAD KILLED MY OWN PARENTS...I GRIEVED.

"I HAD MYSELF LOCKED AWAY, WALLED UP INSIDE ARKHAM--MY CAGE, MY CELL, MY *SANCTUARY*.

"HERE I WAS PROTECTED FROM THE SCORN OF THE CITY, WHICH CALLED ME MURDERESS AND MONSTER...

"...*ASYLUM*. WHAT A LOVELY WORD.

"DR. ARKHAM SAID I WAS GETTING *BETTER*--FIRST THE FATHER, THEN HIS SON, THEN HIS SON'S SON, AND ON...

"...I *WAS* GETTING BETTER.

"YEARS PASSED, AND I WAS *SAFE*...

"...BUT THEN *HE* CAME, AND VIOLATED THE TRUST OF *SANCTUARY*.

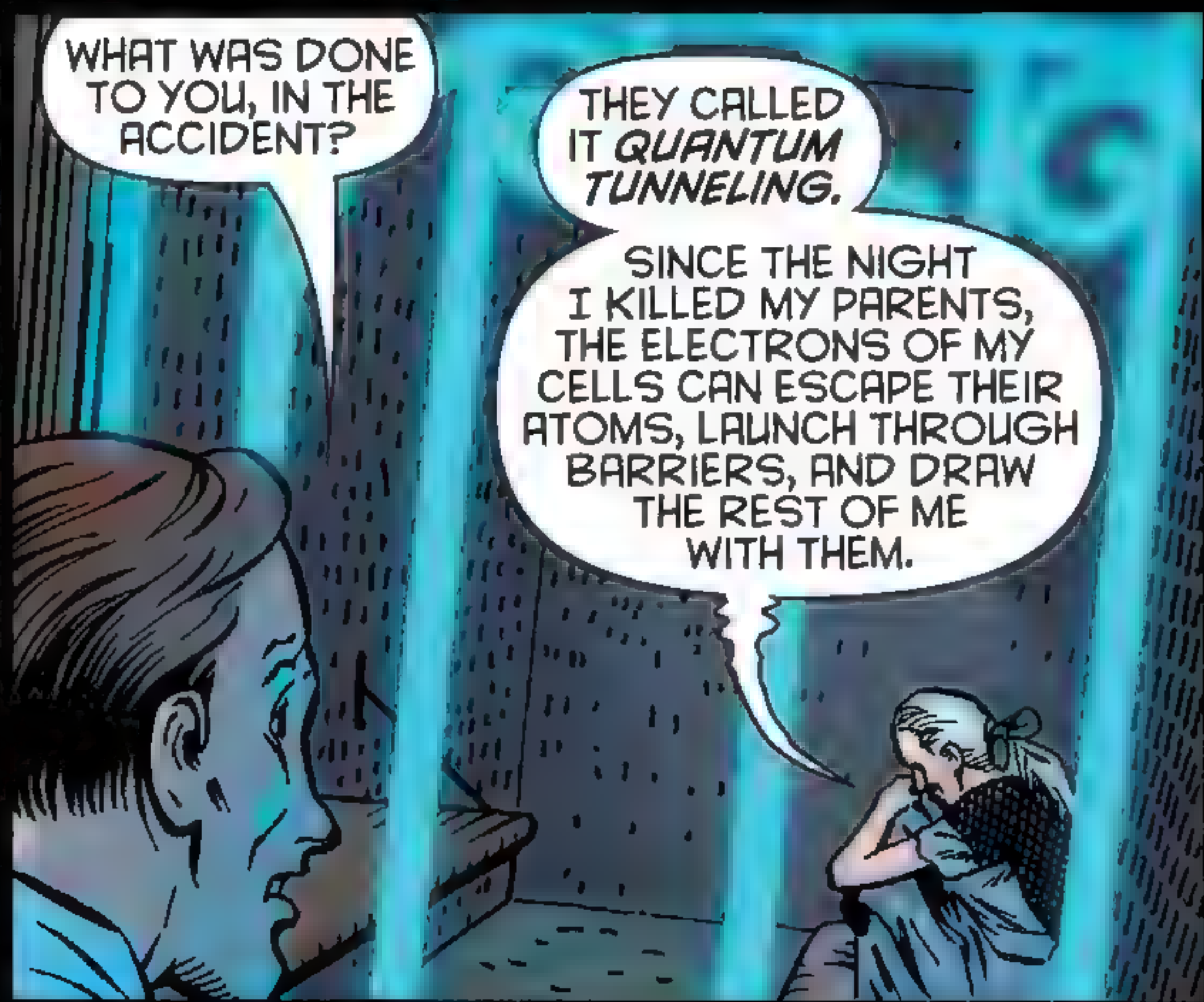
"HE CAME--
THE BATMAN.

"HE FILLED THIS PLACE WITH EVIL, *UNREPENTANT EVIL*. THESE *FREAKS*.

"AND THE GOOD DOCTOR NO LONGER HAD TIME FOR ME. ALL I HAD WAS *MEMORY* AND *TIME*.

"ONCE, I CAME HERE OF MY OWN FREE WILL. BUT THE BATMAN DESTROYED THIS PLACE.

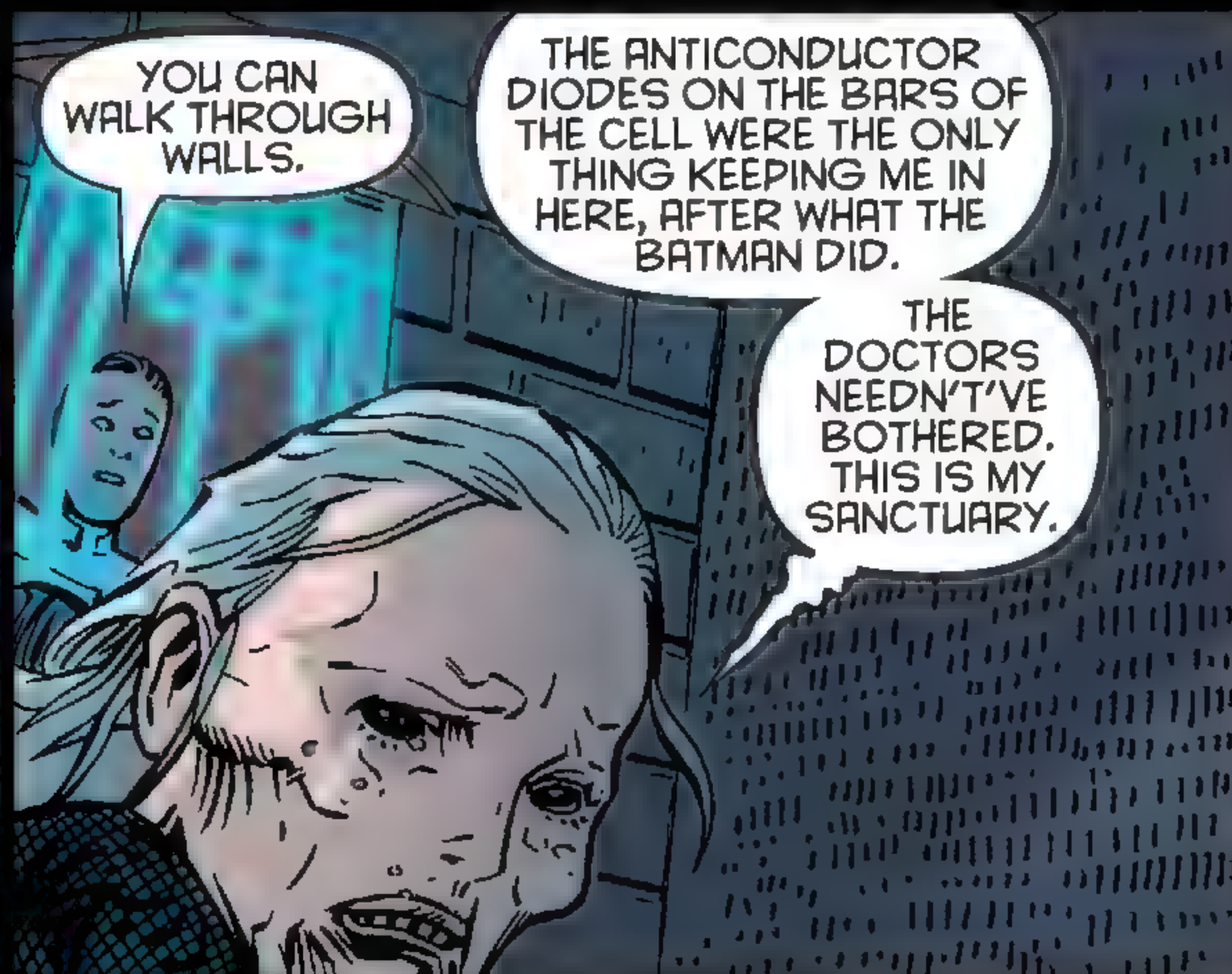
"IT WAS NO LONGER A PLACE OF HEALING. IT WAS ONLY A PLACE OF *PUNISHMENT*."



WHAT WAS DONE TO YOU, IN THE ACCIDENT?

THEY CALLED IT *QUANTUM TUNNELING*.

SINCE THE NIGHT I KILLED MY PARENTS, THE ELECTRONS OF MY CELLS CAN ESCAPE THEIR ATOMS, LAUNCH THROUGH BARRIERS, AND DRAW THE REST OF ME WITH THEM.



YOU CAN WALK THROUGH WALLS.

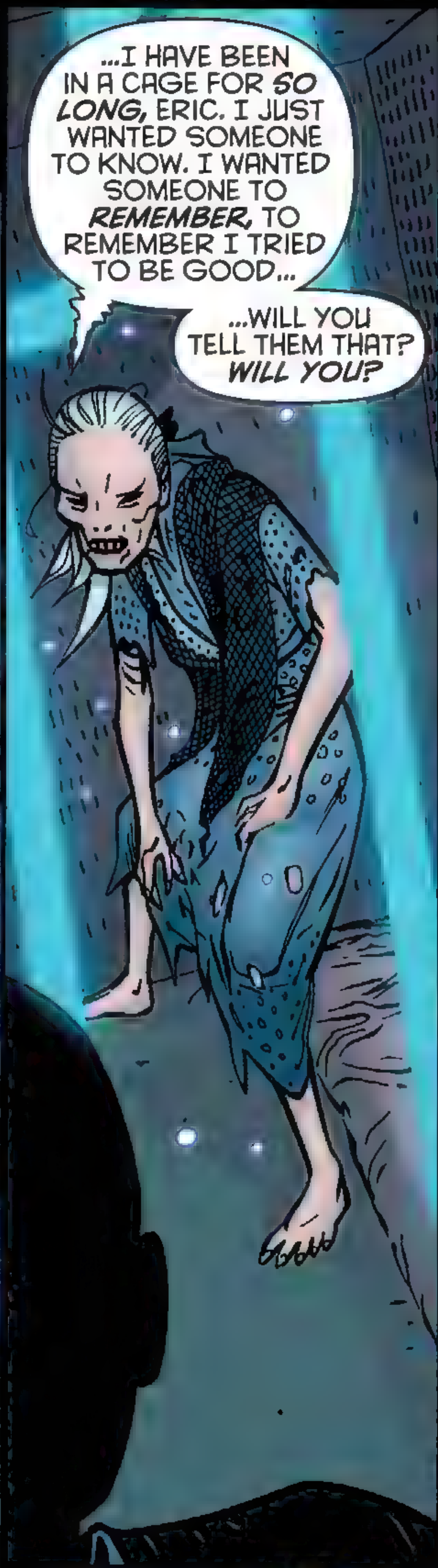
THE ANTICONDUCTOR DIODES ON THE BARS OF THE CELL WERE THE ONLY THING KEEPING ME IN HERE, AFTER WHAT THE BATMAN DID.

THE DOCTORS NEEDN'T'VE BOTHERED. THIS IS MY SANCTUARY.



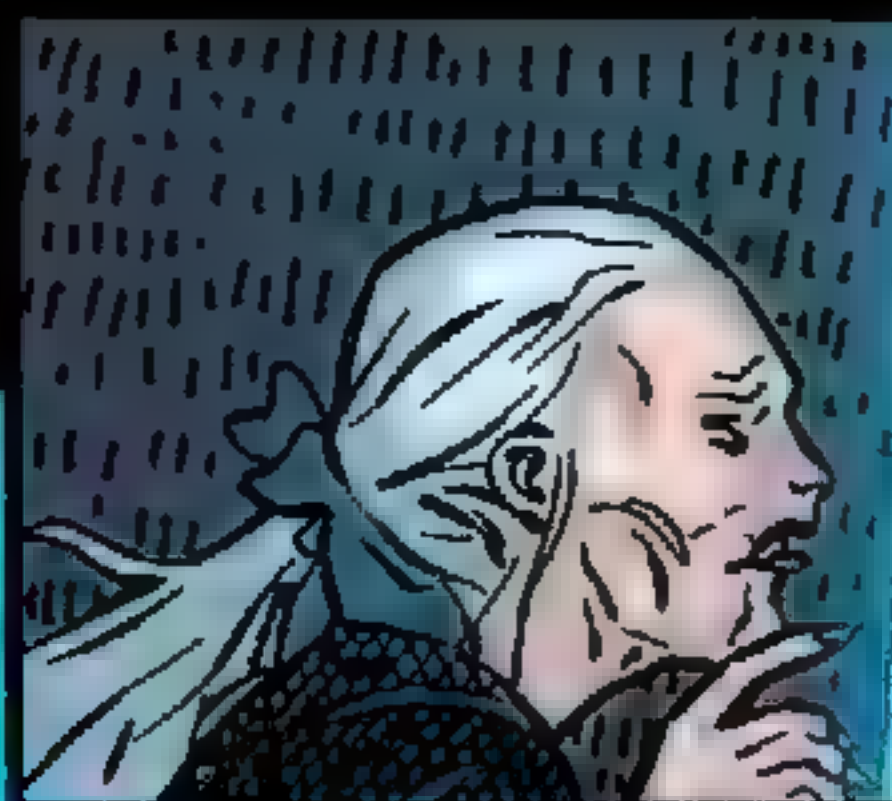
THIS *WAS* MY SANCTUARY, BEFORE *HE* CAME.

HE'S HERE, ISN'T HE? I'VE HEARD THE DOCTORS AND THE ORDERLIES *WHISPERING...*



...I HAVE BEEN IN A CAGE FOR *SO LONG*, ERIC. I JUST WANTED SOMEONE TO KNOW. I WANTED SOMEONE TO *REMEMBER*, TO REMEMBER I TRIED TO BE GOOD...

...WILL YOU TELL THEM THAT? *WILL YOU?*



IT'S--IT'S ONLY MY FIRST NIGHT...



AND IT IS MY LAST.



HOW---?
THE BARS---

SHH-HHH-HHH.
IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.
YOU'VE DONE NOTHING
WRONG.



I WAS WAITING
FOR THE BATMAN
TO RETURN.

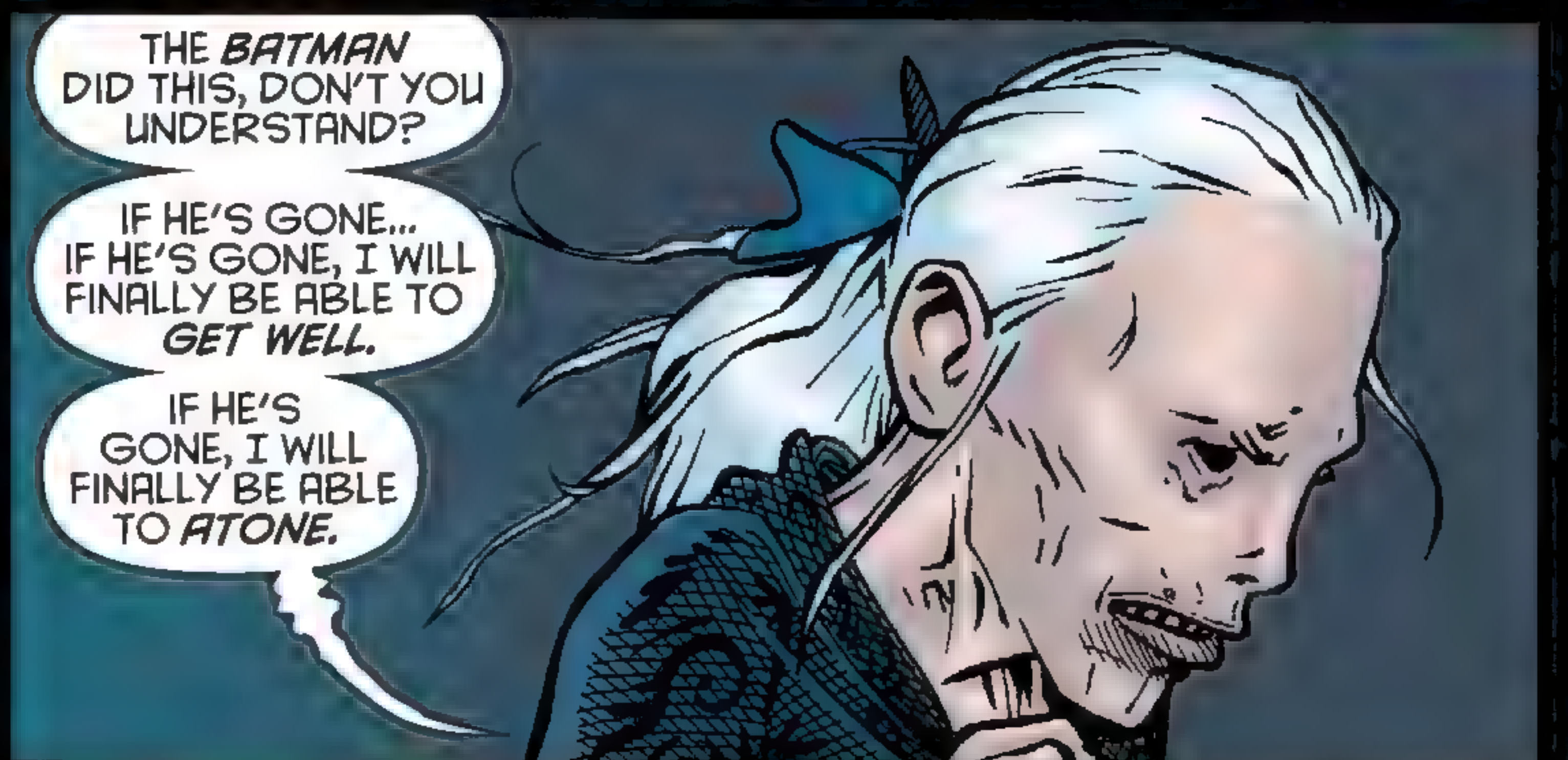
THE BARS THAT
KEEP ME CAGED HAVE
BEEN TOO WEAK FOR
QUITE SOME TIME TO
EVER HOLD ME, BUT
I DIDN'T MIND.

I NEVER MEANT
TO BREAK FROM MY
CELL--NOT UNLESS *HE*
CAME BACK.



DON'T HURT
HIM. WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO
DO TO HIM?

THIS PLACE
WAS A HOSPITAL.
HE'S TURNED IT
INTO A *HELL*.



THE *BATMAN*
DID THIS, DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND?

IF HE'S GONE...
IF HE'S GONE, I WILL
FINALLY BE ABLE TO
GET WELL.

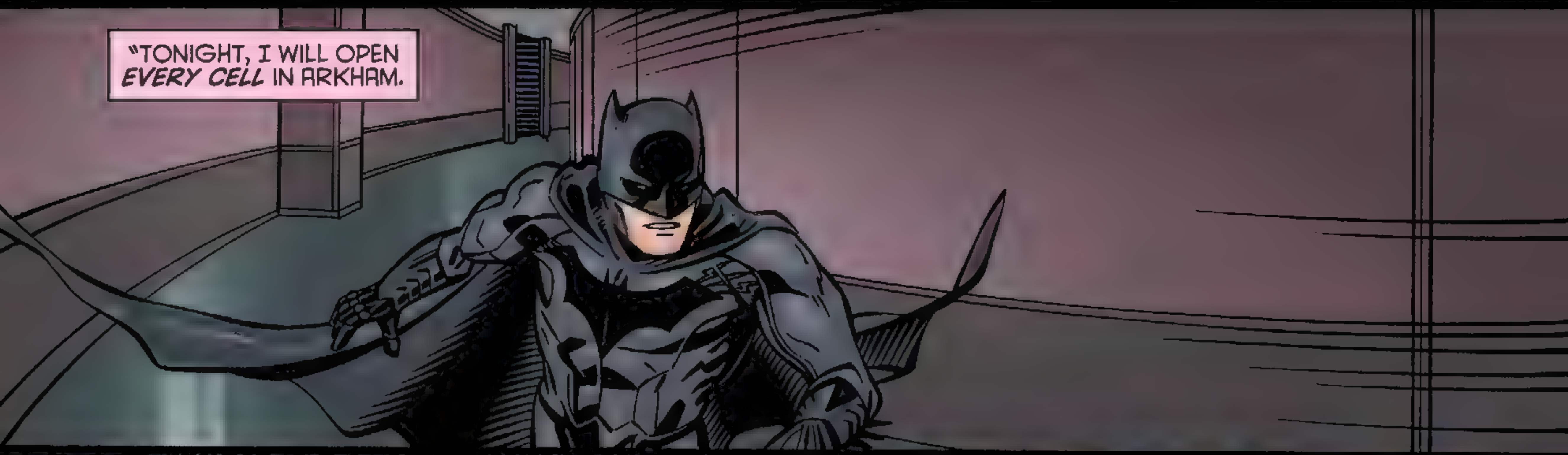
IF HE'S
GONE, I WILL
FINALLY BE ABLE
TO *ATONE*.



FORGIVE
ME, ERIC. YOU
ARE KIND.

BUT I
CANNOT DIE
INSIDE A
CAGE.

"TONIGHT, I WILL OPEN
EVERY CELL IN ARKHAM."



"EVERY
CELL..."



WHSSSSH



"...BUT
ONE."





MAHREEN!



ERIC!
SOMETHING'S
GONE WRONG IN
THE TARTARUS
CELL!

THE CAMERAS
ARE ALL OFF-LINE--THERE'S
BEEN A MASSIVE DISTURBANCE
IN THE SYSTEM--I DON'T THINK
IT'S ELECTRICAL, IT
LOOKS--



MOLECULAR.

ONE OF THE
TARTARUS TRAPS
TRIGGERED--WE'VE
LOST VISUAL WITH
THE BATMAN--

SHE GOT
OUT, MAHREEN. THE
ANCHORESS.

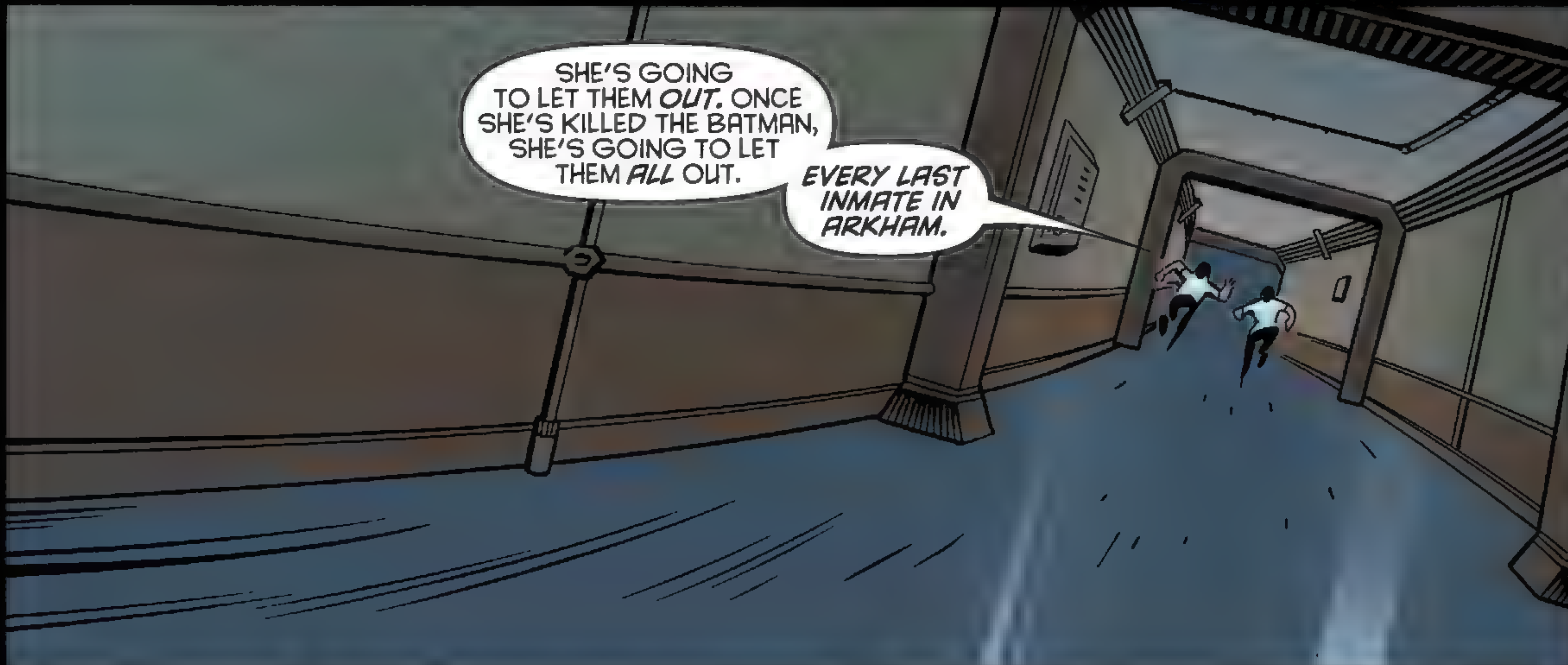
QUANTUM
TUNNELING, THAT'S
WHAT SHE DOES. SHE
COULD DIP HER FINGER
INTO ANY FUSE BOX IN
ARKHAM AND DISRUPT
THE FLOW OF
ENERGY.

IF SHE
PUT HER HAND
TO YOUR
FACE--



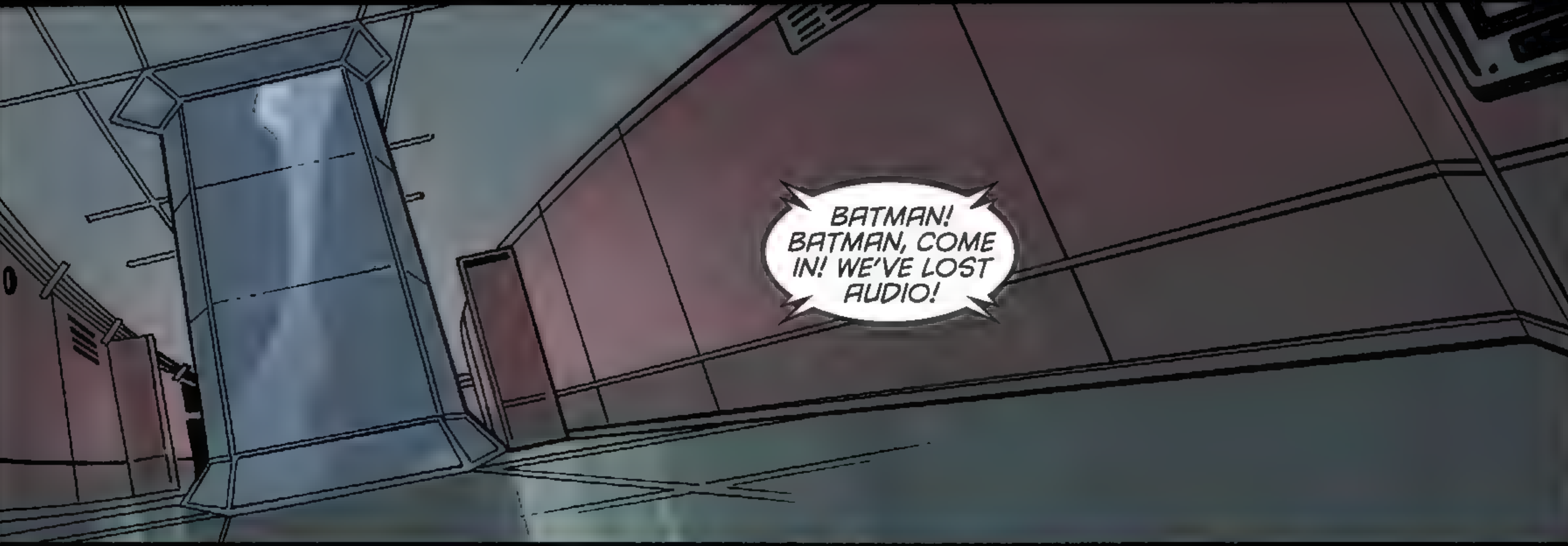
--COME
WITH ME!

TELL
ME THE
PLAN--

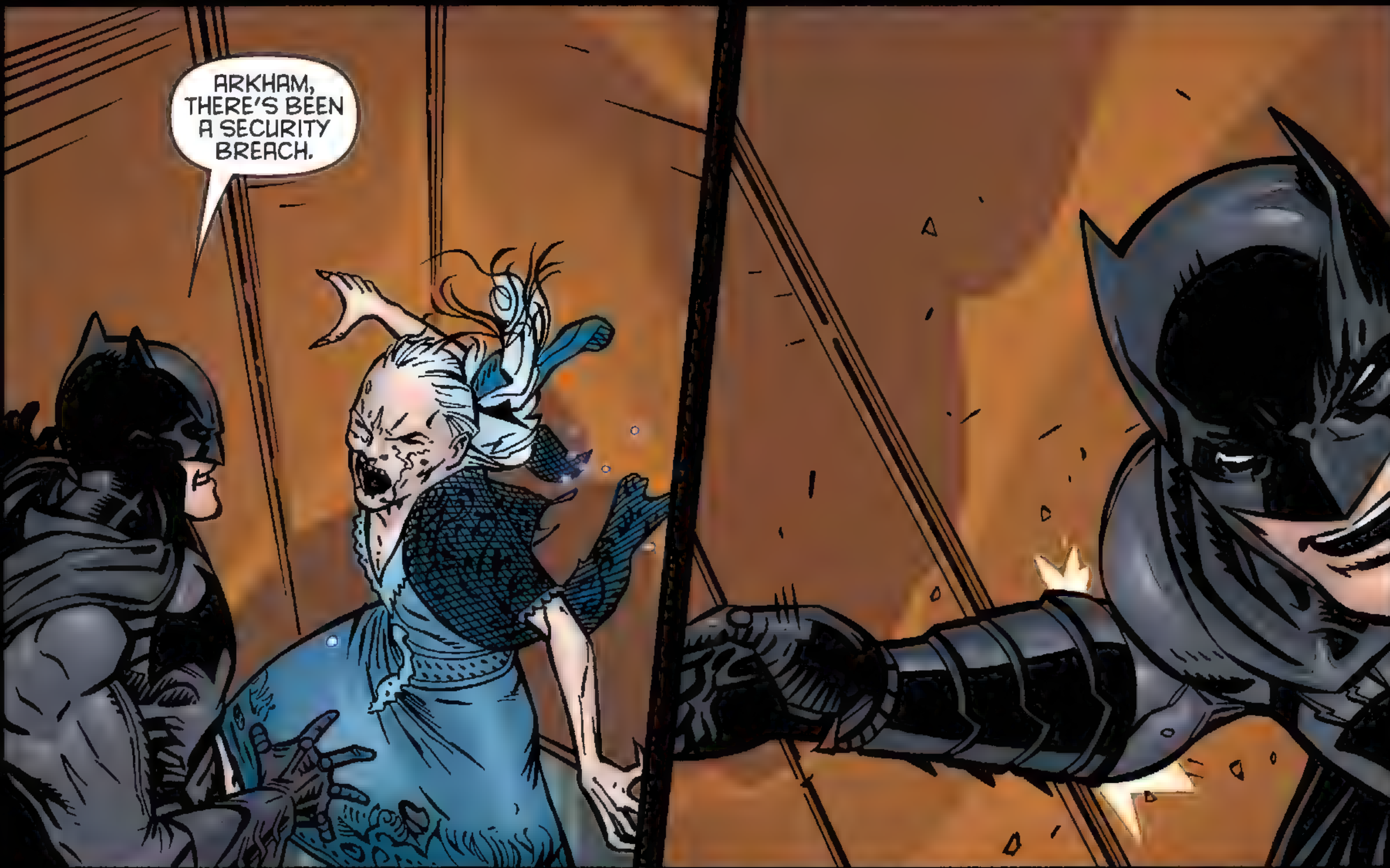


SHE'S GOING
TO LET THEM *OUT*. ONCE
SHE'S KILLED THE BATMAN,
SHE'S GOING TO LET
THEM *ALL* OUT.

EVERY LAST
INMATE IN
ARKHAM.



BATMAN!
BATMAN, COME
IN! WE'VE LOST
AUDIO!

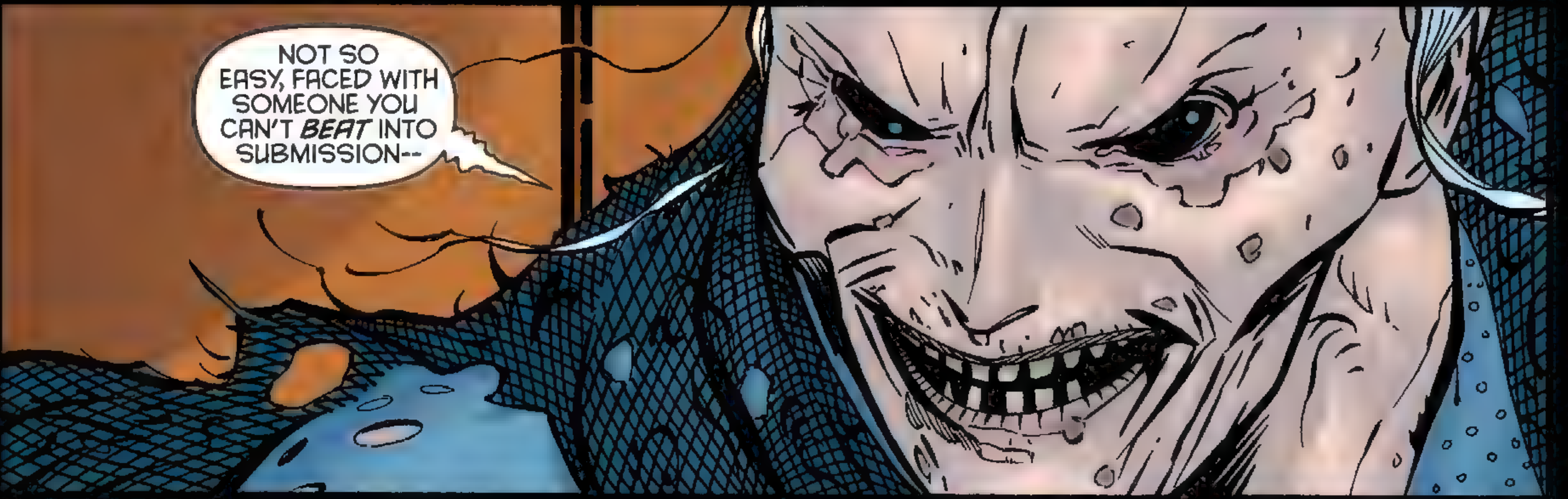


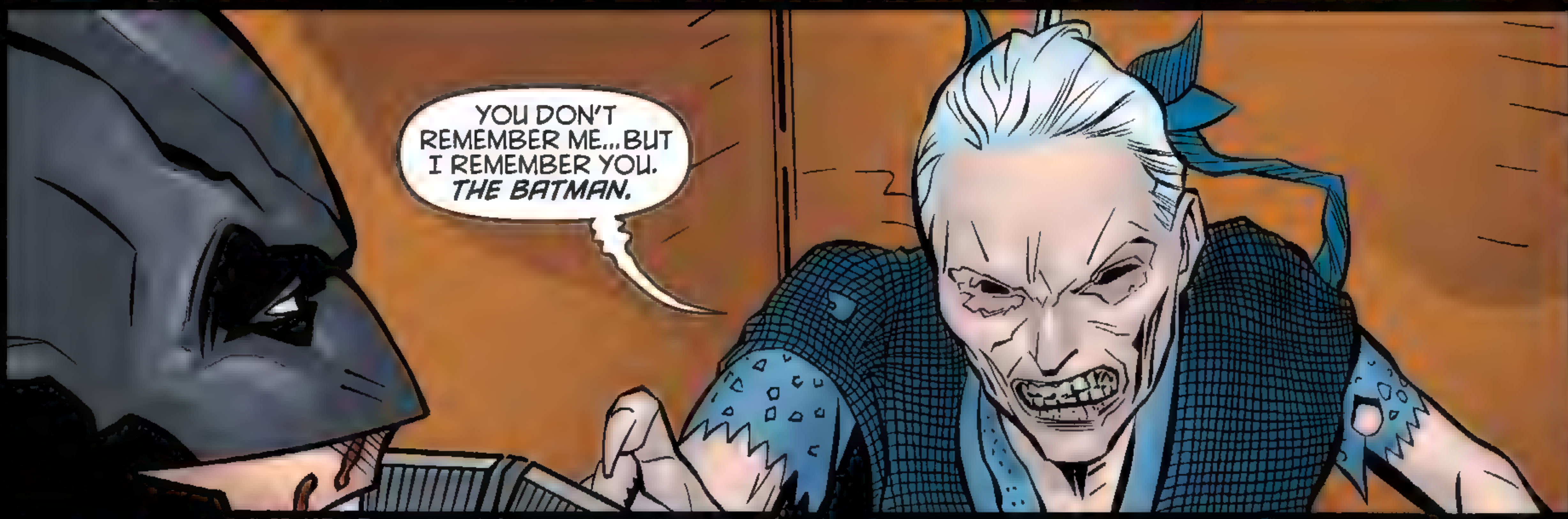
ARKHAM,
THERE'S BEEN
A SECURITY
BREACH.



WHO
ARE YOU?

YOUR
CREATION!





"...I'D COME TO ARKHAM TO SEARCH FOR FILES ON THE *RED HOOD GANG* THAT WAS WRECKING THE CITY.

"THERE WERE NO DATABASES, NO MAINFRAMES TO BE INFILTRATED, ONLY HARD COPIES TO BE STOLEN.

"THERE WAS A WOMAN OUT OF HER ROOM, WALKING THE GROUNDS.

"SHE SAW ME, FOLLOWED ME...

"...AND CAUGHT ME."

YOU THIEF! YOU TRESPASSER! THIS IS A SAFE PLACE--THIS IS A *SANCTUARY*! THOSE ARE FOR DOCTORS, NOT FOR *YOU*! GET OUT! GET OUT!

"THE ORDERLIES OF ARKHAM SAW HER. OUT OF BED, OUT OF BOUNDS. *VIOLENT*."

"THEY KNEW I COULD FREE MYSELF WHEN I PLEASED.

"THEY TOOK ME TO SOLITARY, LOCKED ME BEHIND BARS I COULDN'T ESCAPE. THEY CONSIDERED ME DANGEROUS NOW."

"THAT WAS *YOU*."

THAT WAS ME.

I KNEW YOU THEN. *TRESPASSER*,
TO VIOLATE THE OATH BETWEEN
DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

WHEN I HEARD
OF THE BATMAN IN
THE MONTHS TO
COME, I *KNEW* IT
WAS YOU.

DO YOU KNOW
WHAT THE *CRUELEST*
WEAPON IS, YOU, WHO
HAVE SO MANY
WEAPONS?

IS IT A *KNIFE*, TO
MAKE OF DEATH
A LINGERING
TORTURE?

IS IT *POISON*, SO
THAT THE DYING CAN
FEEL THE CORRUPTION
IN THEIR VEINS?

OR A *GUN*? A BLAST
OF SMOKE AND FLAME,
TO MAKE LIFE SO CHEAP,
SO SHORT, SO *LITTLE*...

...I WILL TELL YOU WHAT
THE CRUELEST WEAPON
IS, *BATMAN*.

THE
CRUELEST
WEAPON--IS
A *CAGE*.

TO FEEL YOUR
SENSES NUMB AND ROT, TO
PACE THE SAME FOUR WALLS,
TO FEEL THE MADNESS BEAT
THROUGH YOUR BLOOD, THE
RISING TIDE OF A SCREAM
THAT NO ONE HEARS--

--THAT IS
A *CAGE*.

I WILL GIVE YOU A CAGE. A
CAGE OF YOUR OWN GUILT AND
MEMORIES--FOREVER.

YOUR LIFE WILL BE LONG.
THOUSANDS OF YEARS WILL PASS
IN YOUR HEAD, IN THE MOMENTS IT
TAKES FOR THE WARDENS OF
ARKHAM TO BREAK DOWN
THESE WALLS...

...AND THE SECONDS
IT WILL TAKE ME TO *SHRED*
THEM TO GUTS AND GORE
AND SPLINTERS OF BONE.

IF YOU DIE IN THE PRISON OF
YOUR MIND, YOU WILL NEVER ESCAPE
THE CAGE I GIVE TO YOU. EVEN
DEATH WILL NOT FREE YOU.

AND
YOU WILL
REMEMBER
ME.

AFTER YOU HAVE
FORGOTTEN THE NAME OF
EVERY CHILD WHO EVER DIED
IN YOUR SERVICE, OH--YOU
WILL REMEMBER ME.

QUANTUM TUNNELING...A
STRAY *CELL* OF MINE THAT PASSES
THROUGH YOUR WALLS OF BONE AND
BRUSHES A CELL OF YOURS, TUNNELS
DEEP INTO THE AMYGDALA, OR
THE TEMPORAL LOBE...

...THE HUMAN
BRAIN WAS ALWAYS
A FASCINATION
TO ME.

A CELL IN
A CELL...

No. No. You
can't know this...

I don't need to know it,
Bruce. I'm only here in
your mind--a projection
of your mind--

--and the mind that is
all that is left, in a cage.



MONARCH
THEATRE

This again, you
are thinking. Yes,
this again!

THIS AGAIN AND
AGAIN AND AGAIN AND
AGAIN...THIS AGAIN AND AGAIN
UNTIL YOU ARE MAD, BRUCE,
UNTIL YOU ARE ONE MORE
MADMAN IN ARKHAM, BRUCE,
UNTIL IT IS HELL, BRUCE,
UNTIL IT IS *HELL*...



UNTIL IT IS HELL!

BROTHER, NO!

BROTHER--NO--
HOW COULD YOU--
HOW COULD YOU DO
THIS TO ME?!

DIE NOW AND
YOU WILL *NEVER* BE FREE.
DO YOU FEEL FRIGHTENED,
INVADER? VULNERABLE? ANGRY?
HAS SOMEONE COME
INTO YOUR *HOLY PLACE?*
YOUR ASYLUM?

THE WORLD'S
GREATEST DETECTIVE!
THE ASYLUM OF
YOUR *MIND!*



FA... THER?

DIDN'T I...
WASN'T I **GOOD**
ENOUGH?

IN THE END,
WHY DIDN'T YOU...
DIDN'T YOU...COME
FOR ME?

IN THE END,
WASN'T I... WASN'T
I WORTH IT?

FA-THER...?

YOUR
PARENTS, YOU
COULD NOT
SAVE.

YOUR
BROTHER, YOU
COULD NOT
SAVE.

YOUR SON,
YOU COULD
NOT SAVE.

YOUR LITTLE
FLITTING FAMILY, BIRD
AND BAT AND WING AND
HOOD--*NONE* SHALL
BE SAVED.

YOU HAVE BUT
ONE TRUE SANCTUARY,
ONE PLACE WHERE YOU BELONG--
AND THAT IS WITH THE MADMEN,
THE INMATES, THE SICK AND
THE BROKEN...

...THE
ASYLEES OF
ARKHAM.





THIS IS FOREVER,
BRUCE. A PRISONER
TO YOUR OWN MIND
AND MEMORIES...

...FOREVER.

HELL
IS OTHER
PEOPLE.

HELL IS
REPETITION.

HELL IS FOR
HEROES.

HELL IS
A CAGE.

NO.



HELL IS A
CAGE, BATMAN.
HELL IS--
AARRGGHH!

NO!



HURRY!

THE BAR
YOU CUT FROM THE
ANCHORESS' CELL--
THE ANTI-CONDUCTOR
DIODE--I'M FLOODING
IT WITH ALL THE
ENERGY THE STUN
GUN'S GOT!



ANCHORESS!
GET AWAY FROM
HIM!

*Her powers drain when
she uses them. She's
vulnerable again.*



*In a different way, she
was always vulnerable.*

BATMAN!
GET OUT OF
HERE!

WE CAN'T
HELP YOU
WITH HER
HERE!



GO!





I think I might've just saved the Batman's life.



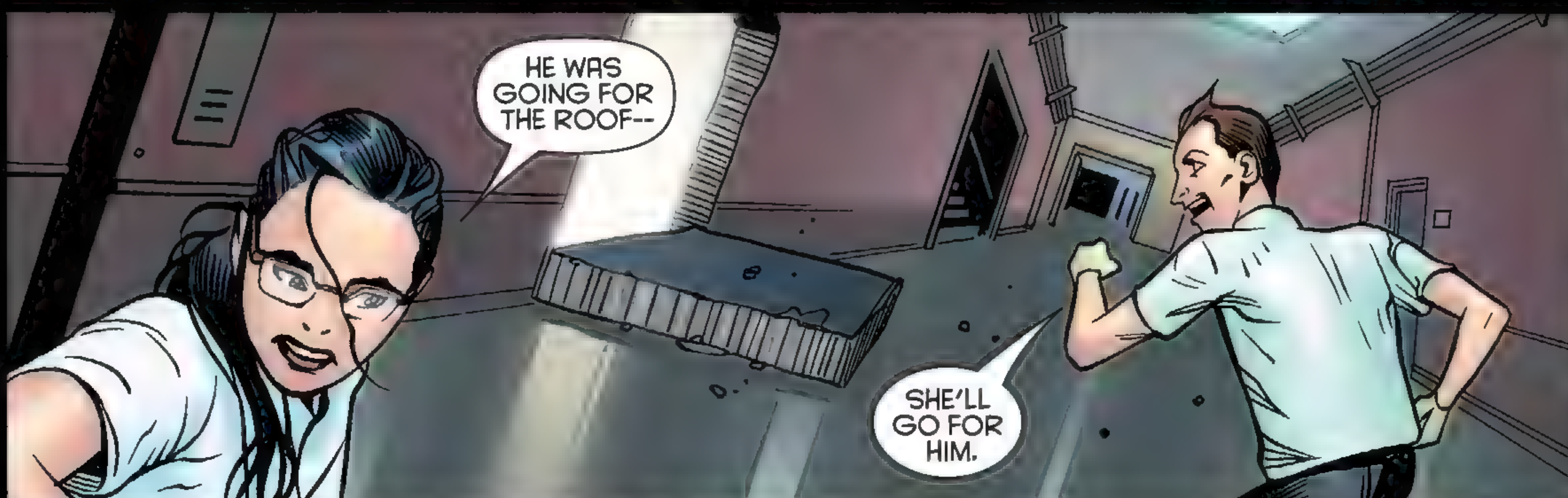
ERIC!



The rest of the staff is on manual lockdown, making sure that whatever the Anchoress caused when she tunneled out of her cell doesn't damage the mainframe security system.

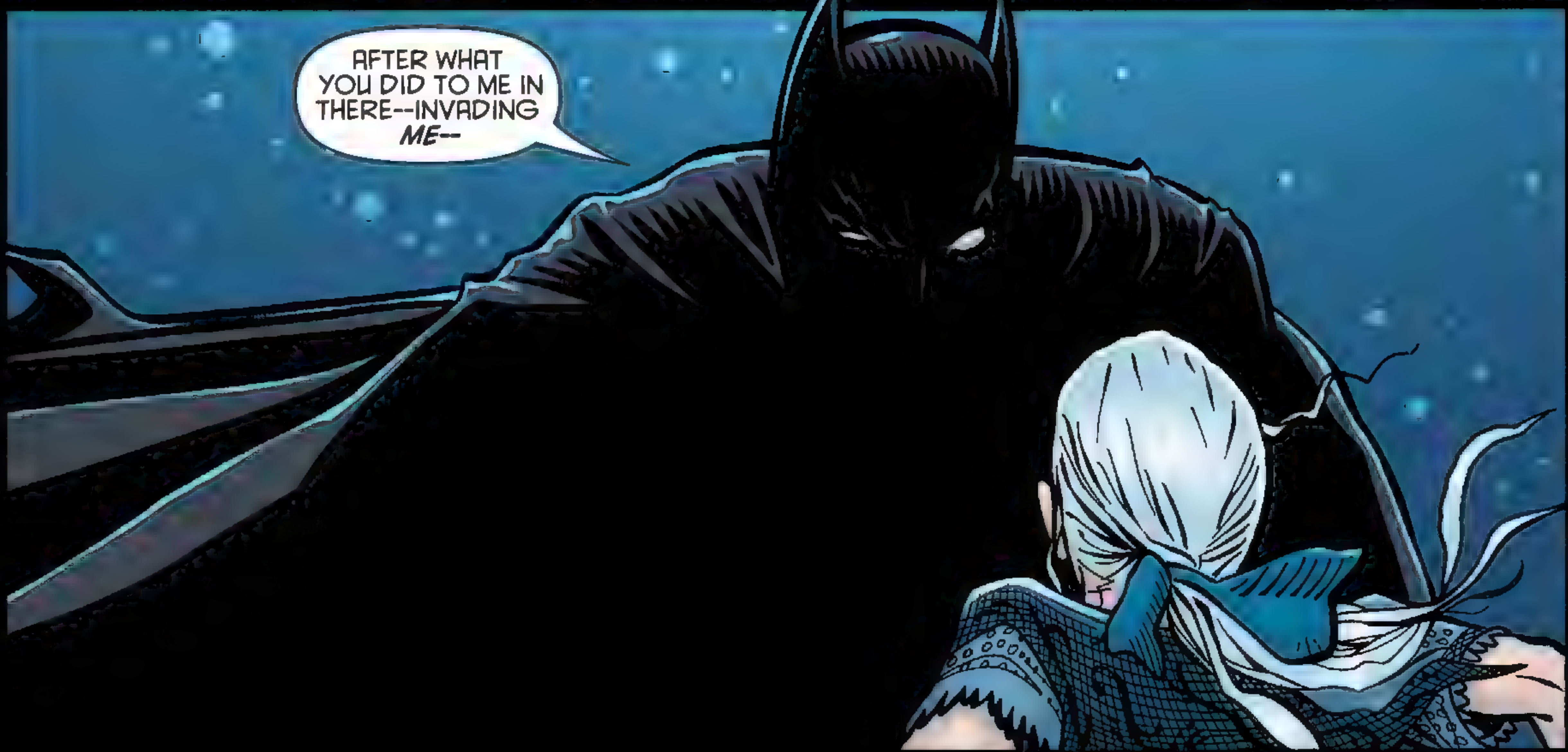
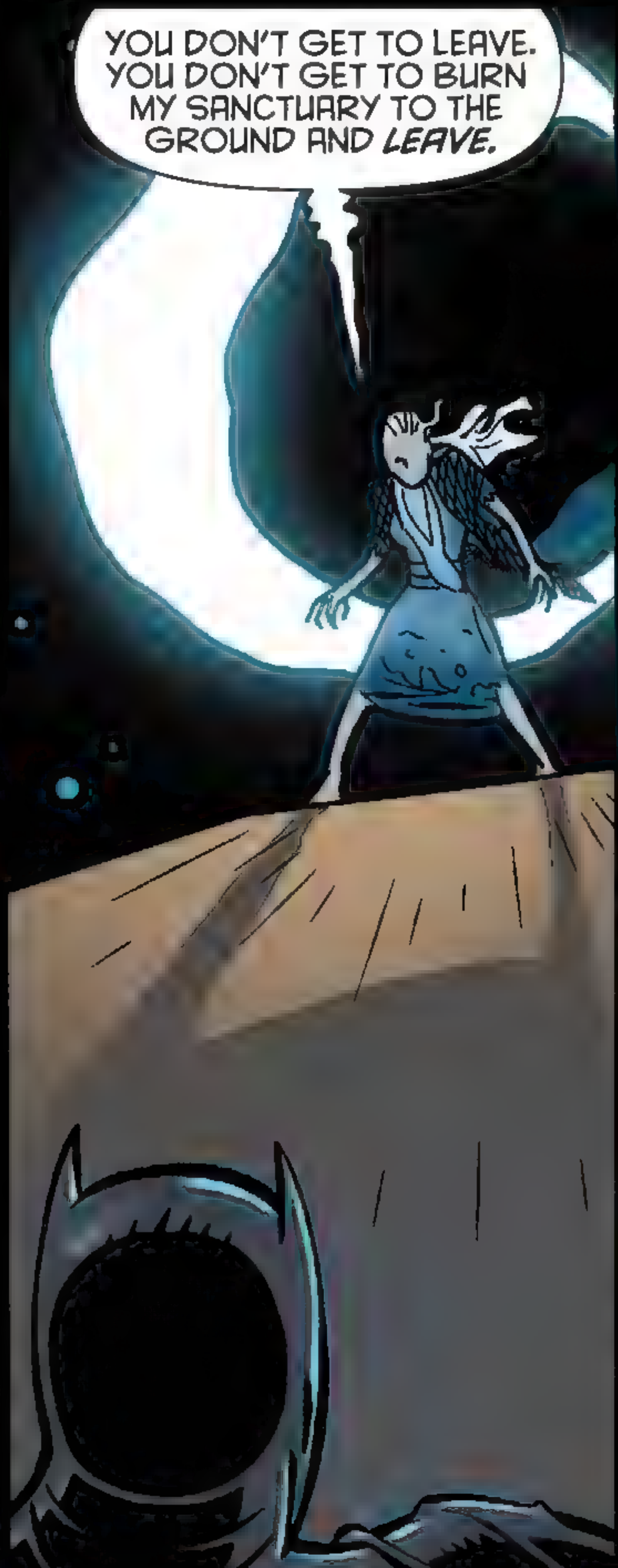
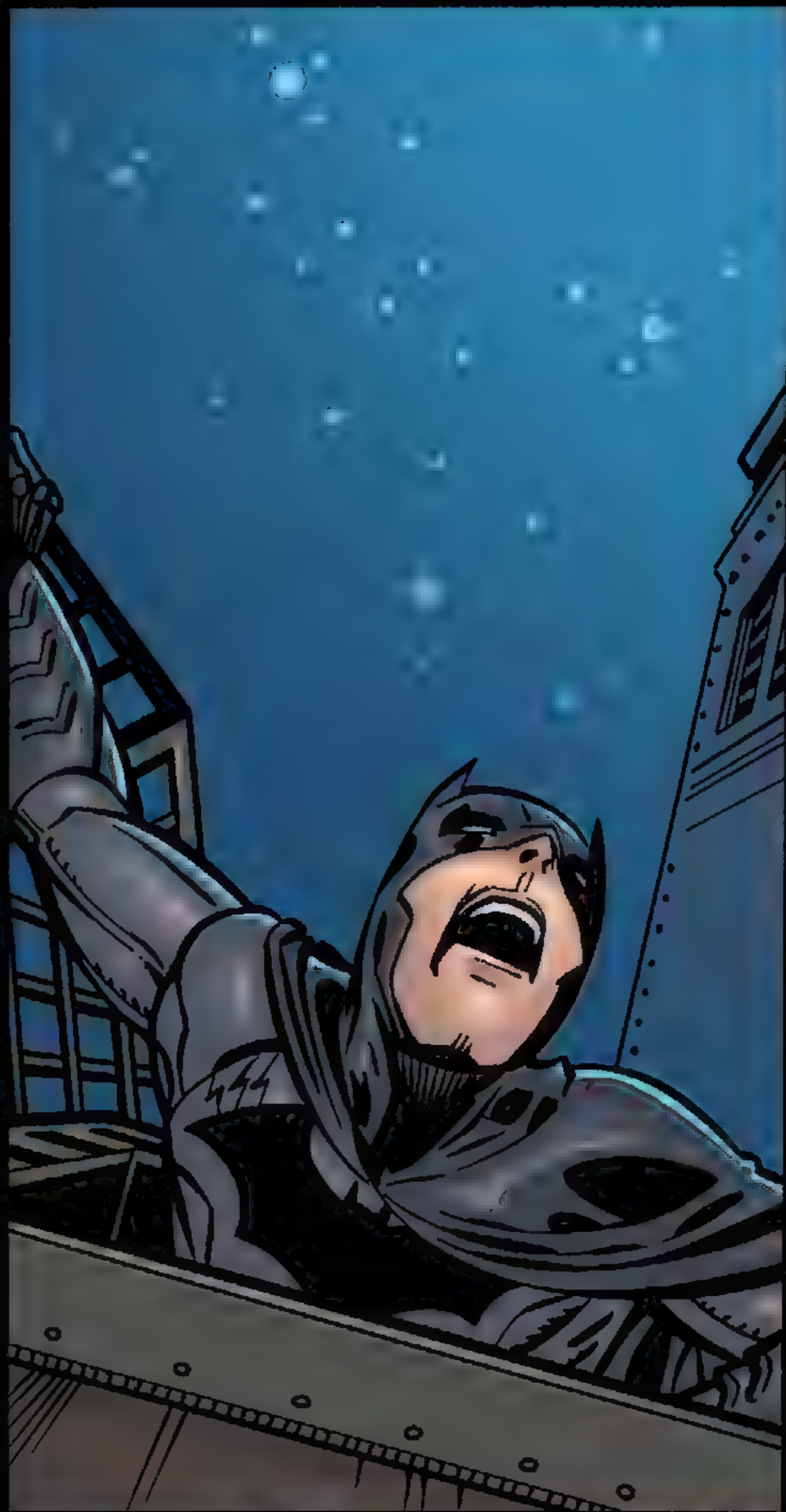


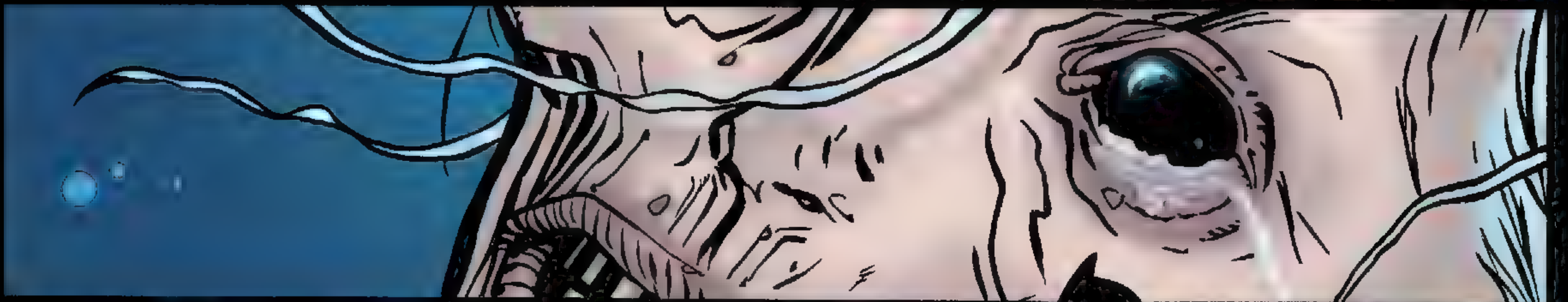
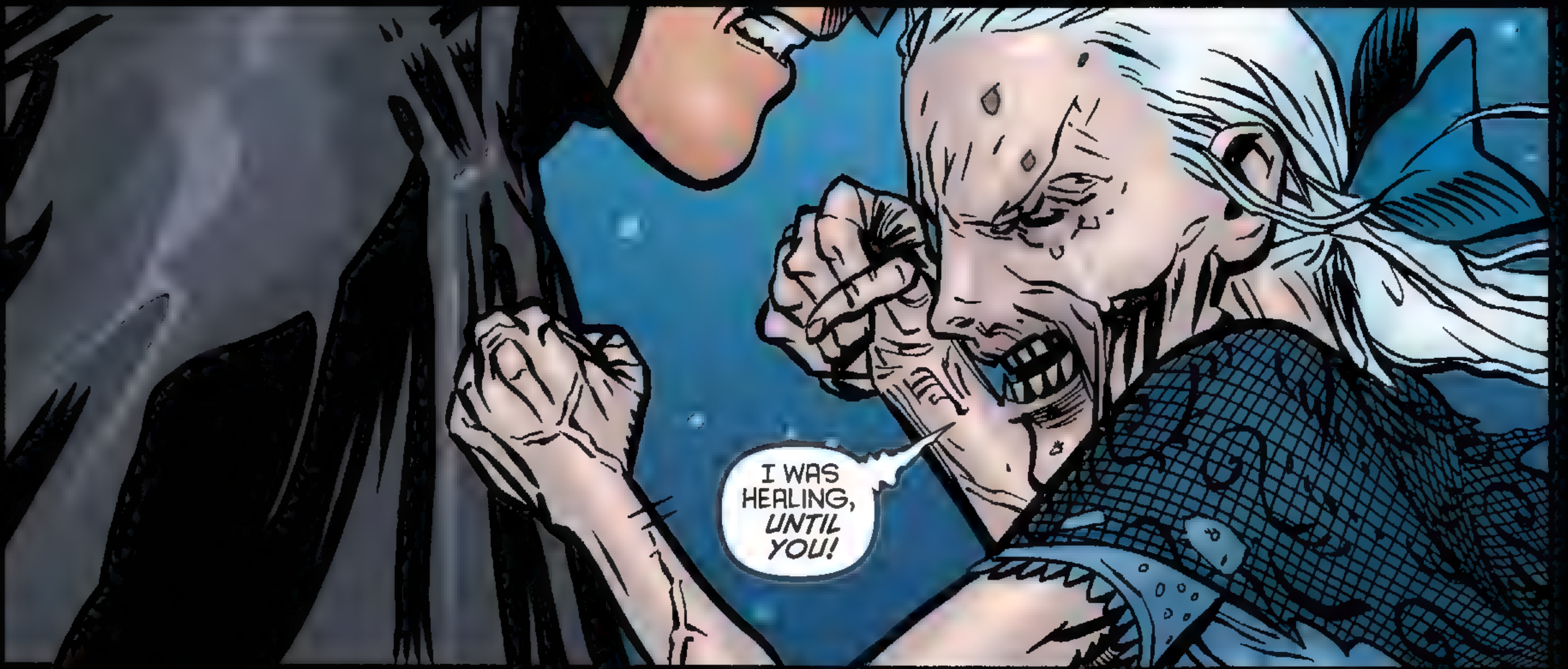
NO--NOT LIKE THIS-- NOT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS--



HE WAS GOING FOR THE ROOF--

SHE'LL GO FOR HIM.





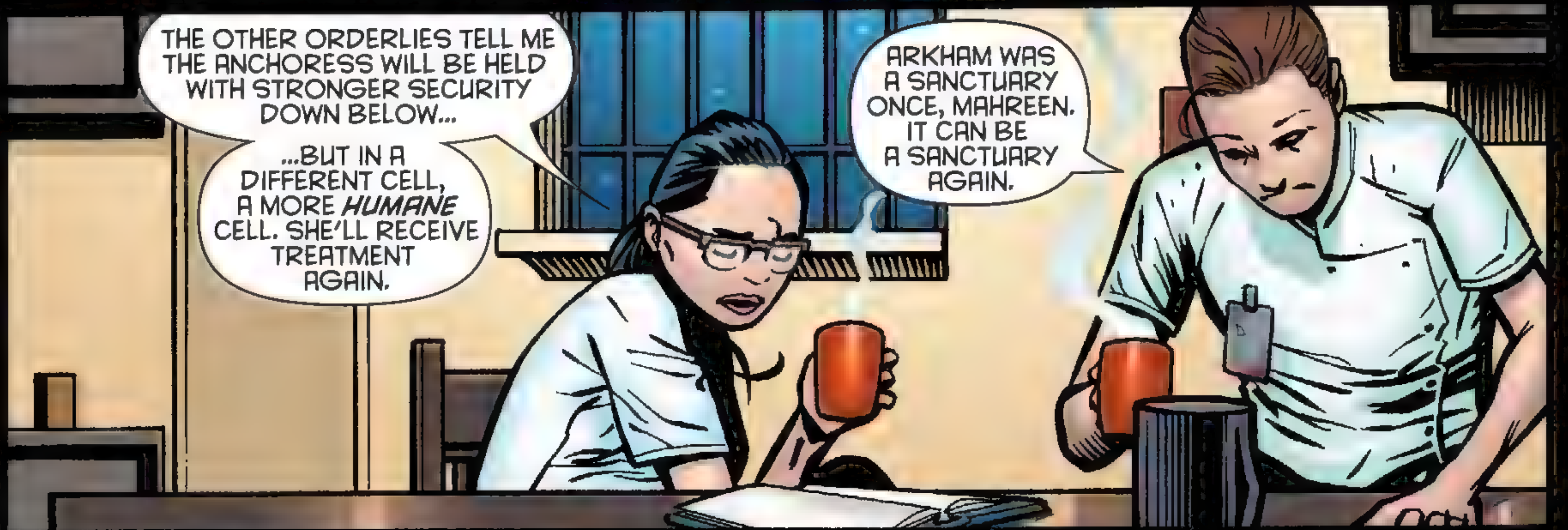




HERE YOU GO, SWEETIE.

THANKS, MAHREEN.

ALL CELLS ARE QUIET. NONE OF THE DOORS EVER OPENED, AFTER WHAT THE ANCHORESS DID.



THE OTHER ORDERLIES TELL ME THE ANCHORESS WILL BE HELD WITH STRONGER SECURITY DOWN BELOW...

...BUT IN A DIFFERENT CELL, A MORE *HUMANE* CELL. SHE'LL RECEIVE TREATMENT AGAIN.

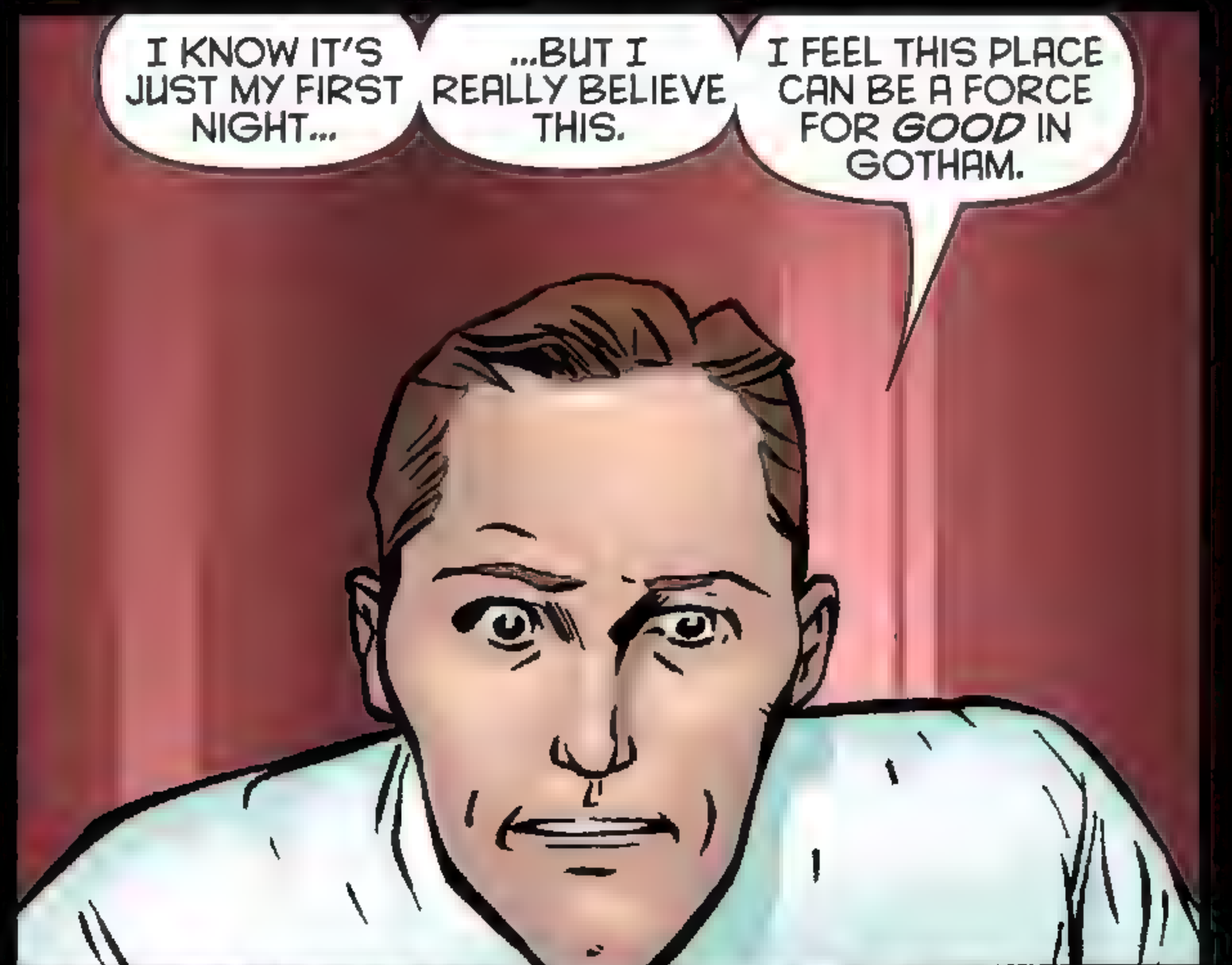
ARKHAM WAS A SANCTUARY ONCE, MAHREEN. IT CAN BE A SANCTUARY AGAIN.



AND *BATMAN*? YOU'LL HAVE A HARD TIME CONVINCING HIM.

I'M NOT GOING TO LIE-- I'LL HAVE A HARD TIME CONVINCING *MYSELF*.

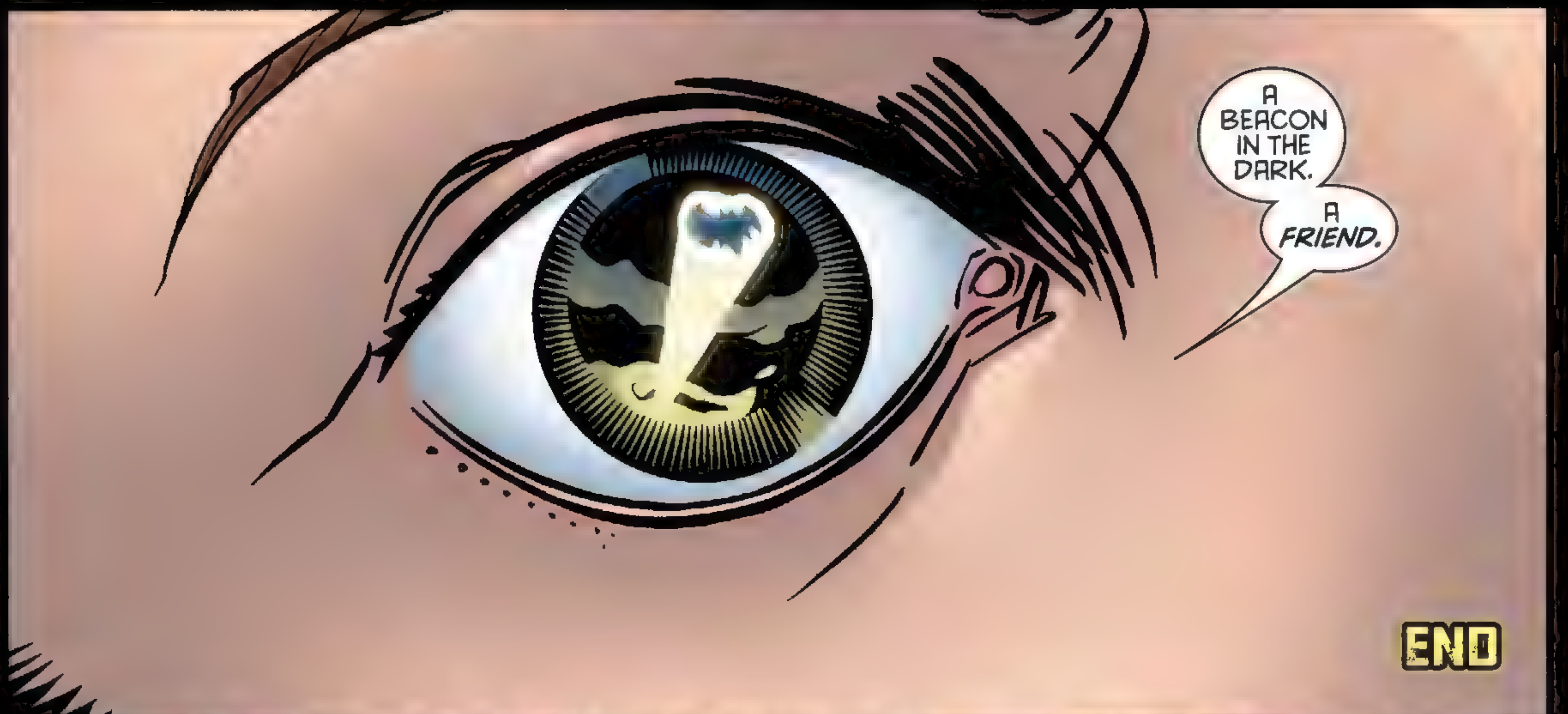
BUT WHEN HE'S READY, WE'LL BE HERE FOR HIM.



I KNOW IT'S JUST MY FIRST NIGHT...

...BUT I REALLY BELIEVE THIS.

I FEEL THIS PLACE CAN BE A FORCE FOR *GOOD* IN GOTHAM.



A BEACON IN THE DARK.

A FRIEND.

END



THE MEEK

SCOTT SNYDER GERRY DUGGAN plotters GERRY DUGGAN writer MATTEO SCALERA artist LEE LOUGHRIDGE colorist
cover by MATTEO SCALERA and MORENO DINISIO



"THERE'S A NEW BLACK
OUT THERE, YOU KNOW.

"SOMETHING BLACKER
THAN BLACK.

"SCIENTISTS IN
FARNBOROUGH UNVEILED
IT JUST THE OTHER DAY.
IT'S MADE WITH COOLED
CARBON NANOTUBES."

CRILLAAAAAK

IS
SOMEBODY
THERE?

HELLO?

"THEY SAY IT
ABSORBS
NINETY-NINE
POINT NINE SIX
PERCENT OF
LIGHT THAT HITS
IT. IT'S CALLED
'VANTABLACK.'
LOOKING AT IT,
YOUR EYE CAN'T
EVEN PROCESS
WHAT IT'S SEEING.

"IT'S LIKE
LOOKING
AT A HOLE."

WHAT
THE--

SPLISH

→Gaspl←

HUCKSTER...?

AUH
AUH AUH
GUHD!

"I'LL LOOK INTO IT,
DR. THOMPkins. BUT
RIGHT NOW I'M CALLING
ABOUT YOUR PATIENT.
YOU WERE RIGHT.
SOMETHING IS WRONG."

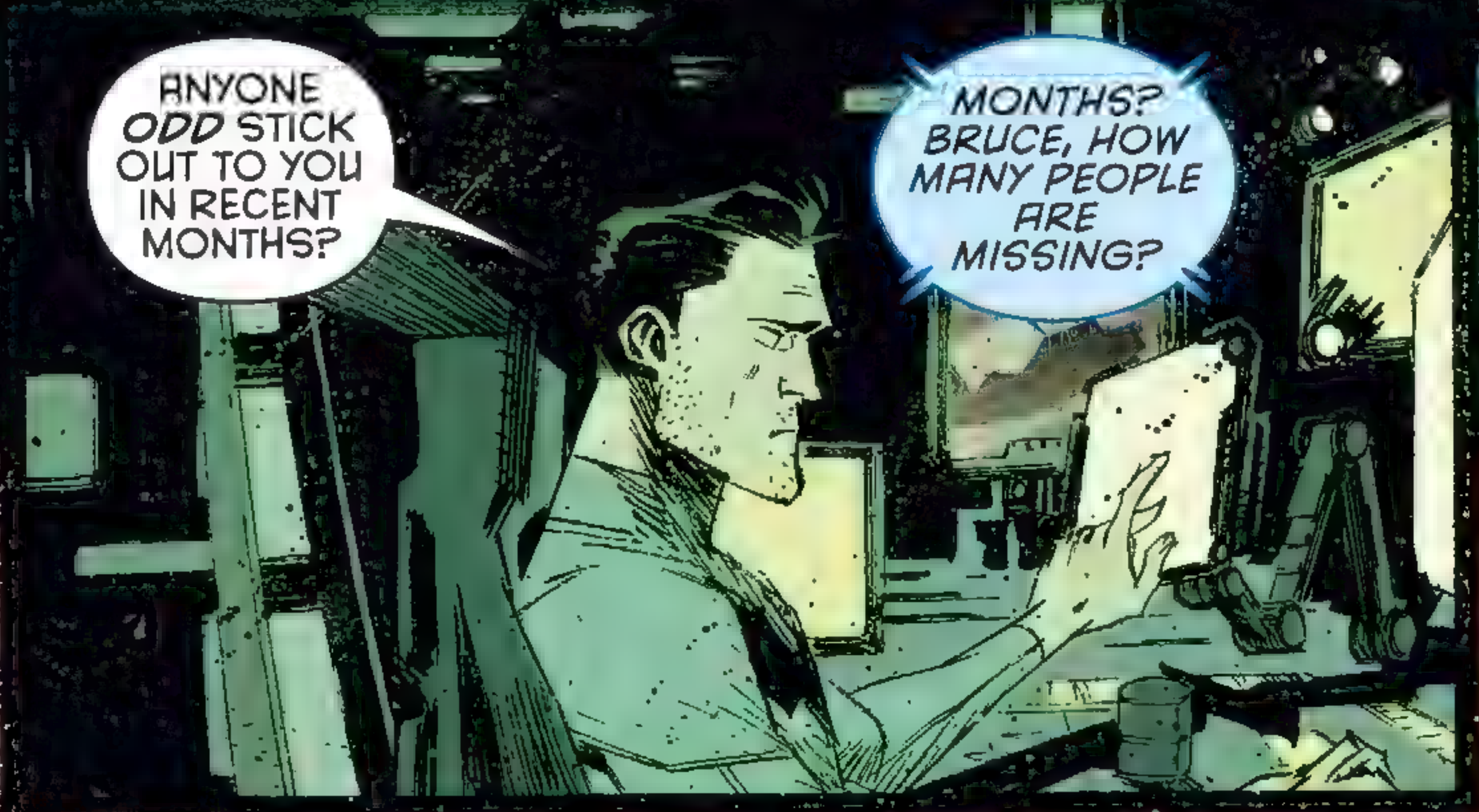


I READ ABOUT IT AND THOUGHT OF YOU, BRUCE. I'LL BET YOU ALREADY HAVE SOMETHING **BLACKER**, DON'T YOU? ALFRED IS PROBABLY--

LESLIE, LISTEN. I CALLED BECAUSE OF THE PATIENT YOU MENTIONED. I FAILED TO FIND ANY TRACE OF HER, BUT I EXPANDED MY INVESTIGATION, AND...

...I BELIEVE A **KILLER** IS ACTIVE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD. HAVE ANY OF YOUR OTHER PATIENTS MISSED APPOINTMENTS?

YES, BUT...IT'S NOT UNUSUAL. SOME OF MY PATIENTS ARE RUNNING, OR THEY'RE ARRESTED.



ANYONE **ODD** STICK OUT TO YOU IN RECENT MONTHS?

MONTHS? BRUCE, HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE MISSING?



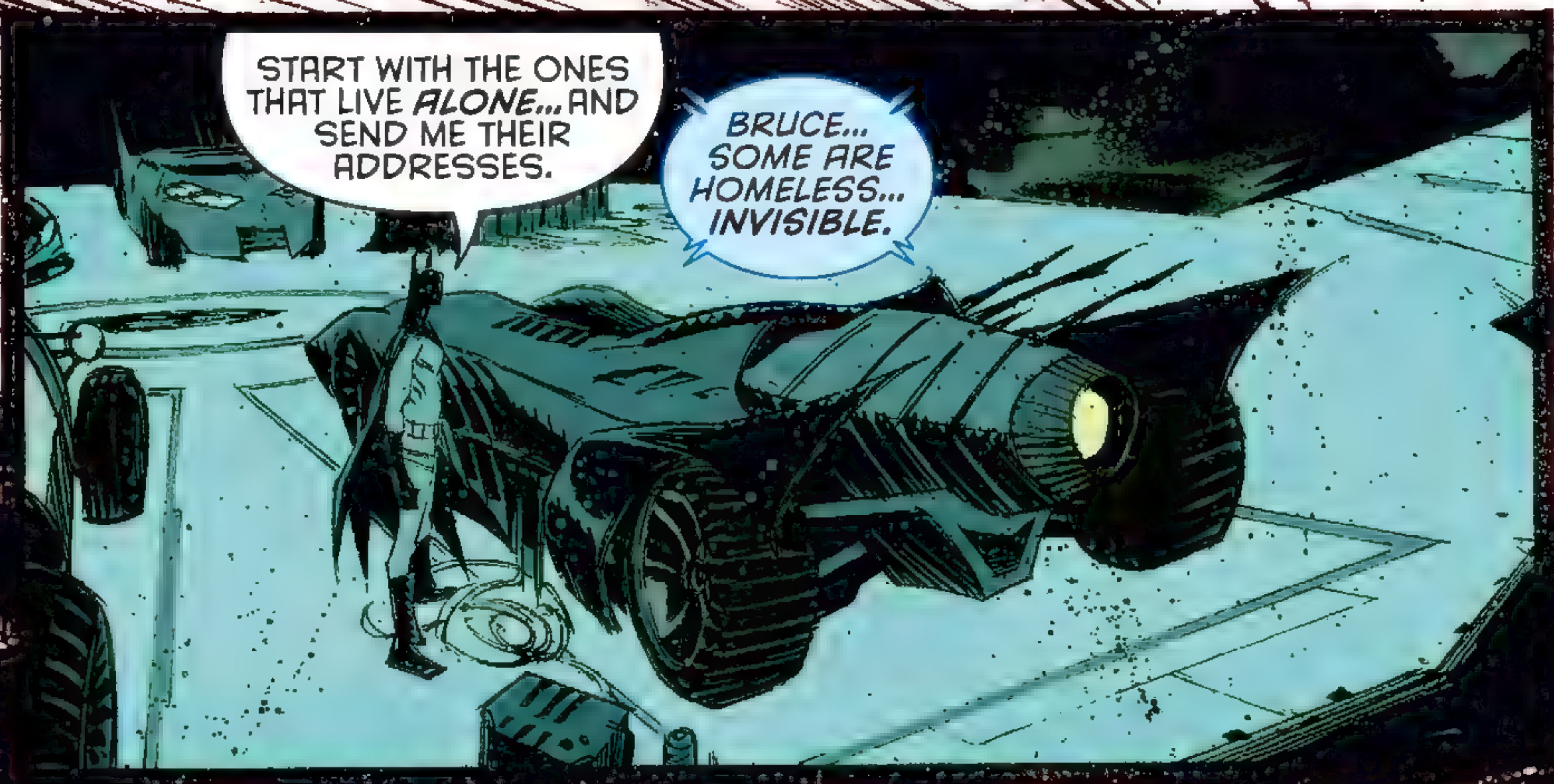
NOT SURE. I SCoured THE TRAFFIC CAMERAS AND I MAY BE LOOKING FOR A **RED PICKUP TRUCK**.

I NEED YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME.



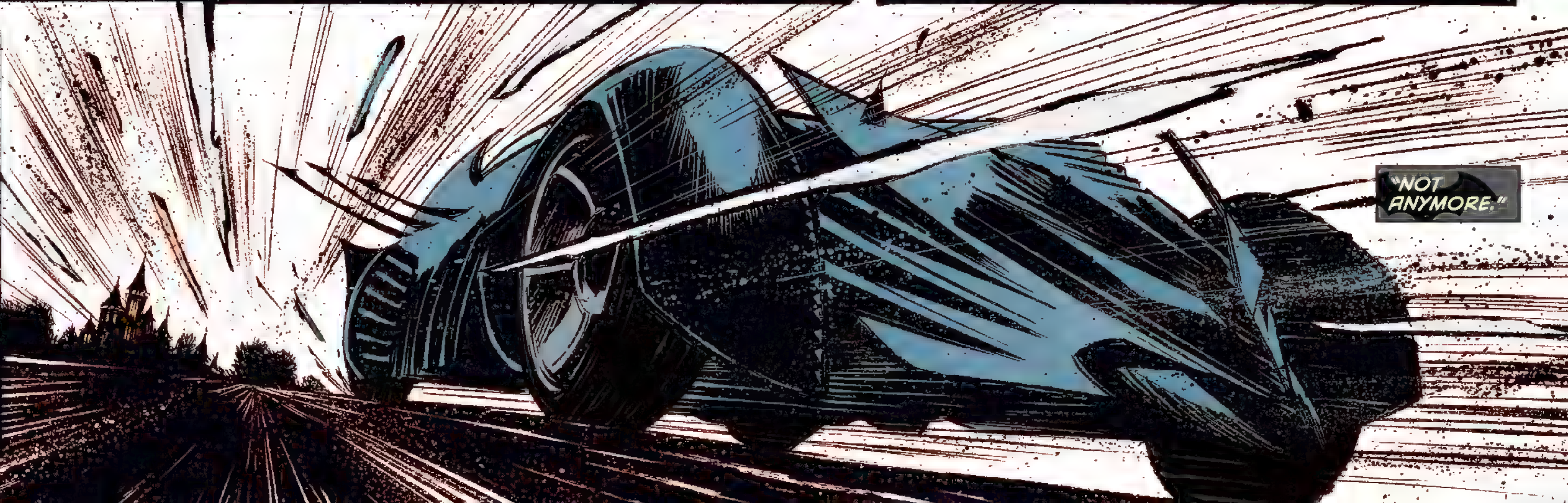
YES?

WARN YOUR PATIENTS.



START WITH THE ONES THAT LIVE **ALONE**...AND SEND ME THEIR ADDRESSES.

BRUCE... SOME ARE **HOMELESS**... **INVISIBLE**.



"NOT ANYMORE."



I GOT AN
ENVELOPE
FOR YOU.

THEN
I GOT A
HOLE FOR
YOU.



THIS IS
HALF OF WHAT
YOU SHOULD BE
PAYING ME.

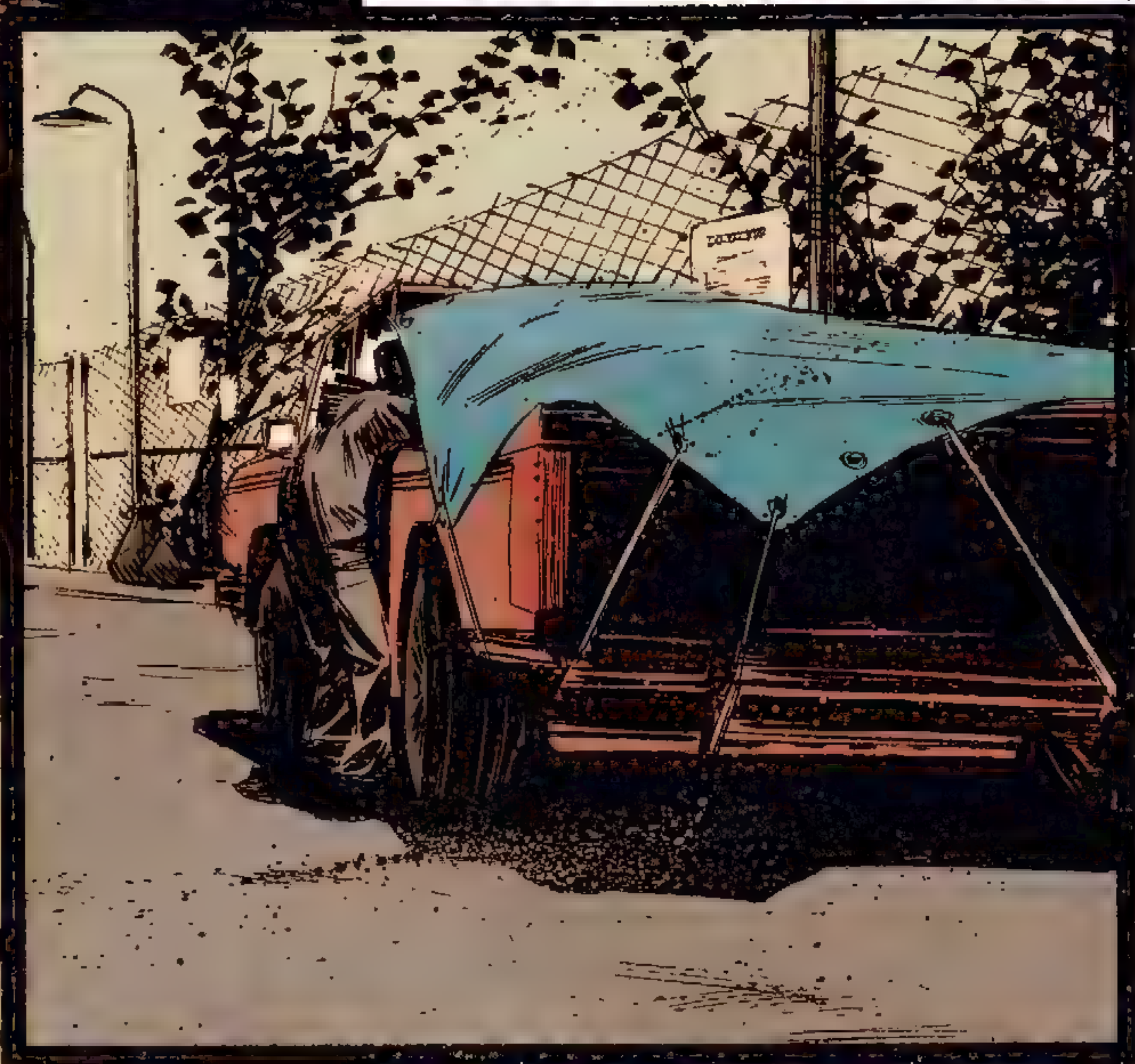


YOU WANNA MAKE
MONEY BURYING
BODIES? GO TO
GOTHAM LAWN
CEMETERY.

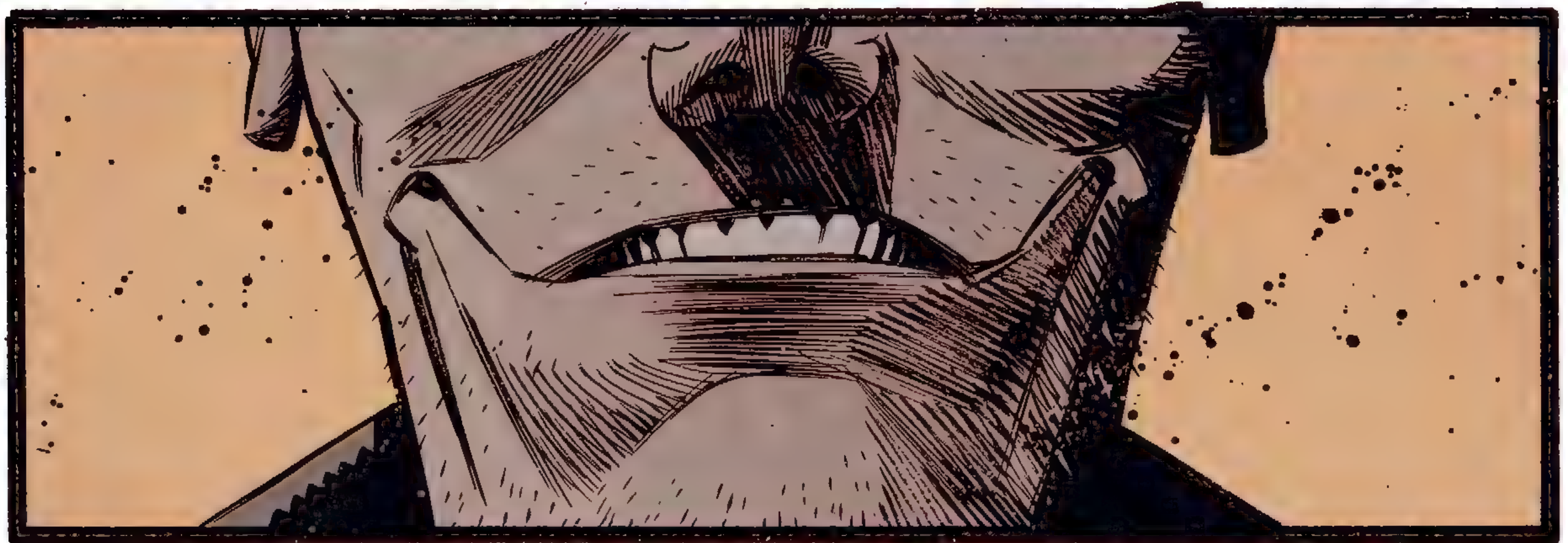
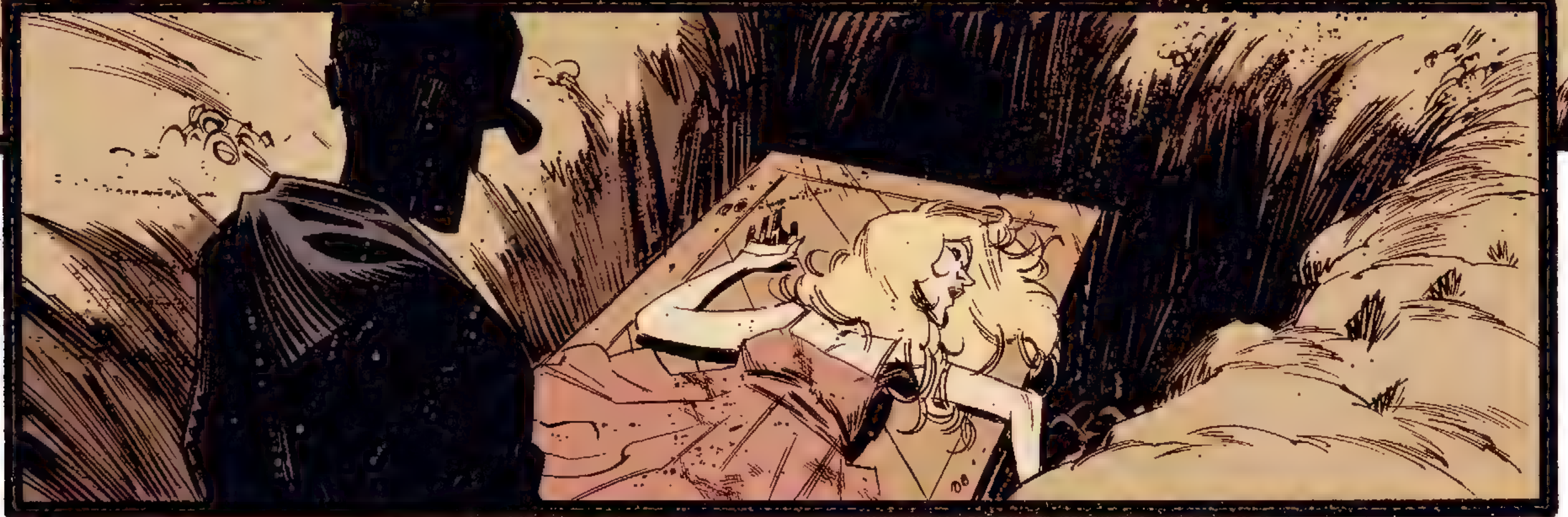
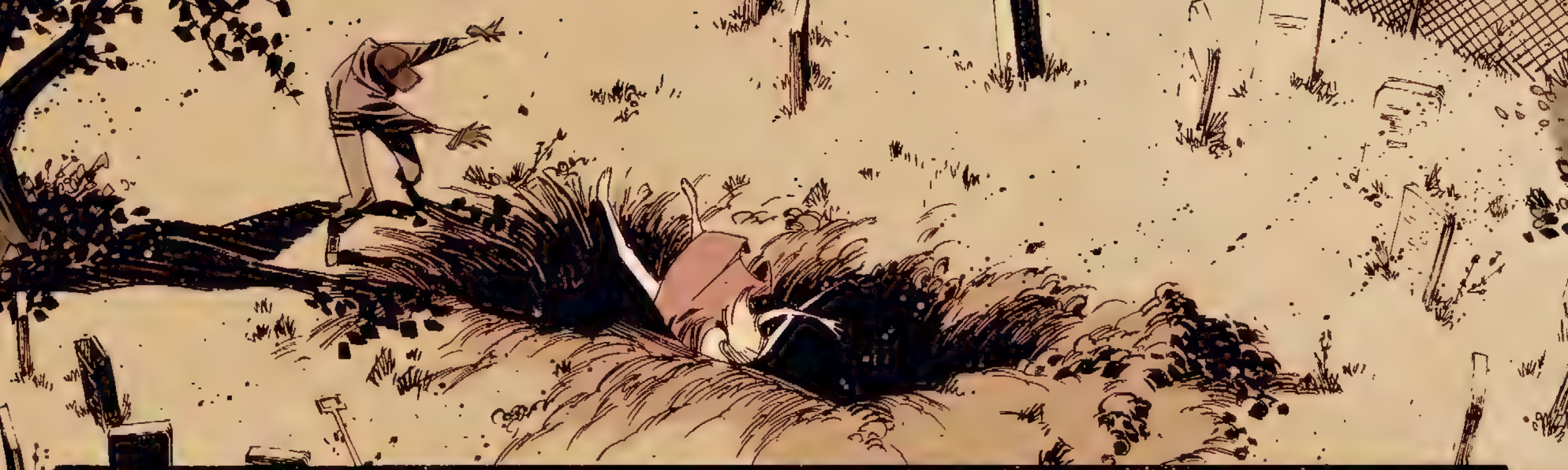
THIS IS GOTHAM'S
POTTER'S FIELD--
IT'S FILLED WITH
UNCLAIMED
BODIES. AND
NO MONEY.

I NEED A
DRINK.









I've been
distracted.

...I'm angry at the killer...
but I'm furious at myself.
Whoever he is, he believes
he is beyond my sight.

And he was right.
Until tonight.



Selina has graduated to
stealing big. A kingpin.
She's more lost than ever.

Jim Gordon
sentenced to
Blackgate for
murder.



How long has he got
before a shiv is slipped
between his ribs?



The rank & file
police have turned
against me...

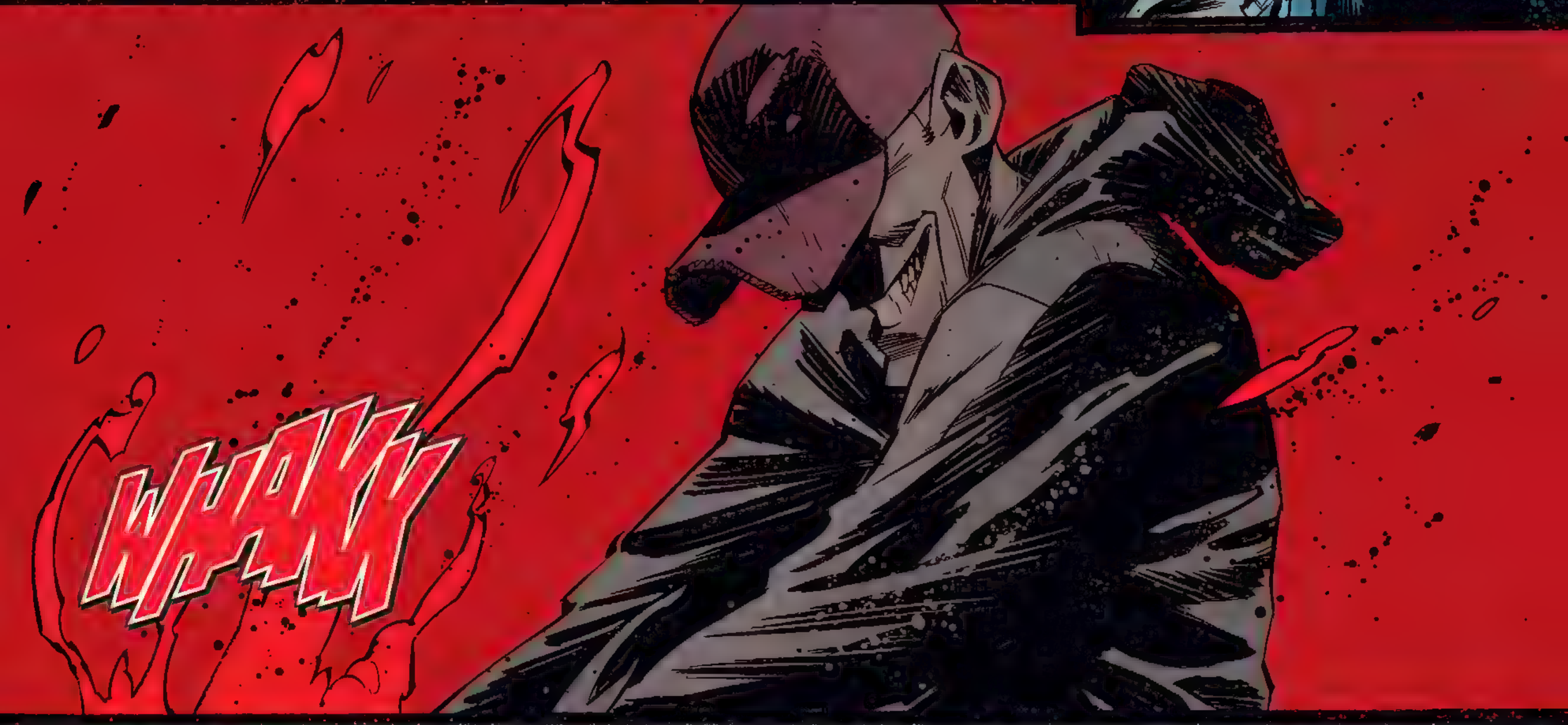
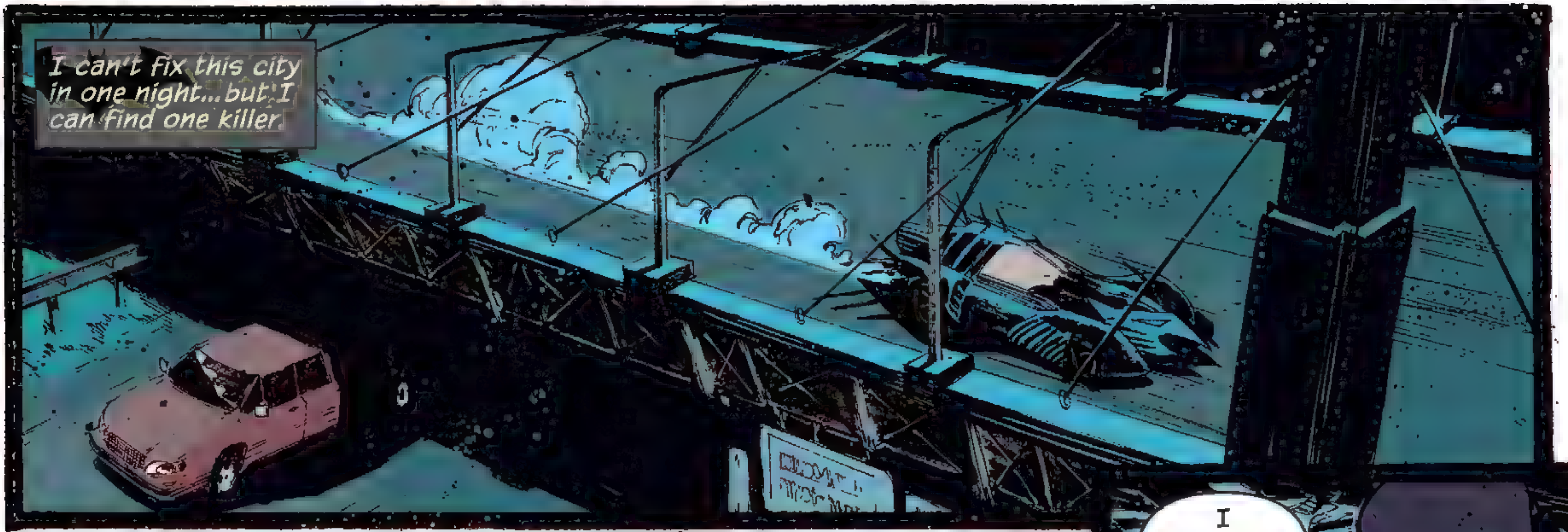
the clown is
still missing...



the quiet isn't
comforting... like
being in the eye
of a hurricane.



Tonight I set all of
that aside. There's
a killer on the loose.

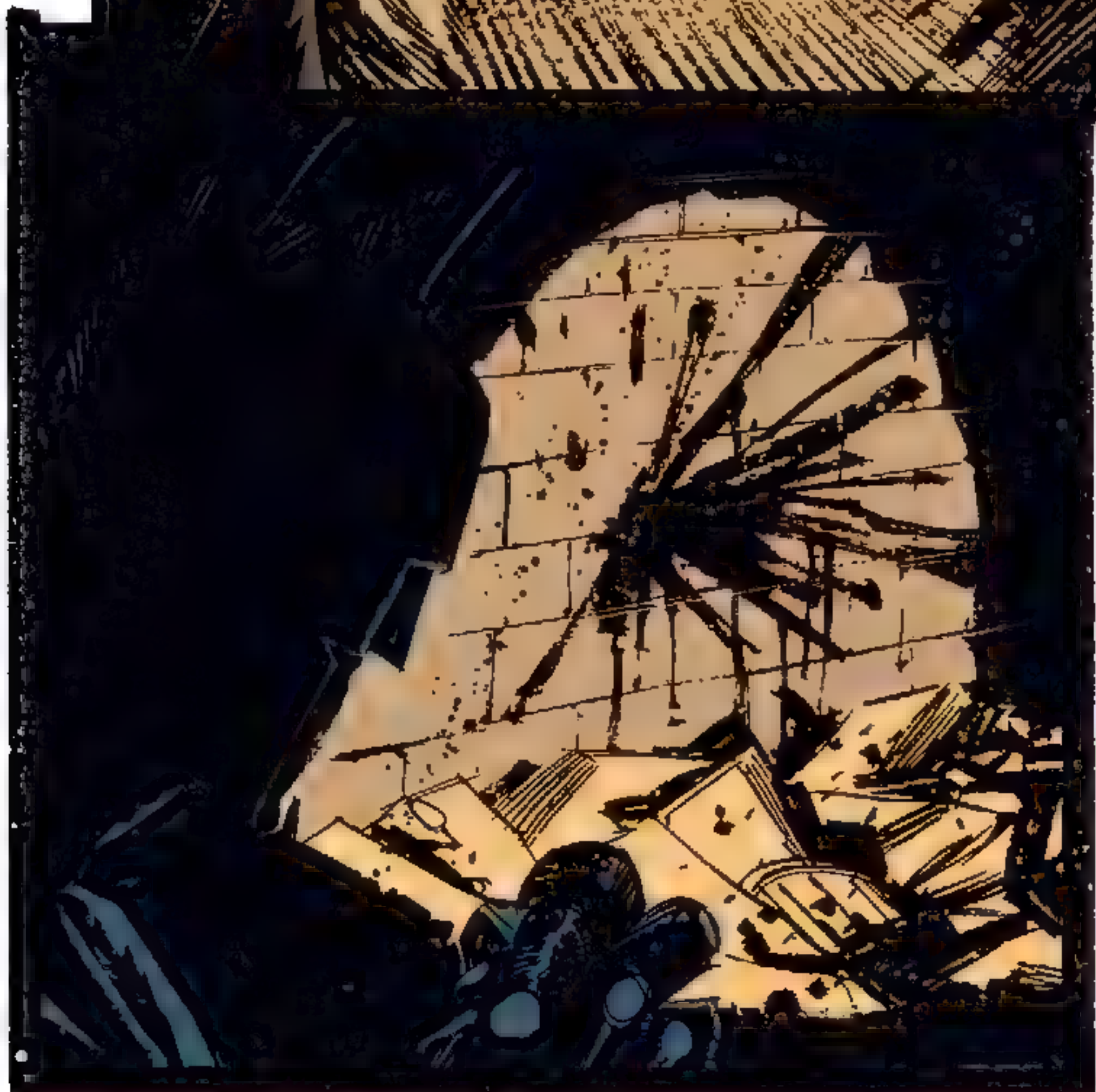
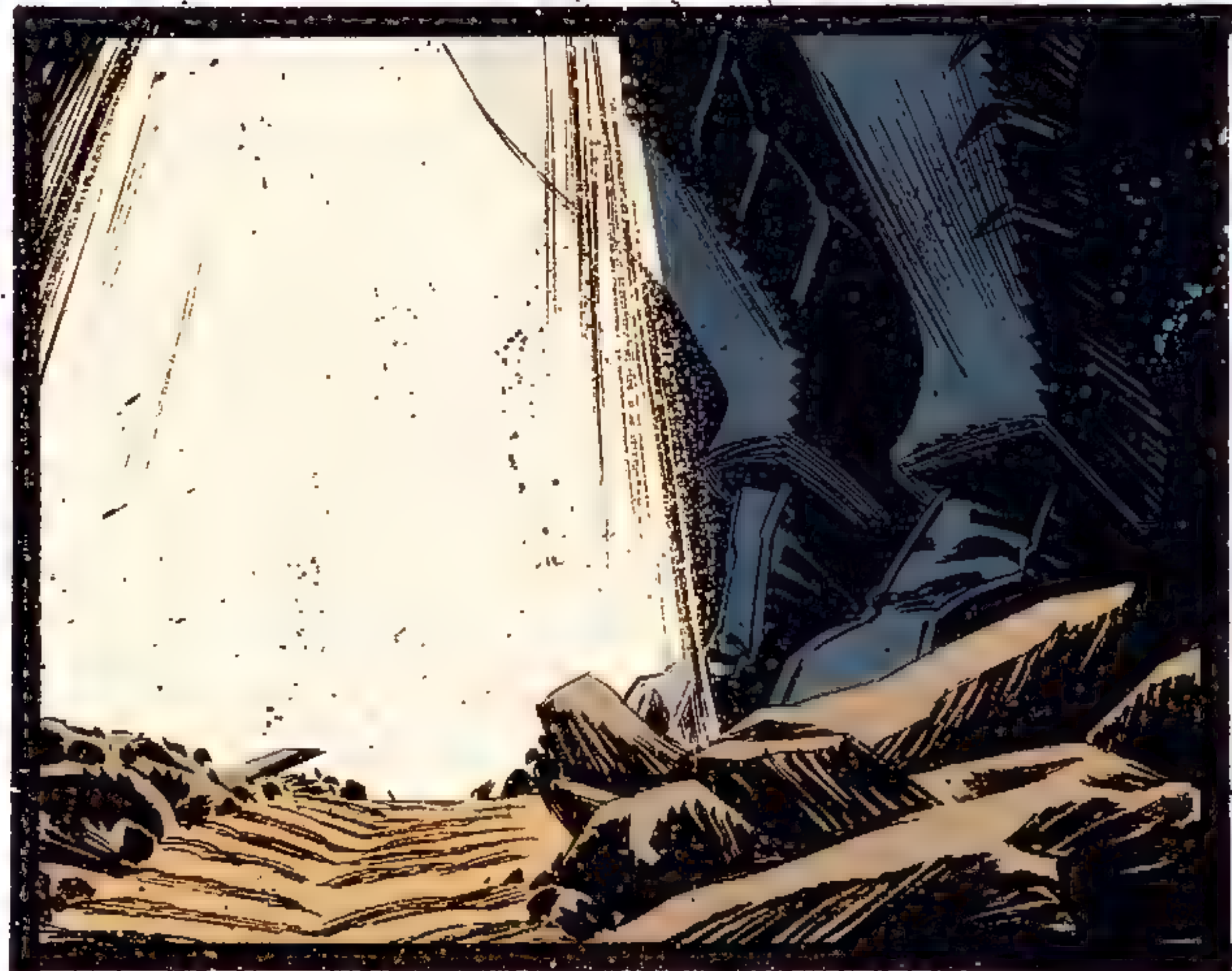


This road ran out of working traffic cameras three blocks back... but I spotted a red pickup coming this way...

He's hunting. I can feel it in my bones.

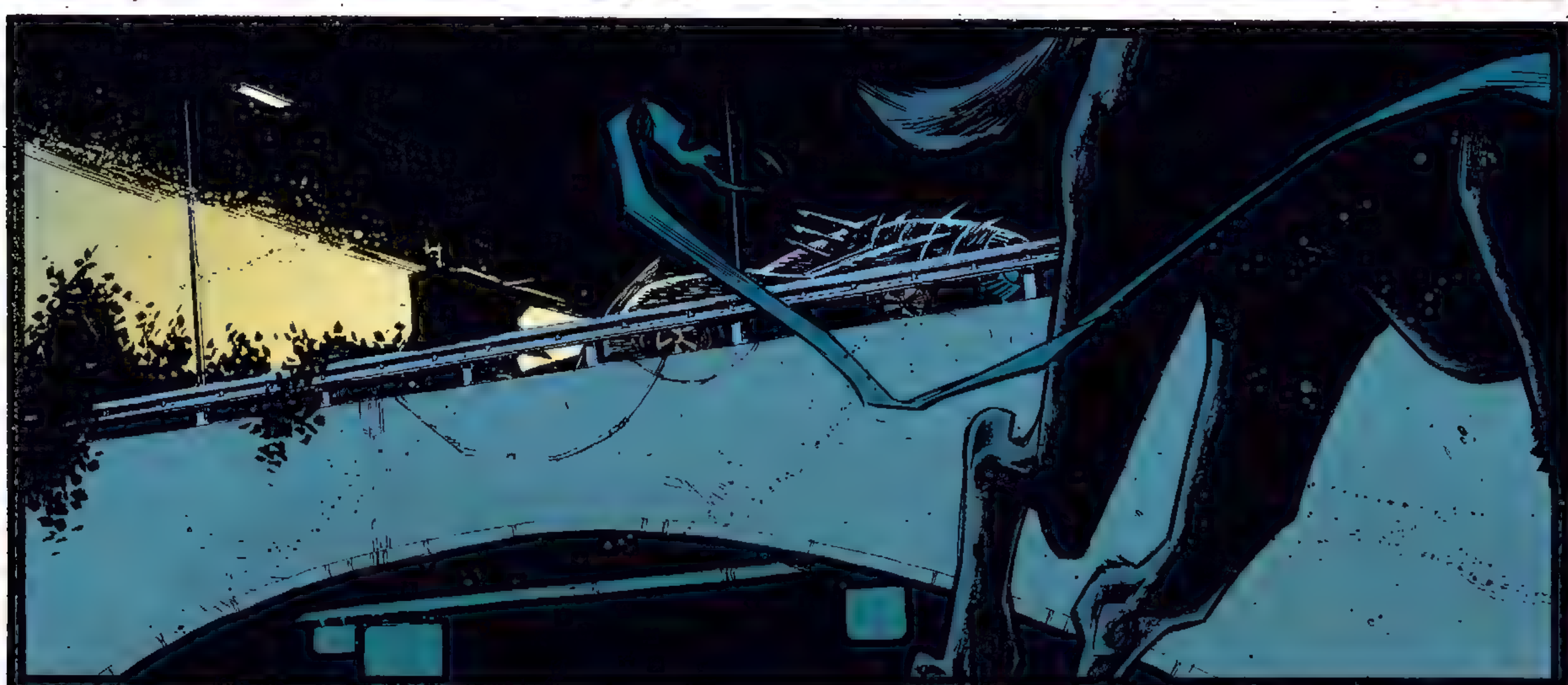
So am I.

GRARRR!

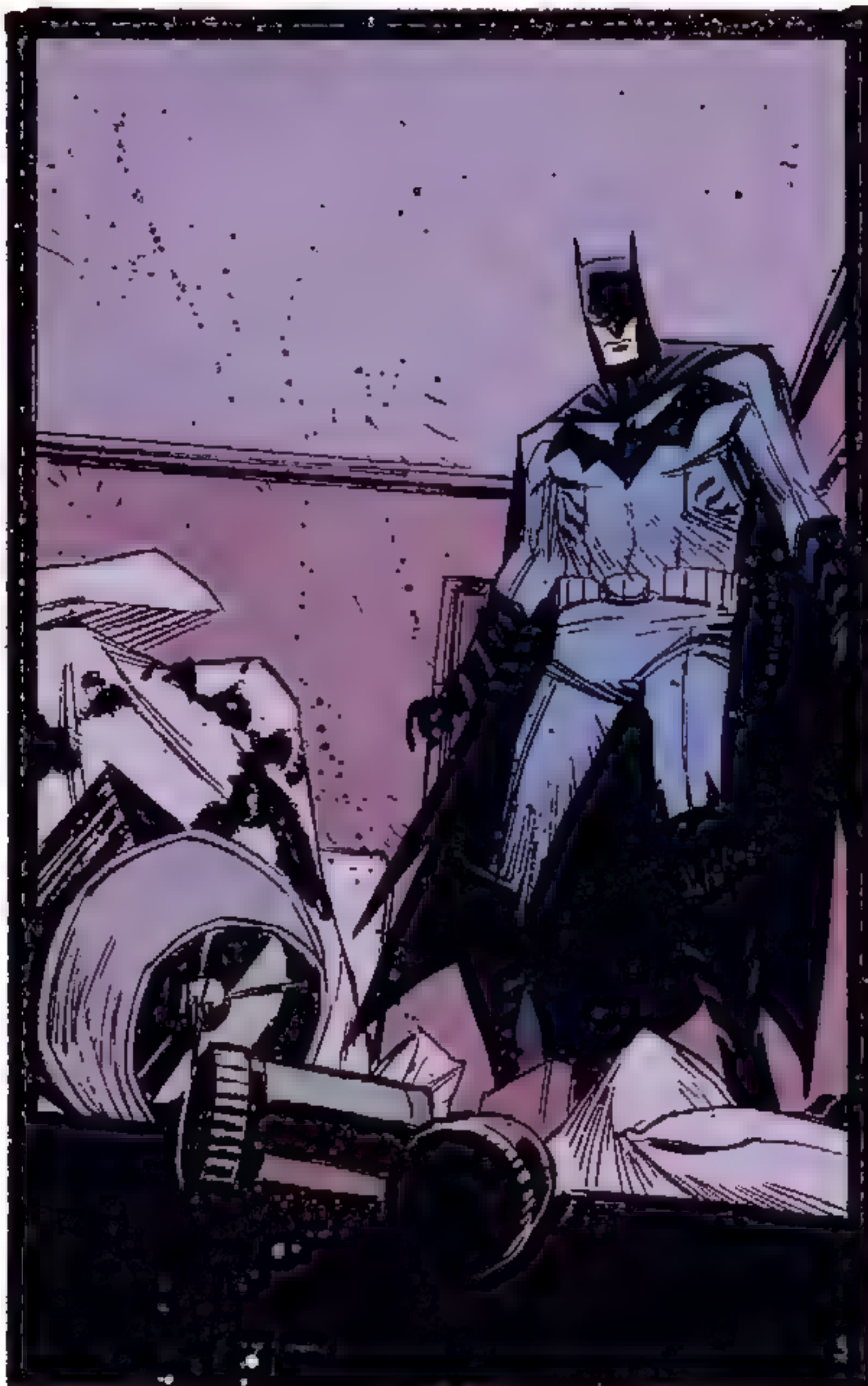
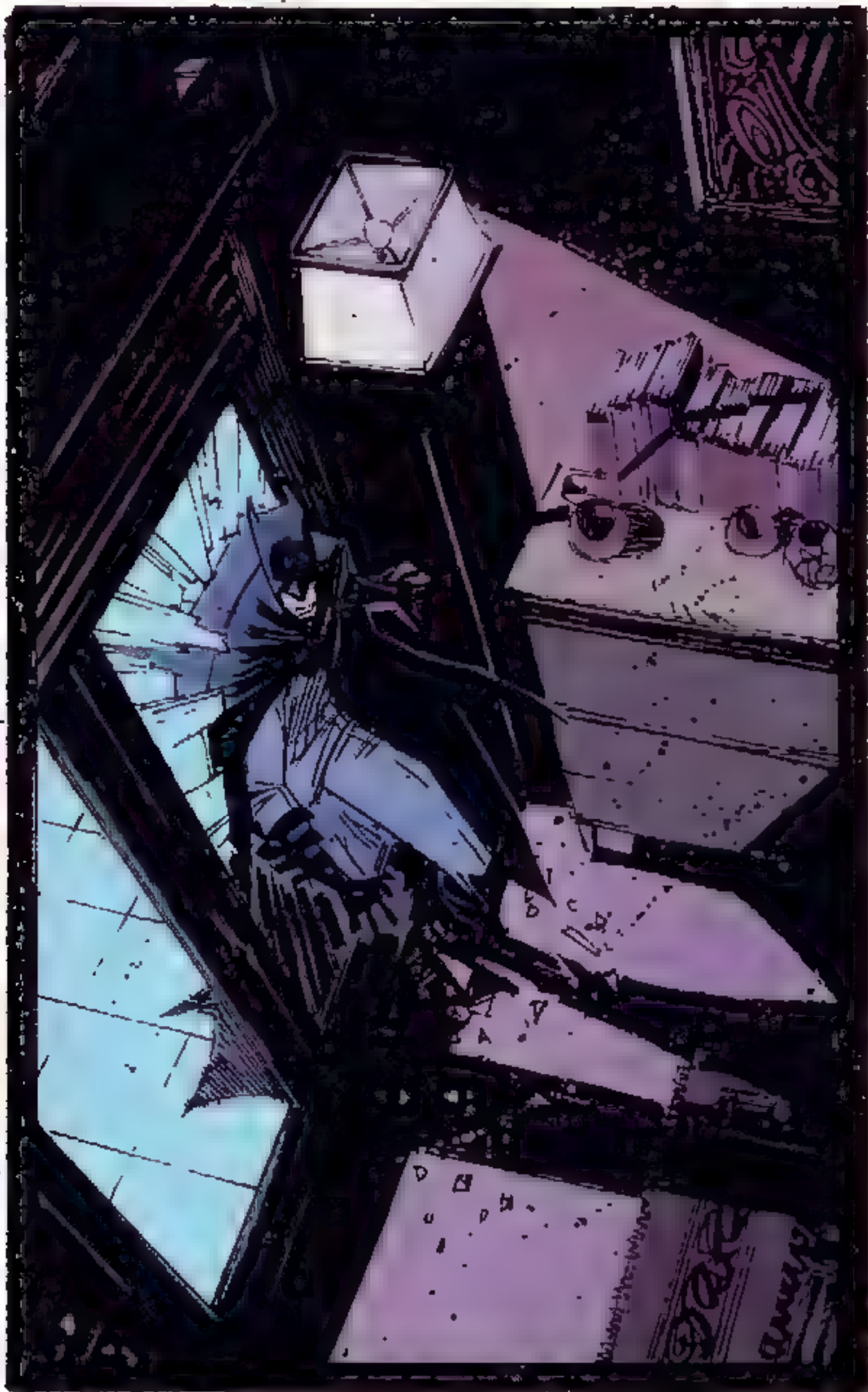
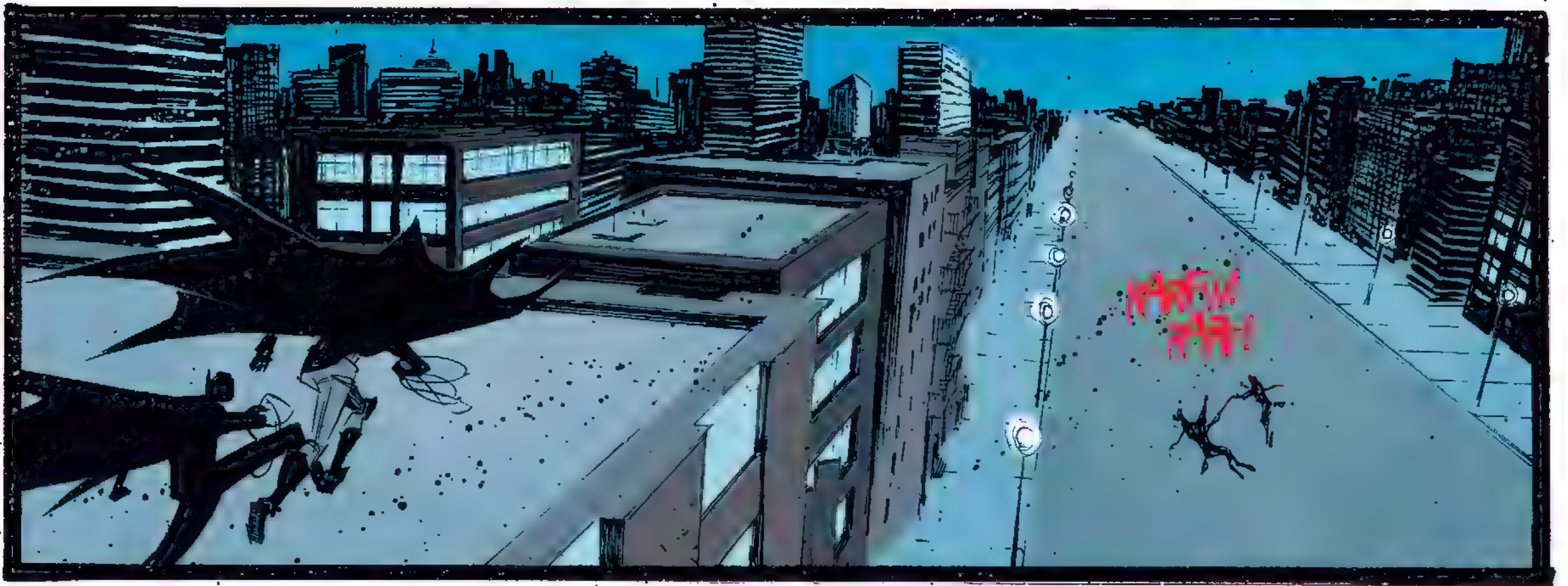


DID YOU CATCH HIS SCENT, BOY?

THEN YOU'RE DEPUTIZED.











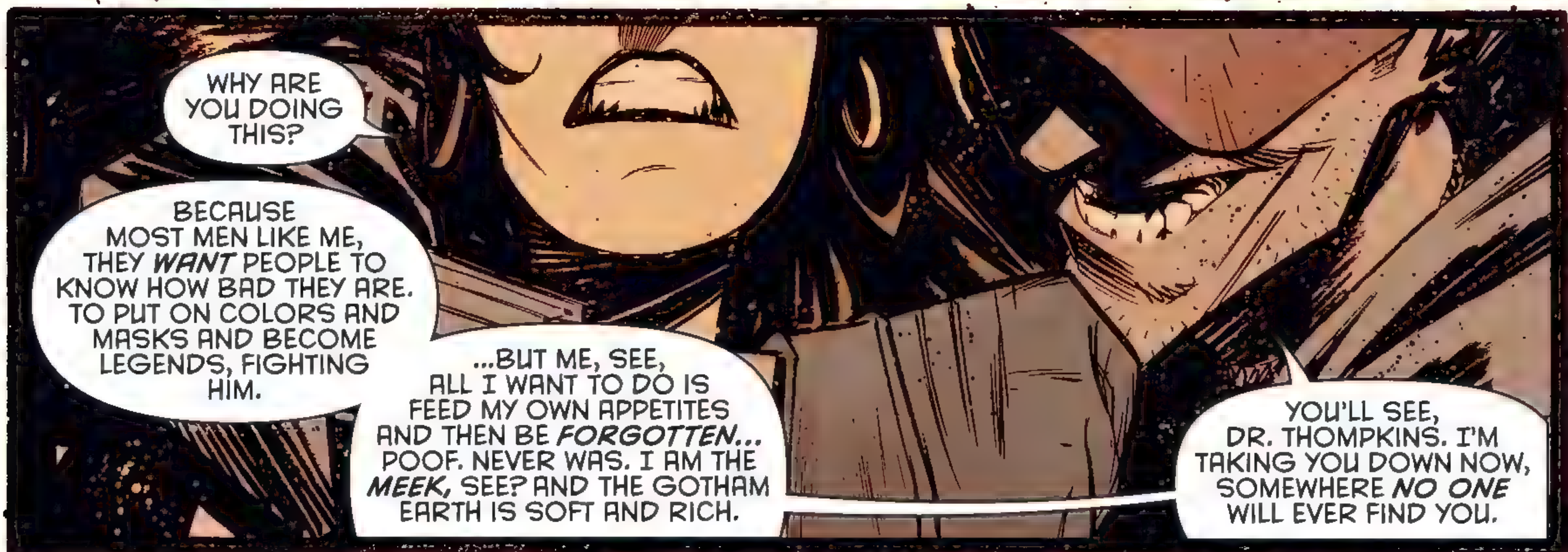
AAAAIEEEEE!

I CAN'T HAVE YOU WARNING THEM.



I HAVE NO DRUGS--- JUST A LITTLE MONEY.

HA! ALREADY IN THE *BARGAINING* PHASE OF DEATH, ARE YOU?

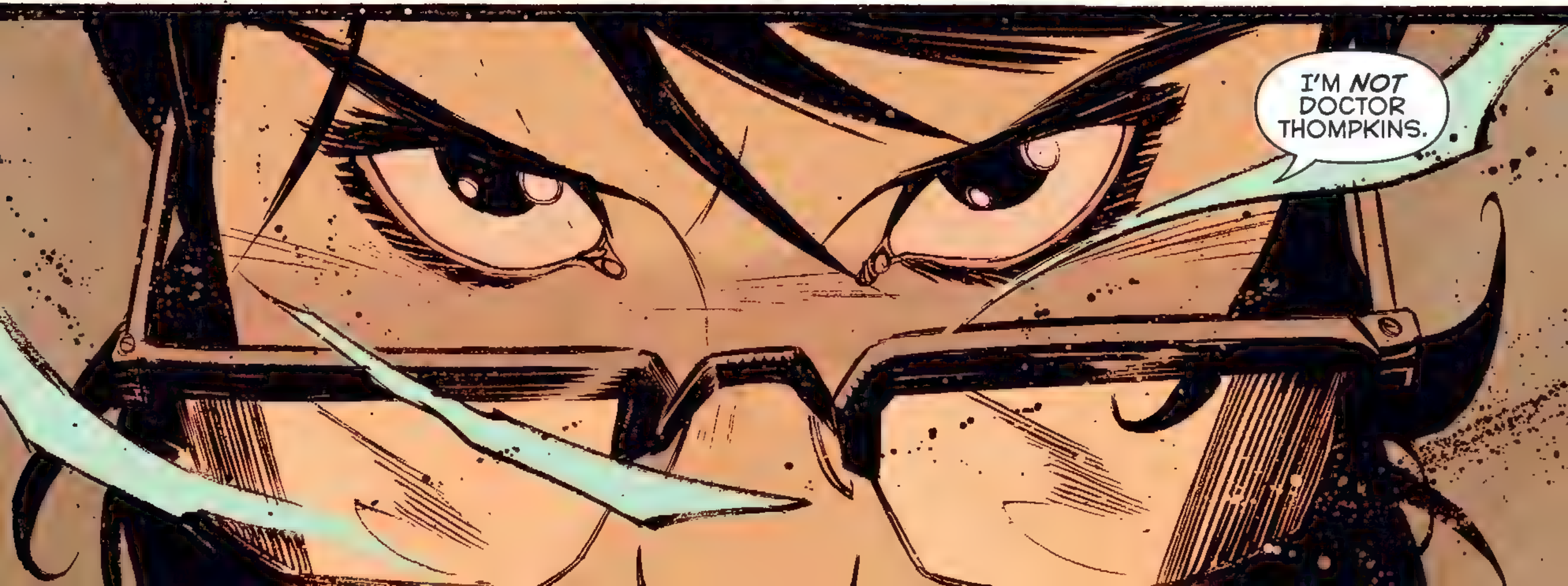


WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

BECAUSE MOST MEN LIKE ME, THEY *WANT* PEOPLE TO KNOW HOW BAD THEY ARE. TO PUT ON COLORS AND MASKS AND BECOME LEGENDS, FIGHTING HIM.

...BUT ME, SEE, ALL I WANT TO DO IS FEED MY OWN APPETITES AND THEN BE *FORGOTTEN*... POOF. NEVER WAS. I AM THE *MEEK*, SEE? AND THE GOTHAM EARTH IS SOFT AND RICH.

YOU'LL SEE, DR. THOMPkins. I'M TAKING YOU DOWN NOW, SOMEWHERE *NO ONE* WILL EVER FIND YOU.



I'M NOT DOCTOR THOMPkins.

SKRABASH

→uhh←

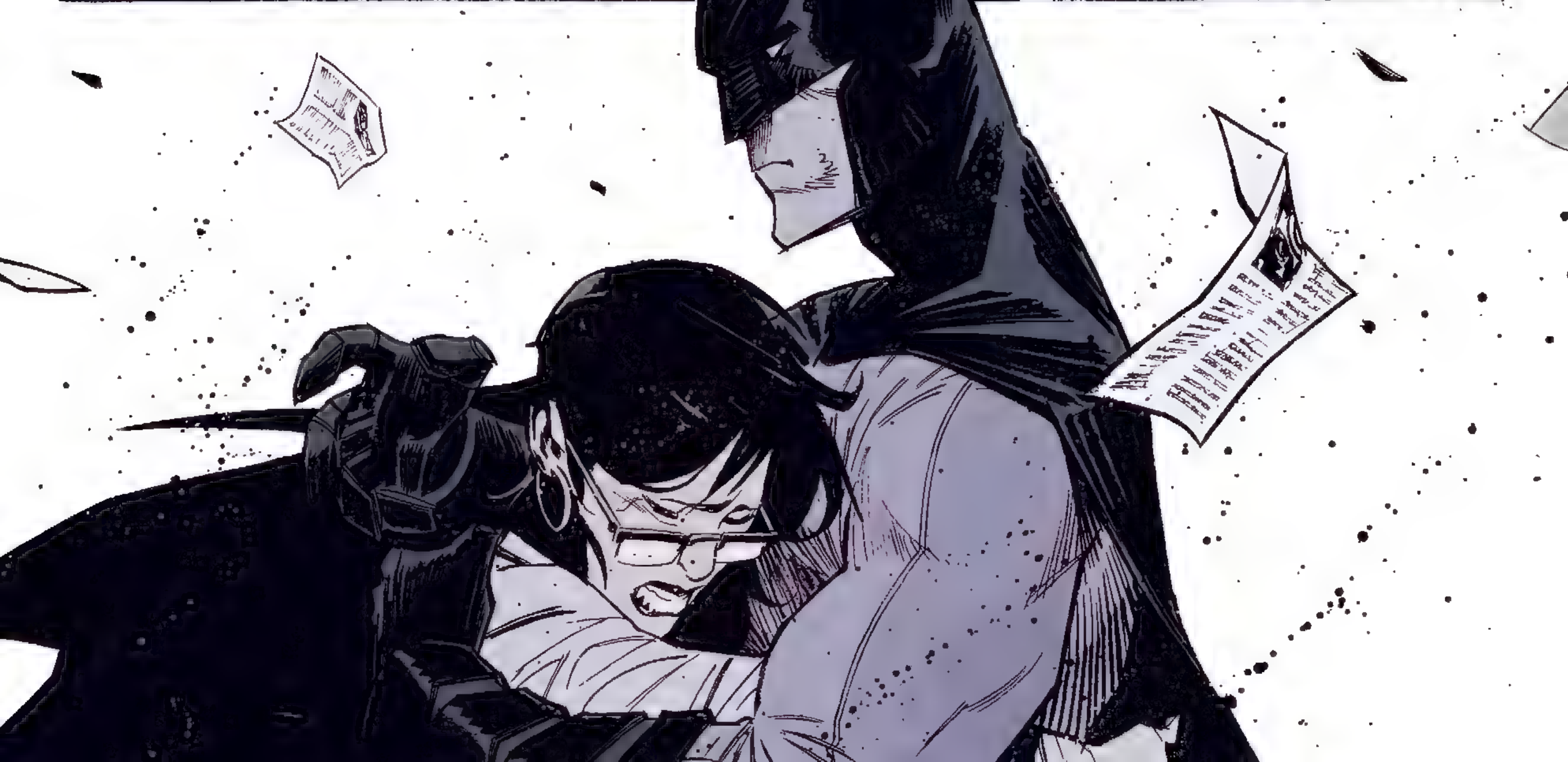
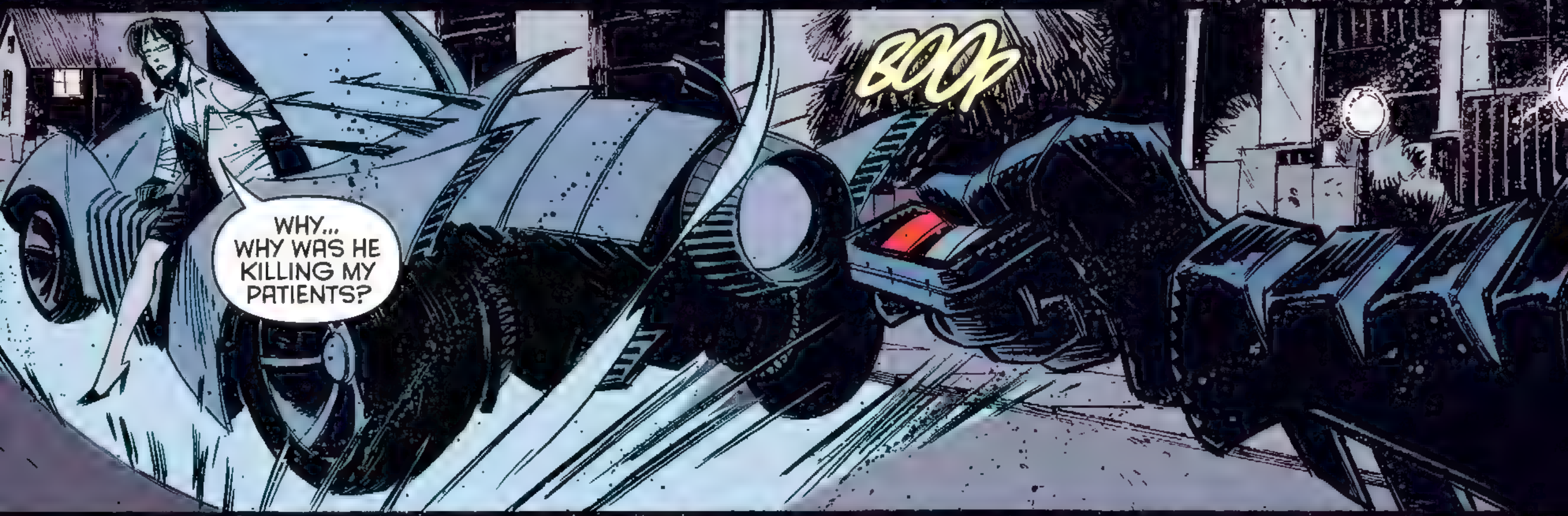
DIGITAL
MASK
OFF.

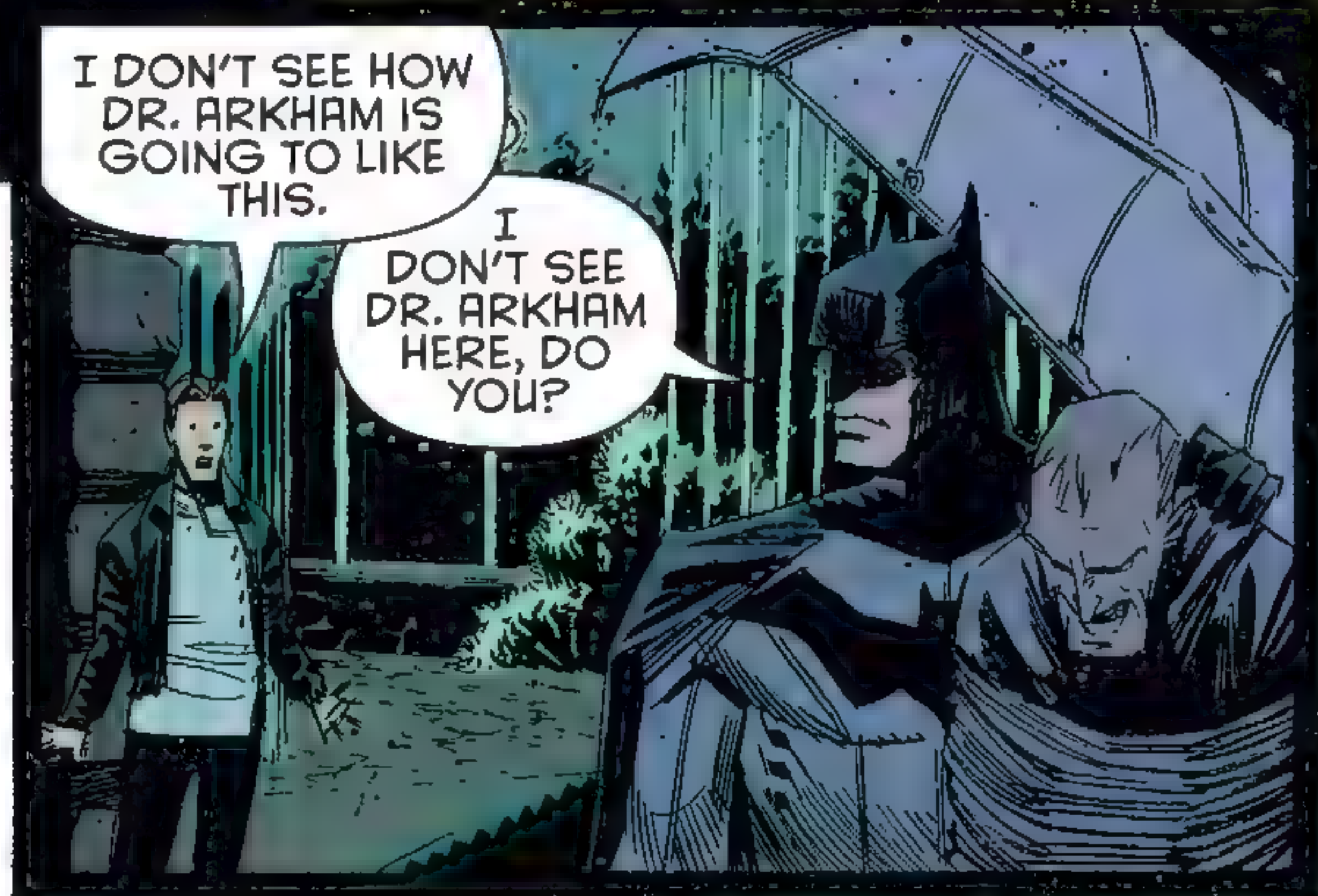
NO, IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

THEY'RE
NOBODY!
I'M NOBODY!
YOU DON'T
SEE US!

I SEE
EVERYONE.

STAY--STAY
AWAY FROM
ME!







YOU SURE
STICKING HIM
IN *THIS ROOM*
IS A GOOD
IDEA?

IT'S THE
JOKER'S
CELL.

I uh,
GUESS YOU
KNOW THAT
ALREADY.



WHAT?!



GET ME
OUT OF
HERE!

UNKNOWN SUBJECT

0801



YOUR VICTIMS HAD
NAMES. THEY WERE
HUMANS DESERVING
OF DIGNITY.

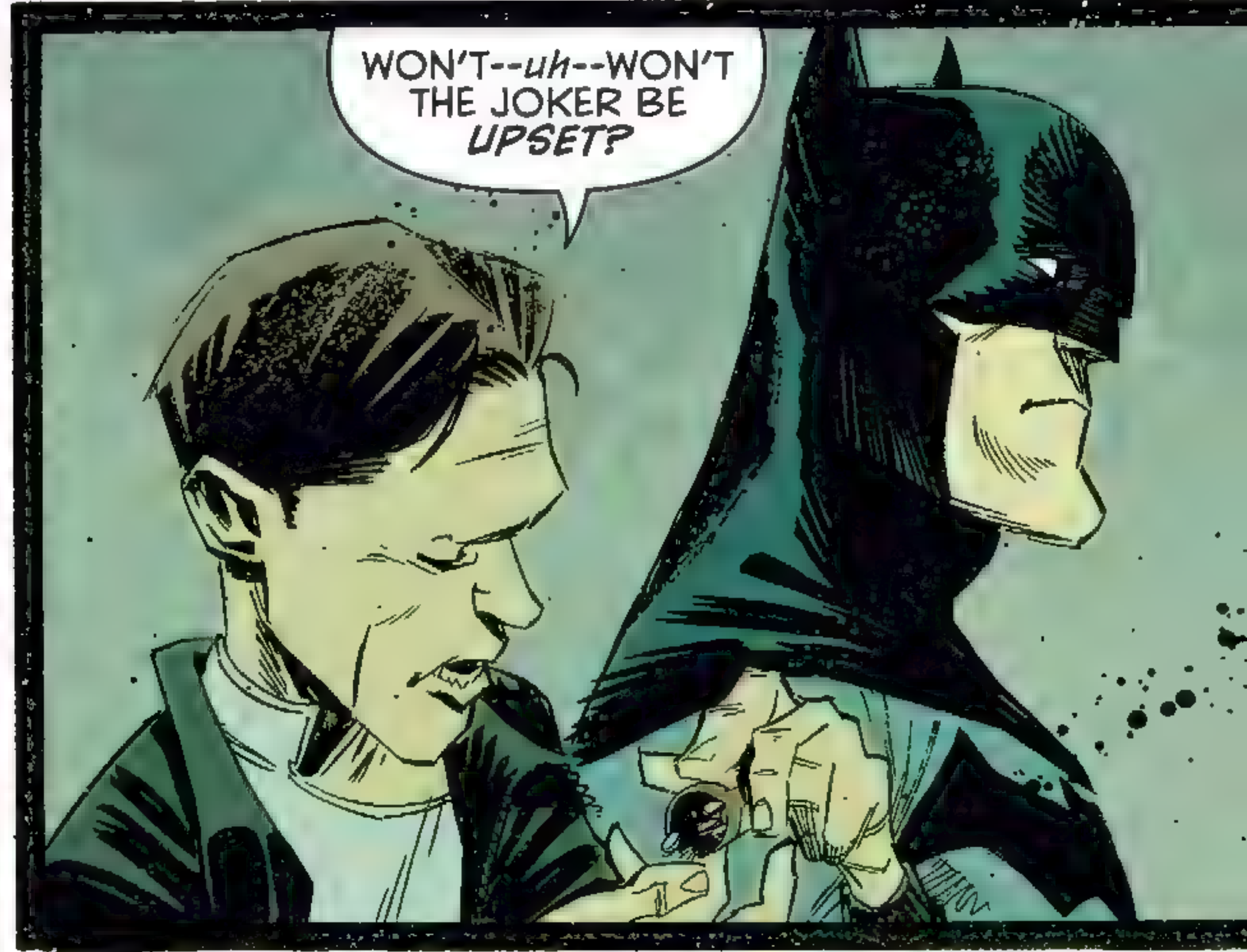
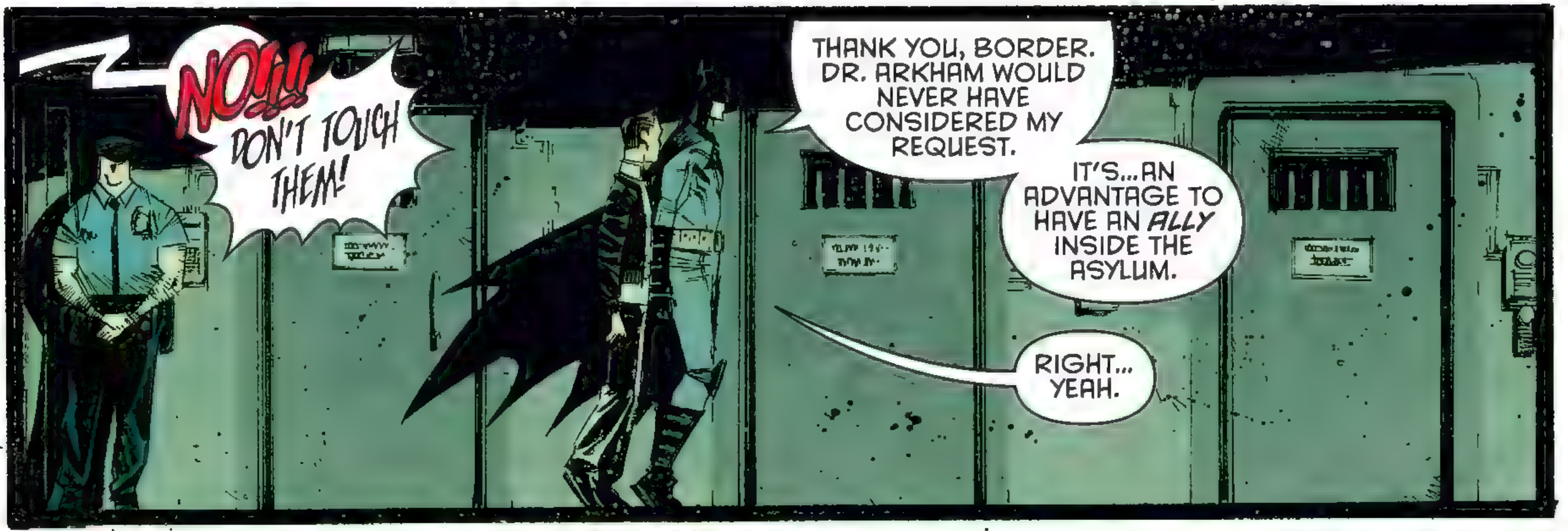
IN THE MORNING THE
PAPERS WILL WONDER...
WHAT IS SO *SPECIAL* ABOUT
THE *MANIAC* LOCKED IN THE
JOKER'S CELL? NO ONE'S
FORGETTING YOU THAT
QUICKLY.

LET ME OUT
OF HERE AND
I'LL TELL YOU
WHERE THEY
ARE!

ALREADY
IN THE
BARGAINING
PHASE, ARE YOU?

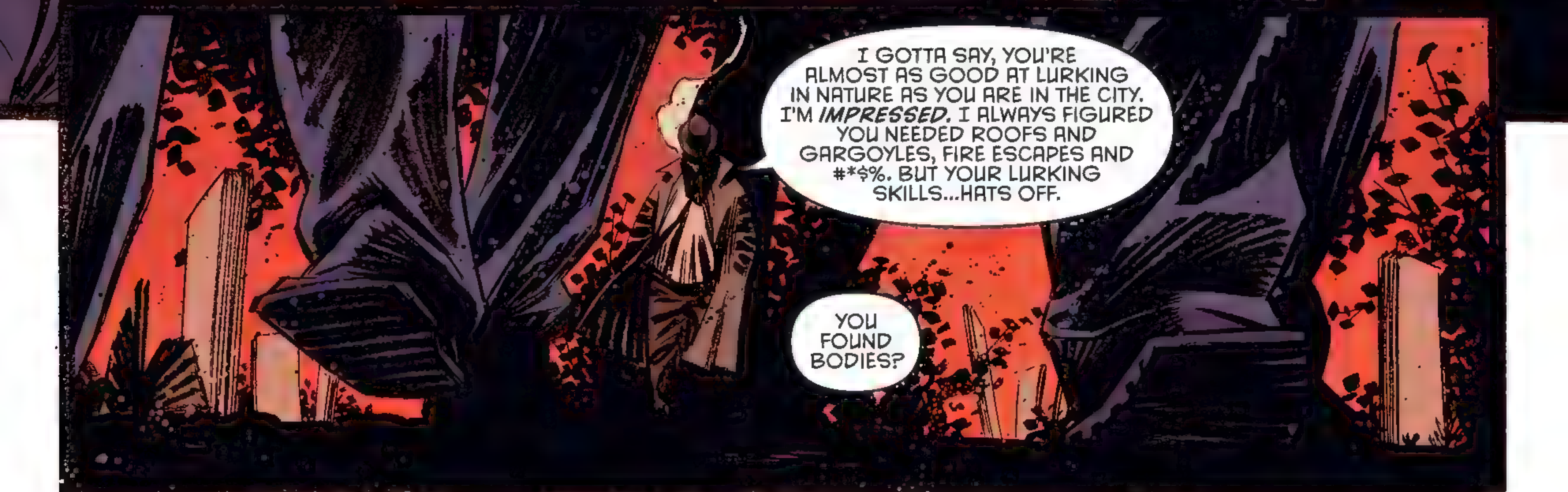


I'M HEADED
TO THE *POTTER'S*
FIELD... COURTESY
OF THE *MUD* ON
YOUR TRUCK.





OK,
EVERYBODY.
TAKE FIVE.



I GOTTA SAY, YOU'RE
ALMOST AS GOOD AT LURKING
IN NATURE AS YOU ARE IN THE CITY.
I'M *IMPRESSED*. I ALWAYS FIGURED
YOU NEEDED ROOFS AND
GARGOYLES, FIRE ESCAPES AND
#*%\$. BUT YOUR LURKING
SKILLS...HATS OFF.

YOU
FOUND
BODIES?



PLENTY, BUT IT'S HARD
TO TELL. SO MANY OF
THE GRAVES ARE
DOUBLED UP ANYWAY.
THEY'VE BEEN DOING IT
HERE FOR YEARS. WE
MAY NEVER KNOW HOW
MANY HE PUT DOWN
THERE, HOW MANY
ARE JUST...POTTING
CLAY.

AND THE
KILLER? I
COULDN'T FIND
ANYTHING ON
HIM.

NEITHER COULD WE. THE
SLOB THAT RUNS THIS
PLACE--OR RAN IT--HE
HIRED THE FREAK OFF THE
BOOKS A COUPLE
YEARS AGO.

YEARS.



LET'S GO, BATS.
THEY'RE GOING TO START
DIGGING THE PLACE ANY
MINUTE, LOOKING FOR THE
ONES HE BURIED.

YOU'RE TALKING
A HUNDRED YEARS OF
BODIES HEAPED ON
BODIES. PEOPLE NO ONE
CARED ENOUGH ABOUT TO
BOX RIGHT. ALL THOSE
UNEARTHED BONES
STINKING UP THE AIR...
COME ON.

...



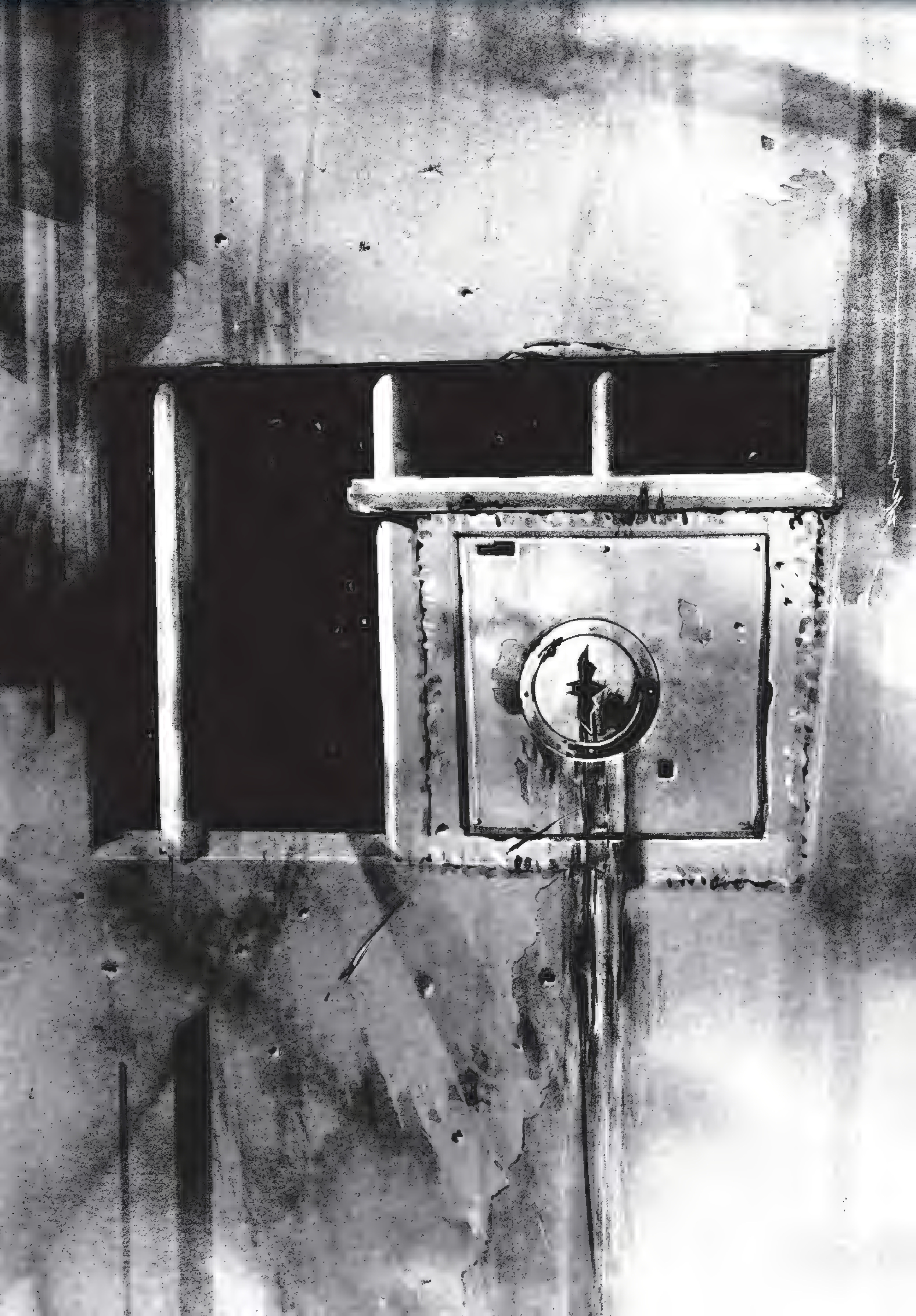
NO. I
NEED TO
SEE.

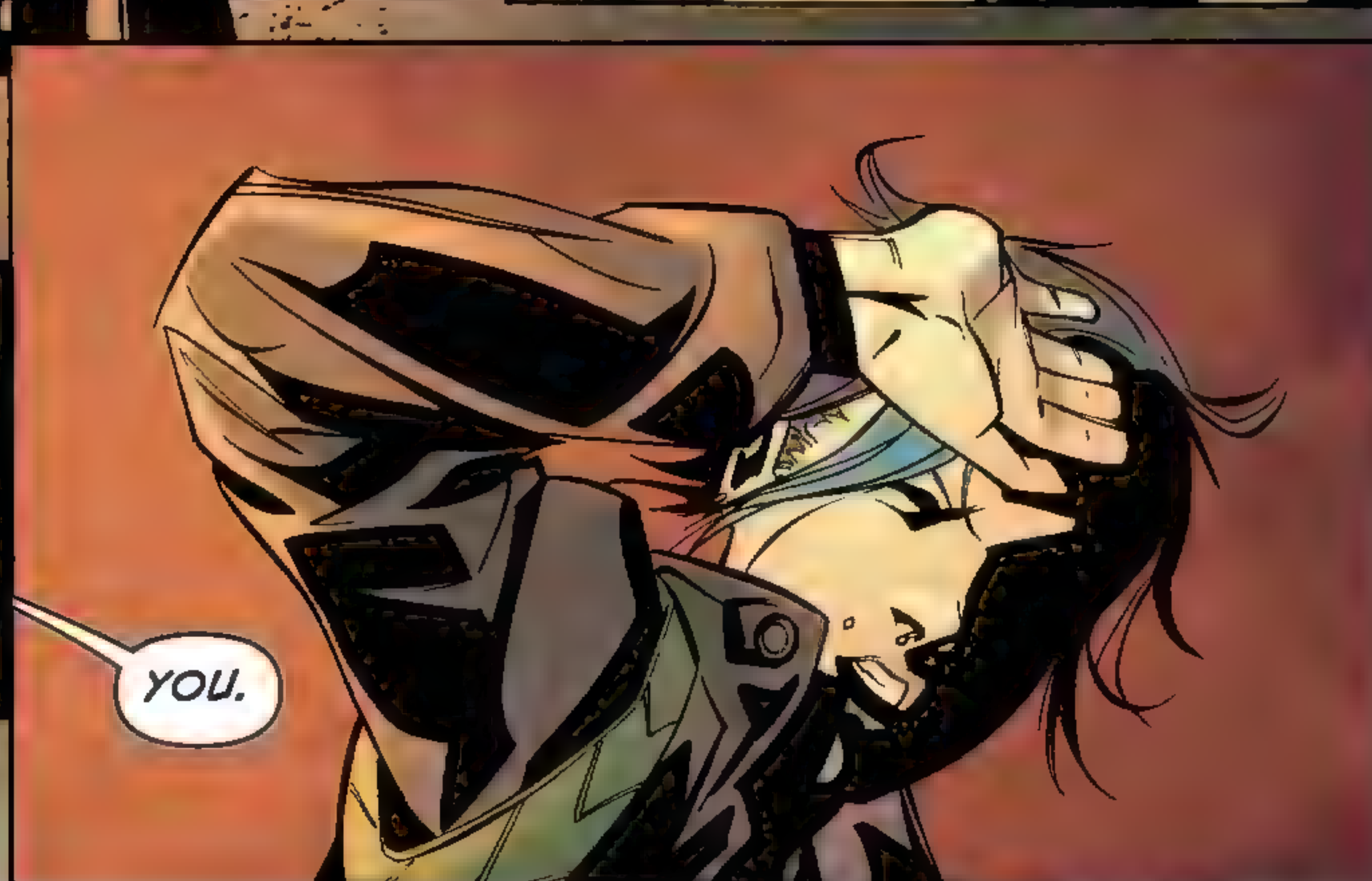
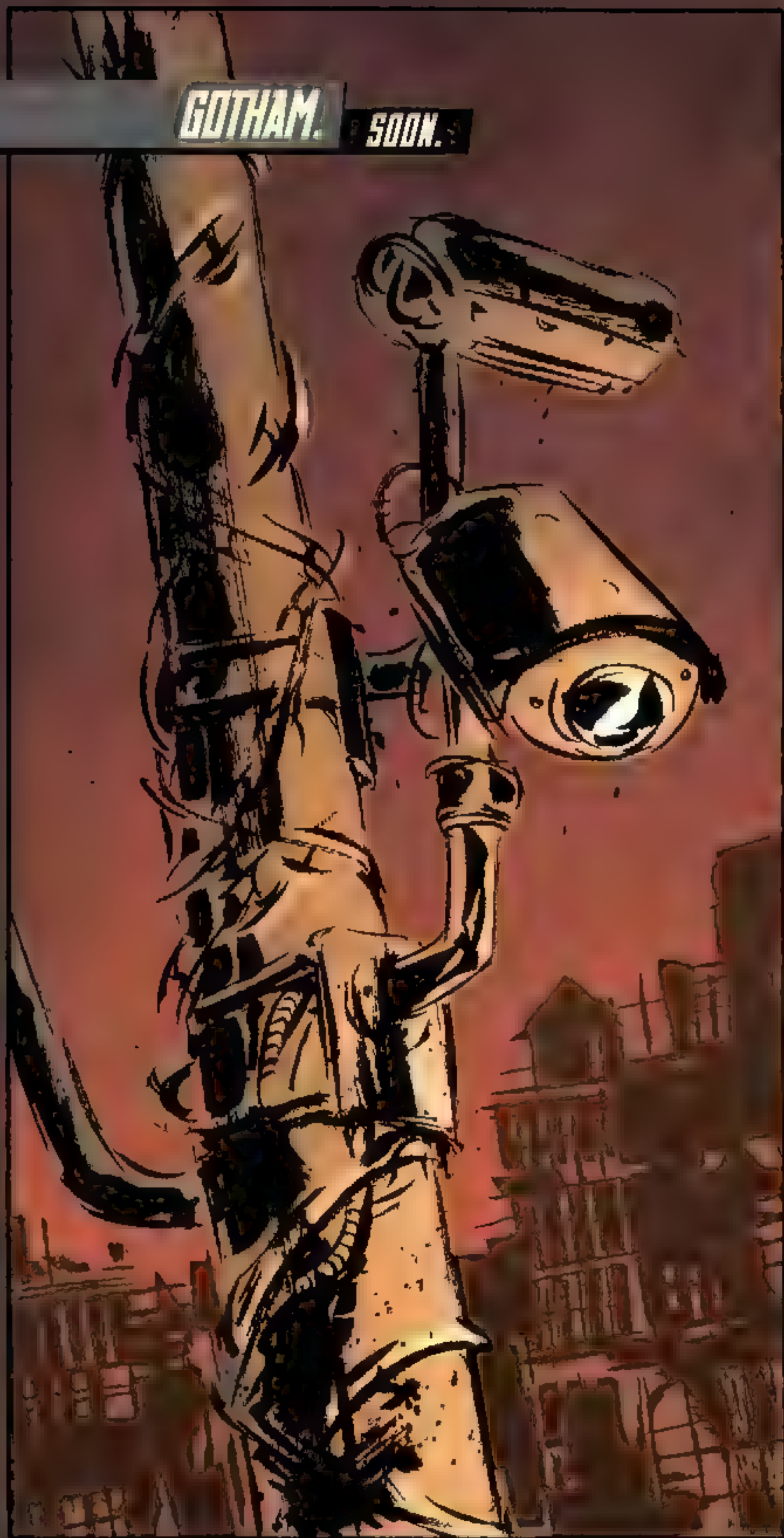
END



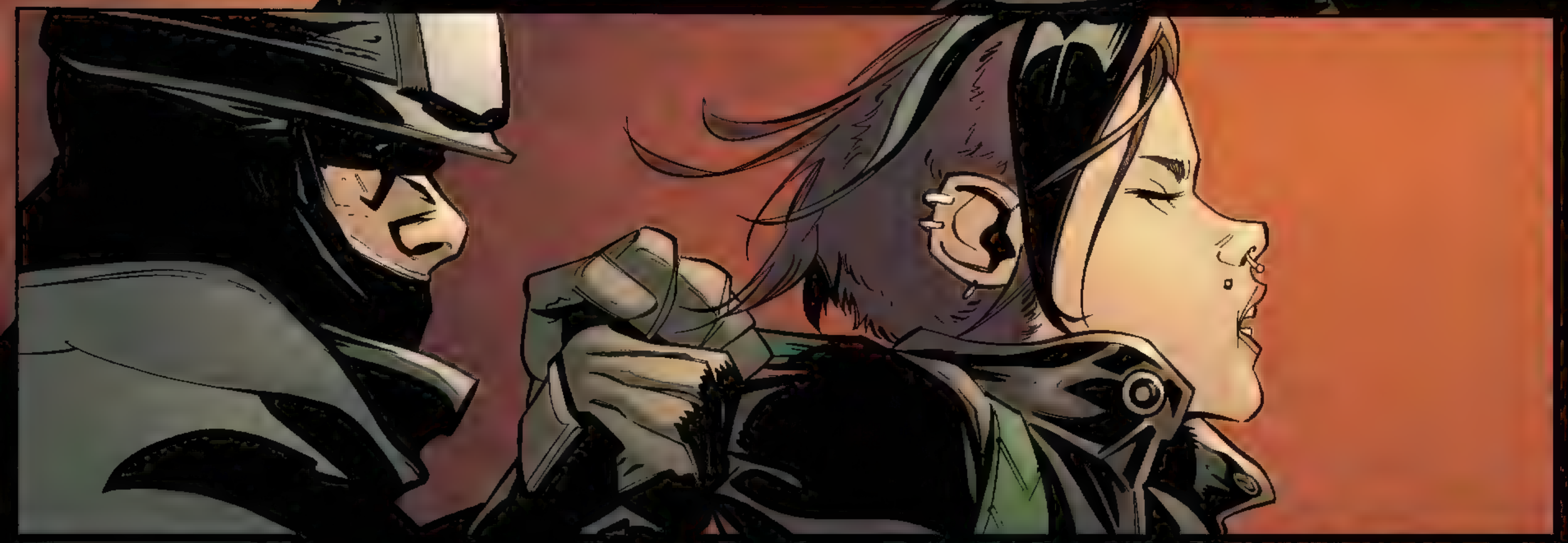
GOTHAM ETERNAL

SCOTT SNYDER JAMES TYNION IV writers DUSTIN NGUYEN penciller DEREK FRIDOLFS inker JOHN KALISZ colorist cover by DUSTIN NGUYEN









WHO IS SHE?

SOME GIRL... SHE SAID THE MAGIC WORDS.

WELL THEN, SHE'S OUR GUEST. WE SHOULD WELCOME HER.

DAMN...

WELCOME TO THE EGYPTIAN, YOUNG LADY.

THE ONLY NIGHTCLUB LEFT IN NEW GOTHAM.

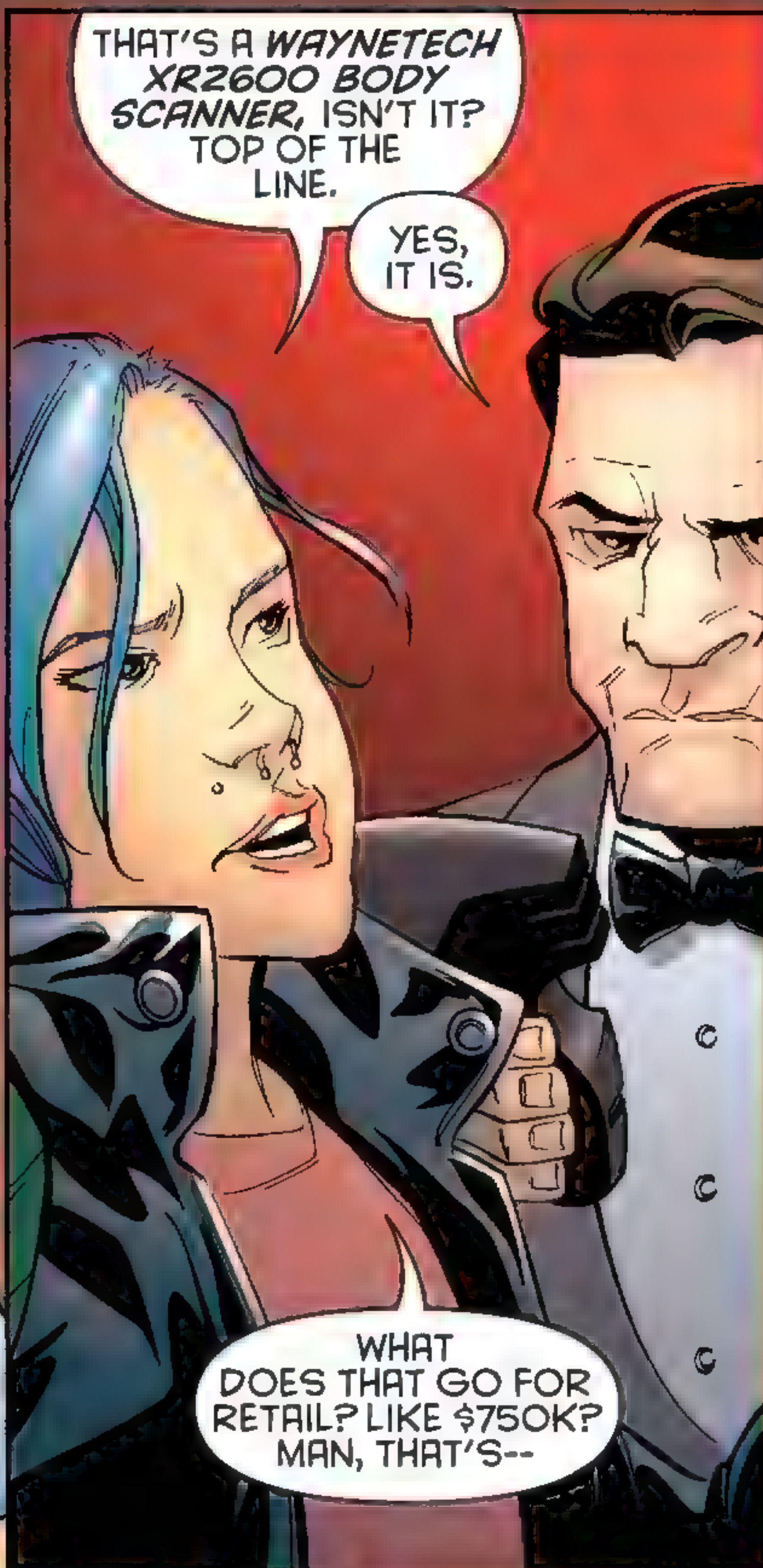
AS LONG AS THE CURRENT REGIME HOLDS UP, AT LEAST.





PRETTY CLEVER
USING THE
POLICE AS YOUR
OWN PRIVATE
CHAUFFEUR
SERVICE.

YES, THE BOSS
THOUGHT SO,
TOO. STAND
STILL.



THAT'S A *WAYNETECH*
XR2600 BODY
SCANNER, ISN'T IT?
TOP OF THE
LINE.

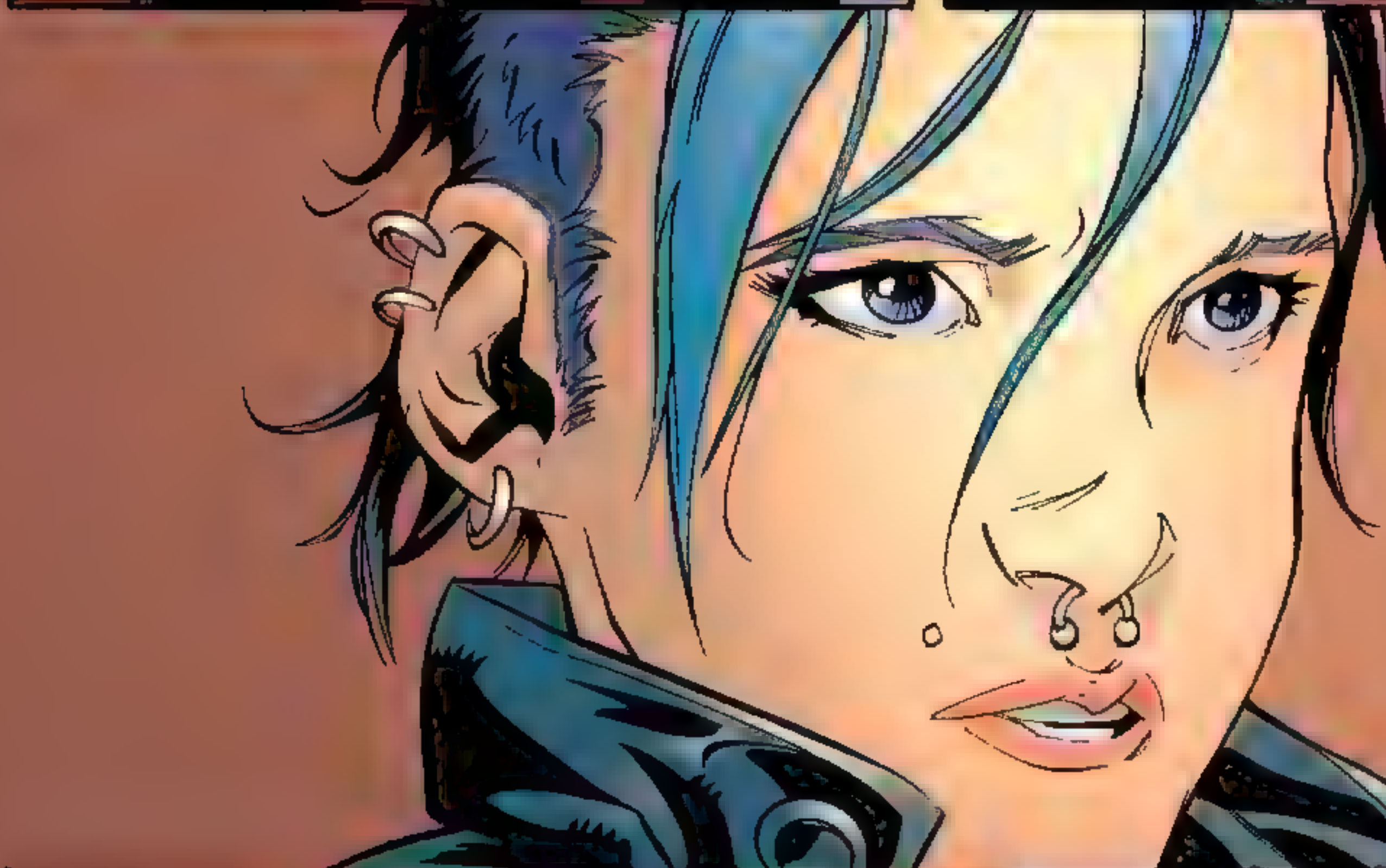
YES,
IT IS.

WHAT
DOES THAT GO FOR
RETAIL? LIKE \$750K?
MAN, THAT'S--



WHY ARE
YOU HERE,
YOUNG
LADY?

OKAY,
LOOK. I'M
SORRY. IT'S
JUST...I
DIDN'T KNOW
WHERE ELSE
TO GO, ALL
RIGHT?



IT'S...IT'S MY
BROTHER. HE'S
BEEN INFECTED
WITH IT...

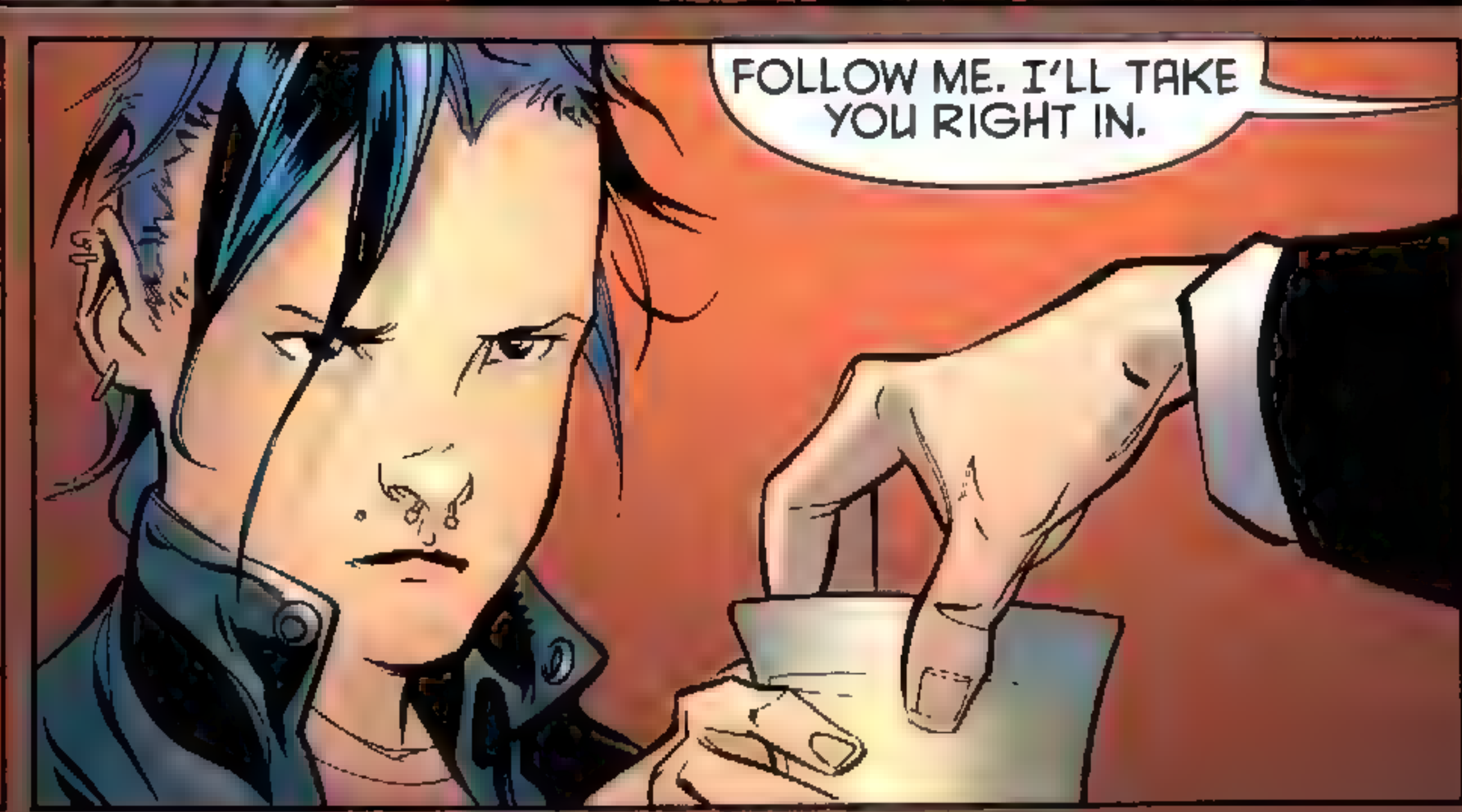
WE'RE IN THE
NARROWS. RIGHT
AT *GROUND*
ZERO.



IF HE'S INFECTED,
THERE'S NOT A LOT
WE CAN DO.

PEOPLE SAY
THE OWNER OF
THIS PLACE IS THE
NEW "*KINGPIN*" OF
GOTHAM OR SOME-
THING. THAT THEY
CAN *MAKE ANY-*
THING HAPPEN
FOR THE RIGHT
PRICE.

WELL, THAT'S
QUITE RIGHT,
QUITE RIGHT.

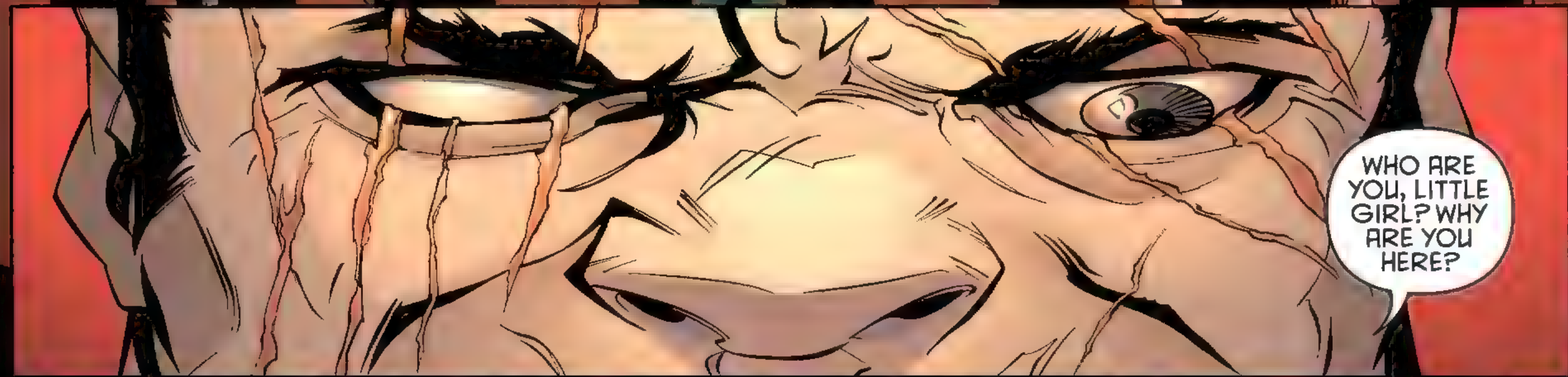


FOLLOW ME. I'LL TAKE
YOU RIGHT IN.



THE
PASSWORD
YOU GAVE THE
OFFICERS...IT'S
THREE DAYS
OUT OF
DATE.

AND YOUR
FACE DOESN'T
SHOW UP ON OUR
SCANNERS...
ACCORDING TO
GOTHAM RECORDS,
YOU **DON'T**
EXIST.



WHO ARE
YOU, LITTLE
GIRL? WHY
ARE YOU
HERE?

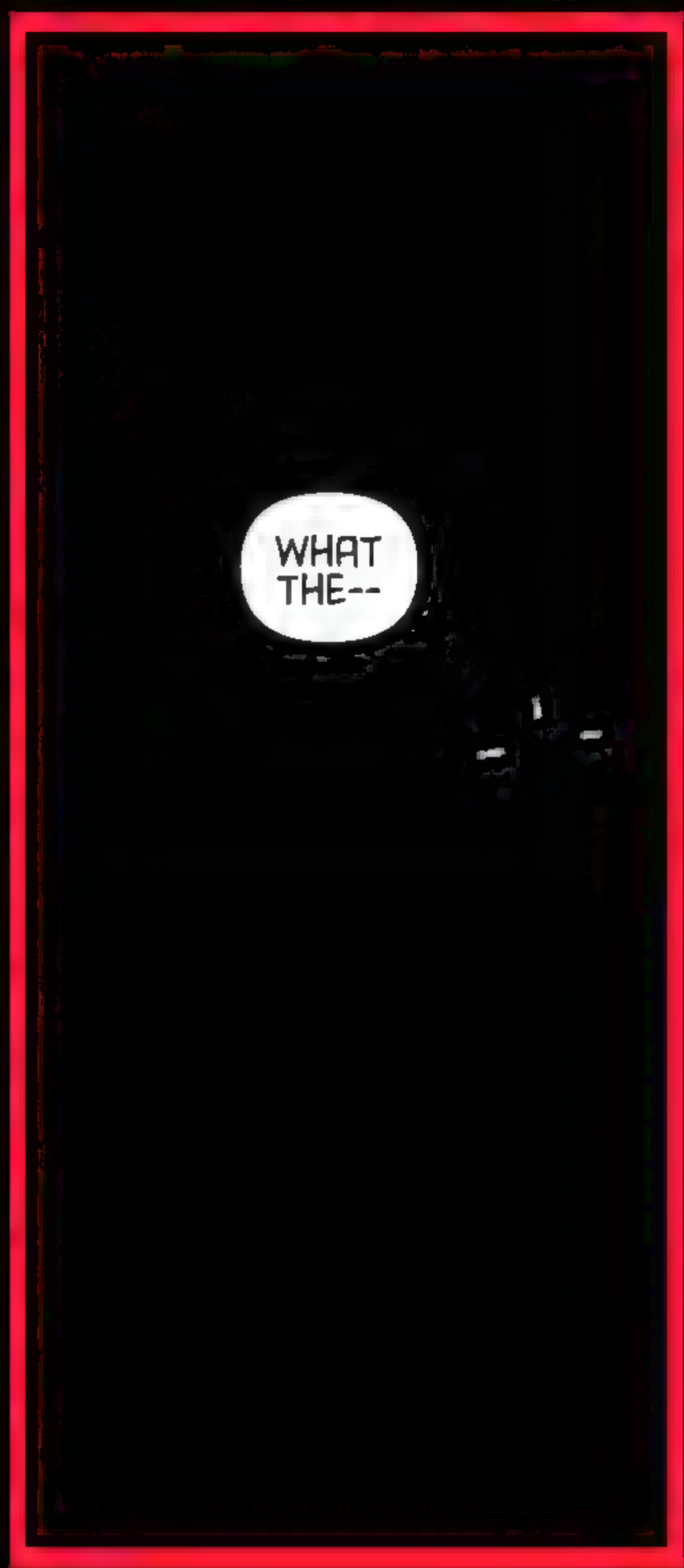


IT'S FUNNY
YOU SHOULD
ASK.



BECAUSE
ACTUALLY,
I'M HERE TO
HURT YOU.

CLIK



WHAT
THE--

WHO
TURNED OUT
THE LIGHTS?!

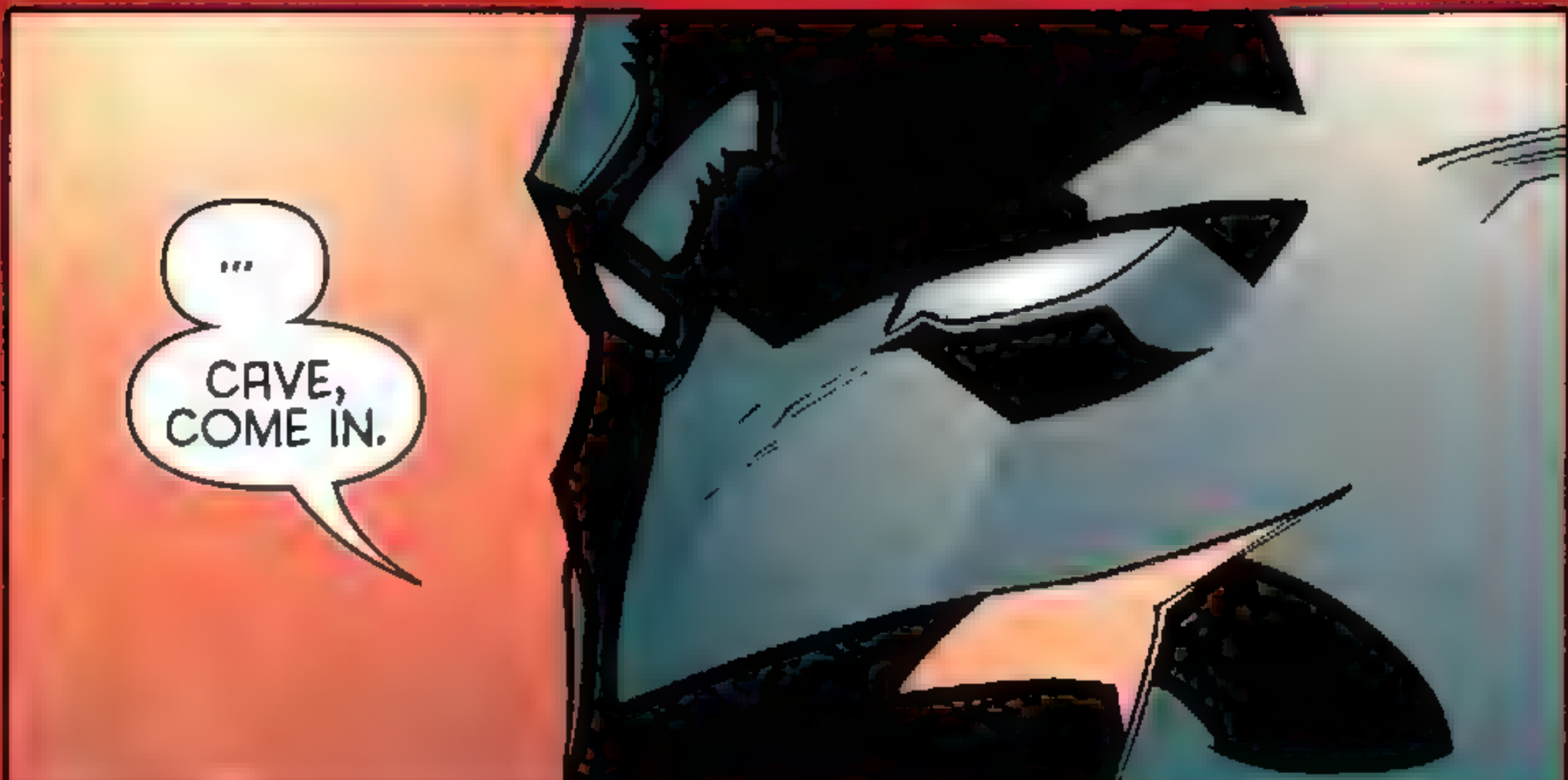


CLICK

THEIR
SCANNERS
COULDN'T DETECT IT...
BUT YOU **BROUGHT**
IT, DIDN'T YOU? EVEN
THOUGH I SPECIFI-
CALLY TOLD YOU
NOT TO.



OBVIOUSLY.



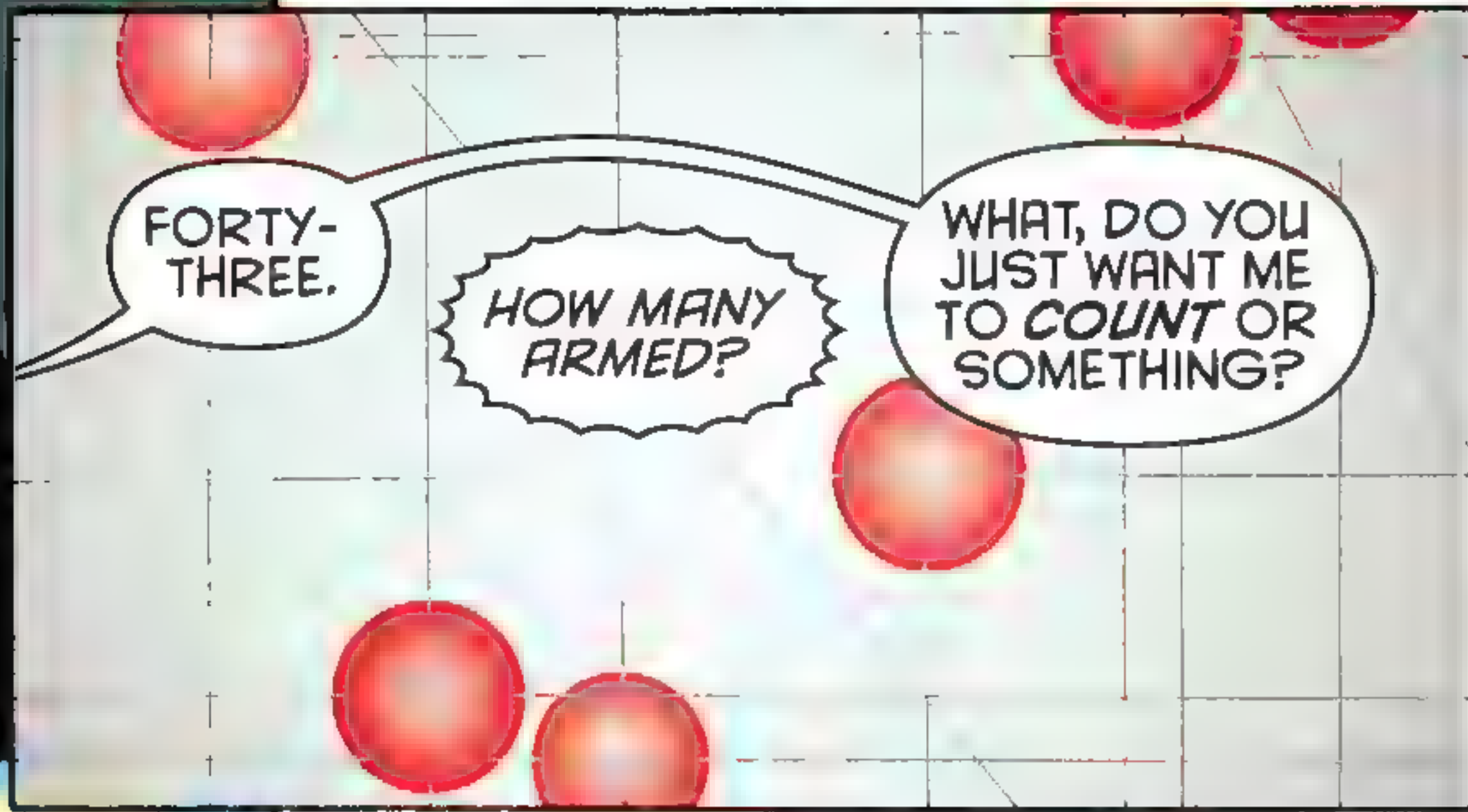
...
CAVE,
COME IN.



WHEN HARPER SHUT DOWN THE SYSTEM, WE GOT COMPLETE SCHEMATICS OF THE PLACE.

BAD NEWS-- THE ONLY WAY TO THE SAFE FROM YOUR CURRENT LOCATION IS THROUGH THE MAIN CASINO FLOOR.

HOW MANY PEOPLE ON THE FLOOR?



FORTY-THREE.

HOW MANY ARMED?

WHAT, DO YOU JUST WANT ME TO COUNT OR SOMETHING?



THERE'S A COMMAND SEQUENCE ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE--

GOT IT... GOT IT... SORRY. STILL NEW AT THIS.



SIXTEEN.

GOOD. STAY ON THE LINE.



GET DRESSED. WE HAVE MORE WORK TO DO.



GET EVERYONE
DOWN HERE, STAT! I
NEED ALL THE *GUNS*
WE'VE GOT!



DO YOU
KNOW WHO RUNS THIS
CLUB?! DO YOU KNOW
WHO YOU'RE FIGHTING
HERE?

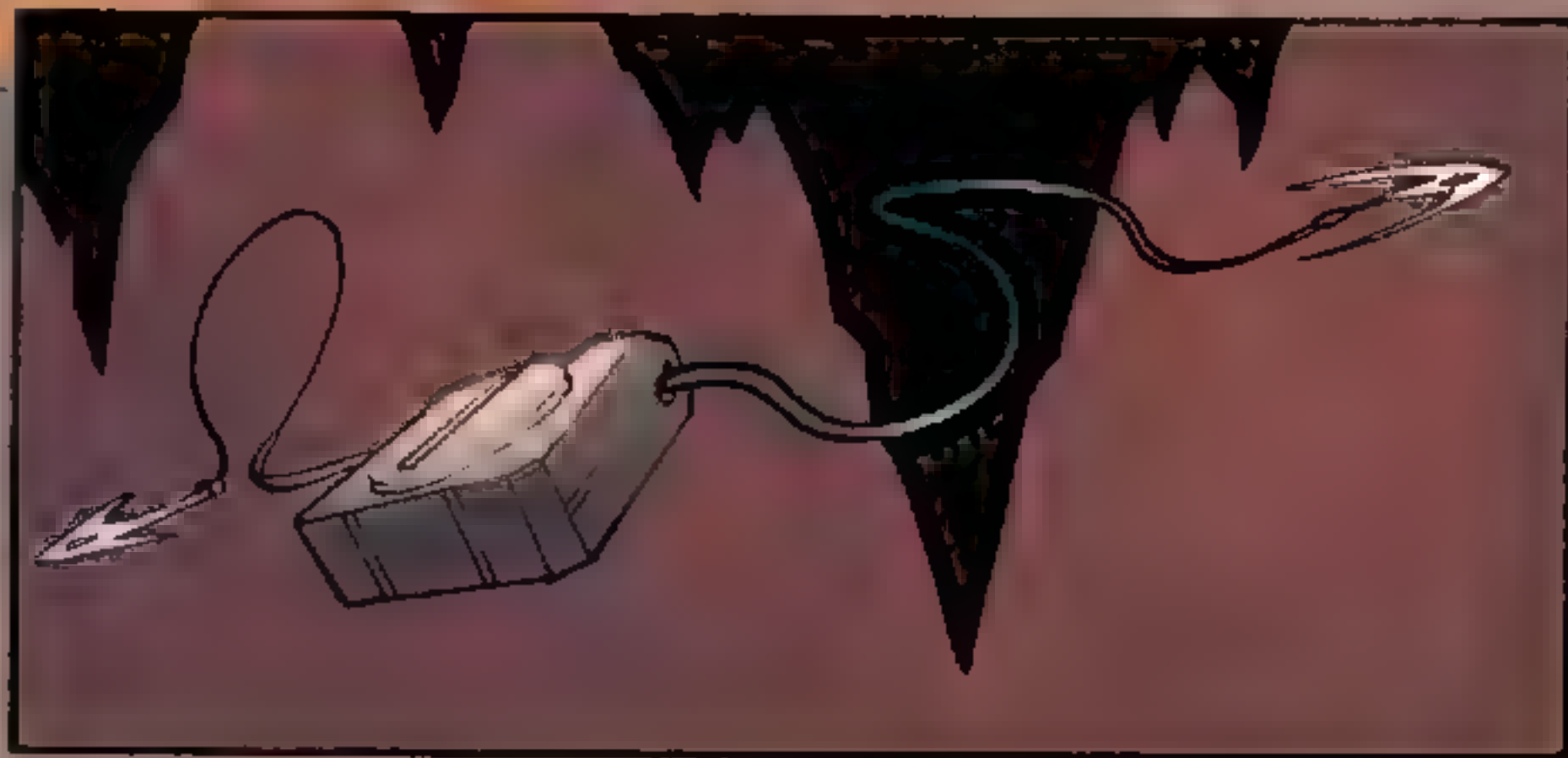
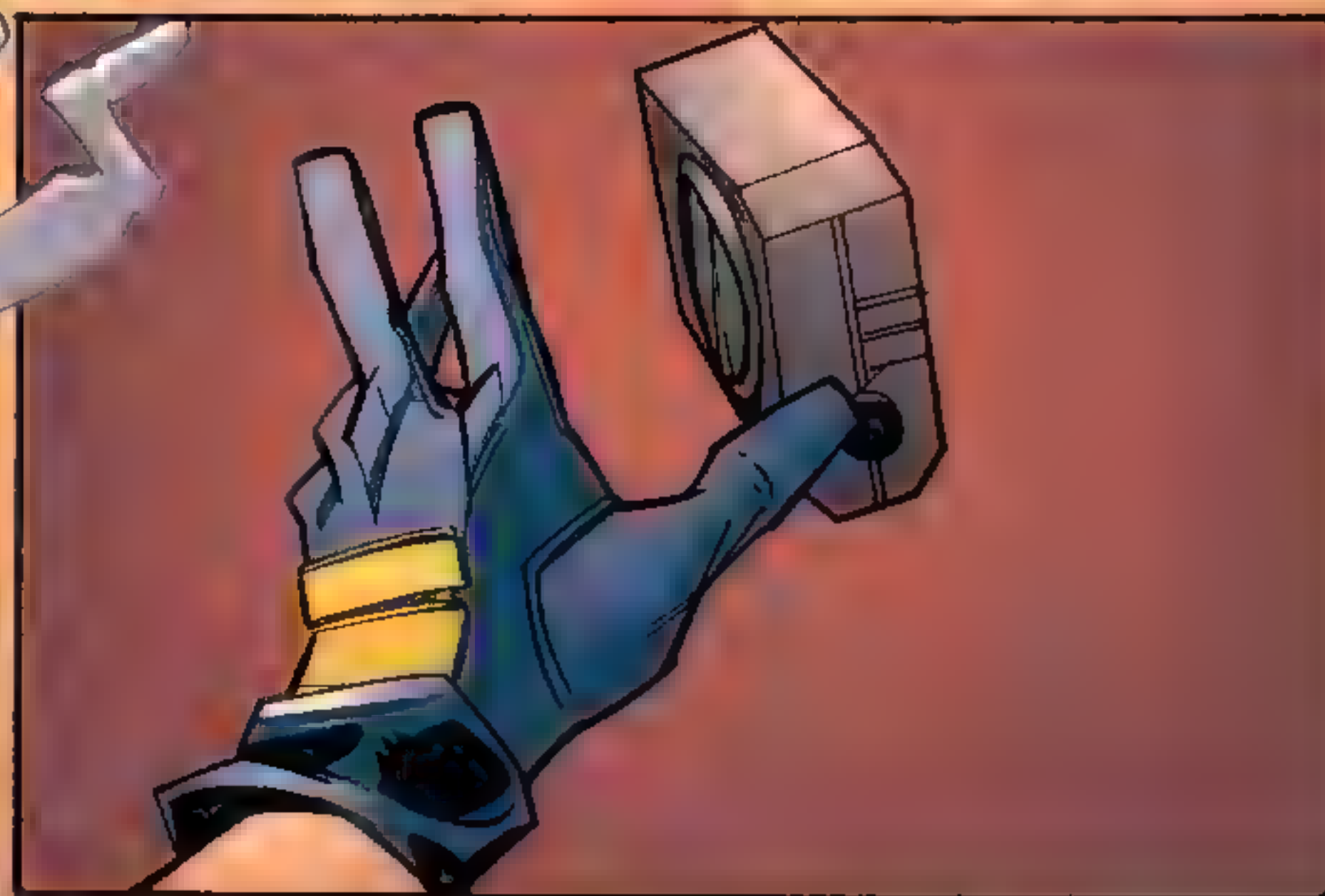
WHO
DO YOU
THINK YOU
ARE?!



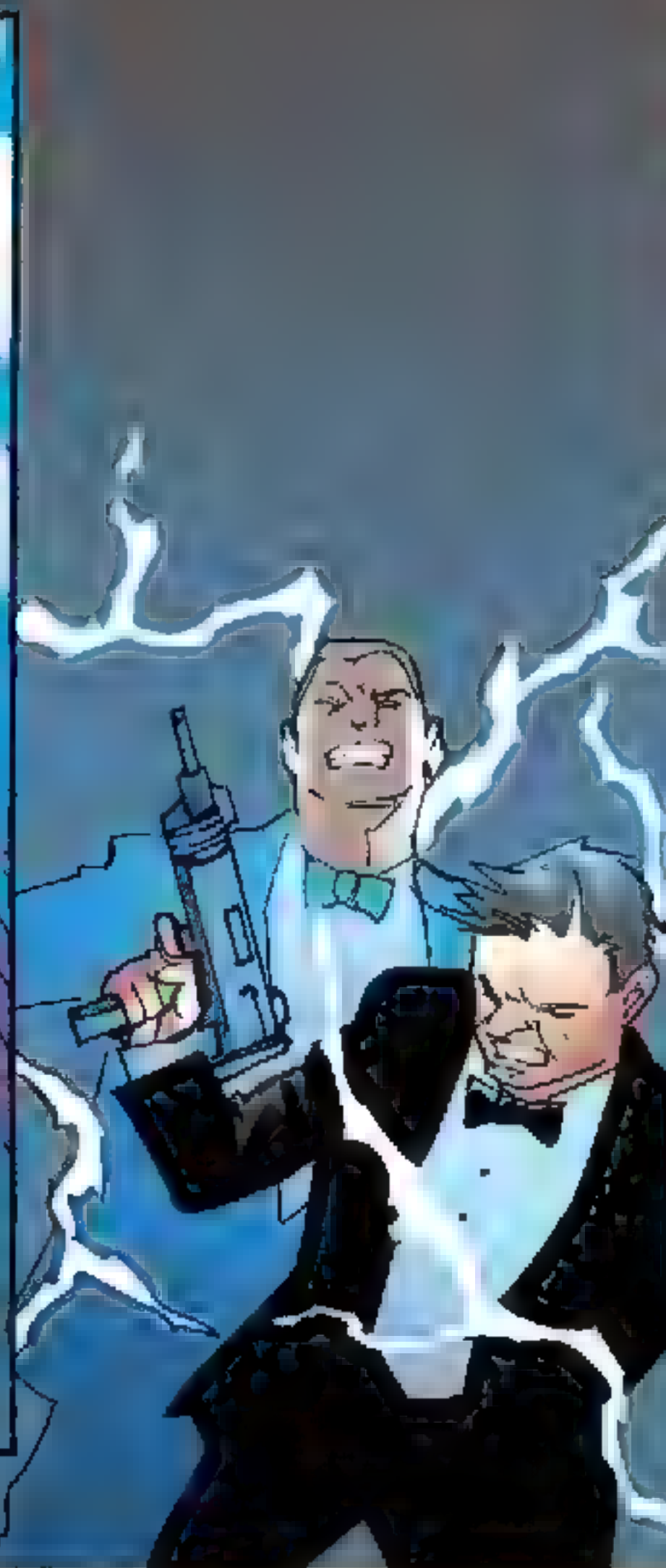
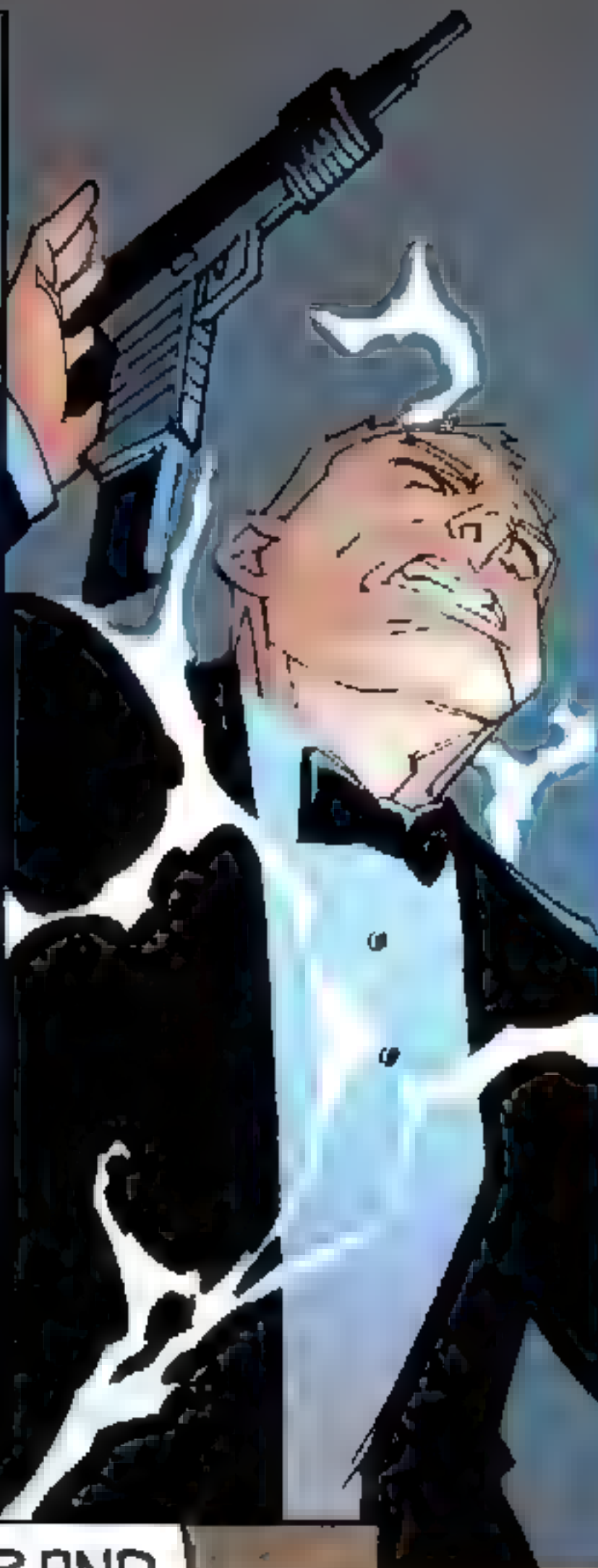
IT'S PRETTY
OBVIOUS, ISN'T
IT?



WE'RE
THE GOOD
GUYS.







SHOCK PELLETS? AND
HERE I THOUGHT
BATMAN *HATED*
GUNS.



I
DO.

SHE
DOESN'T.



ENOUGH.
YOU CAME HERE
LOOKING FOR
THE "KINGPIN
OF CRIME"...



WHOA.



...WELL
HERE I
AM.

STAND
DOWN,
BOYS. LET'S
HEAR WHAT
THE *BAT* HAS
TO SAY.



SELINA...



IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, BATMAN. YOU LOOK BETTER THAN I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED.



YOU'VE LOST SO MUCH ALREADY... THE POLICE...YOUR FRIENDS... THIS CITY...

AND THEN, THERE'S ME.

IT SEEMS YOU DIDN'T WASTE YOUR TIME TAKING CONTROL OF THE UNDERWORLD.



I SAVED THE UNDERWORLD FROM ITSELF. IT WORKS HOW IT'S SUPPOSED TO WORK.

NOBODY ELSE COULD DO IT. SO I DID IT. I TOOK IT.



AND THAT'S NOT ALL YOU TOOK...EVERYONE IN THE CITY IS HUNTING IT DOWN...THE KEY TO TAKING GOTHAM BACK.





MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY. SEE, BATMAN-- THERE'LL BE NO MORE MASKS, NO MORE INNUENDO. NO ROOF-TOP CHASES.

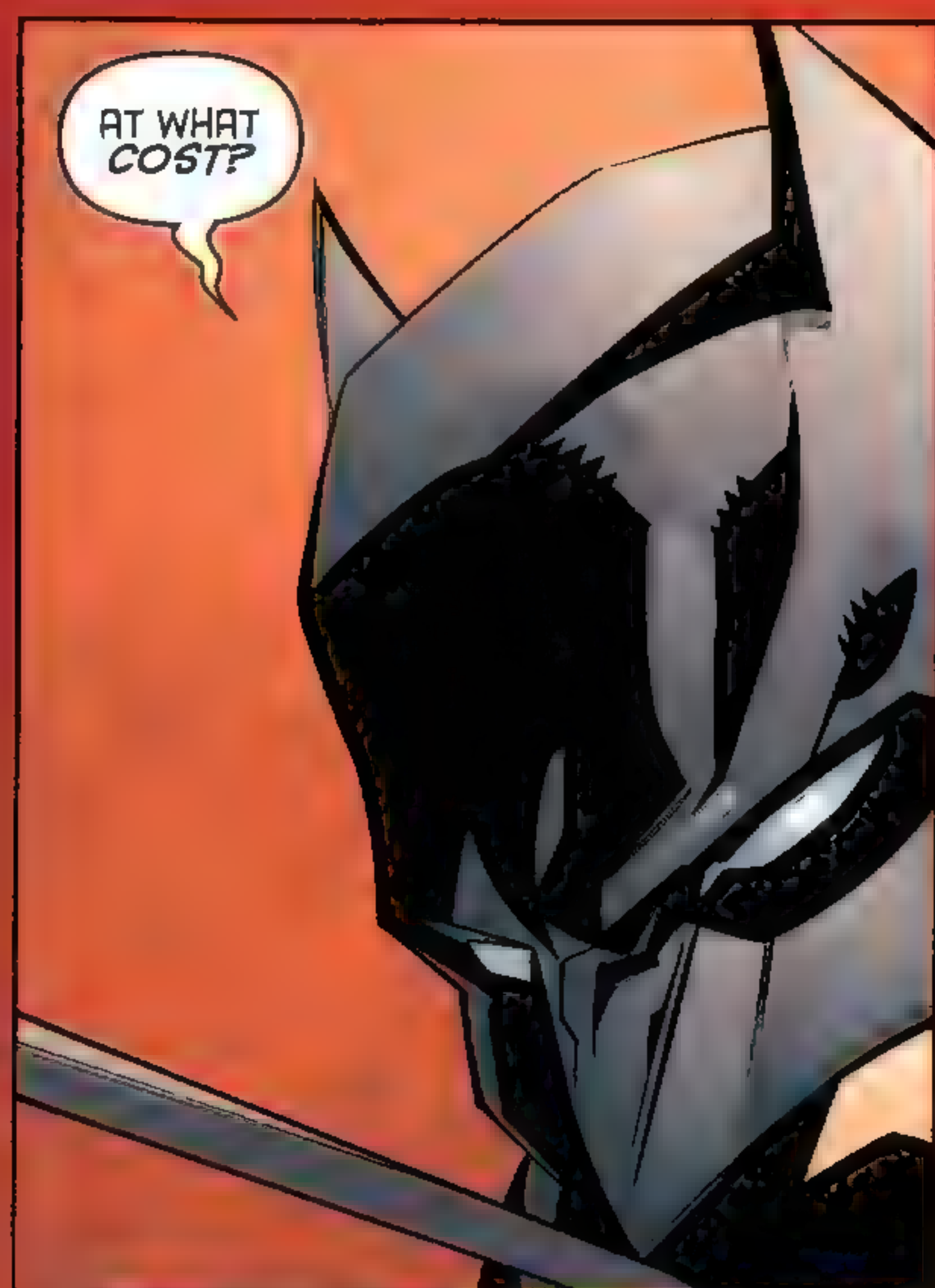
THAT CATWOMAN IS GONE

SHE DIED OUT THERE BECAUSE YOU LEFT HER TO DIE.



WHAT ~~→KOFF←~~ WHAT HAPPENED, SELINA, I DIDN'T MEAN--

ENOUGH. THIS IS WHERE WE ARE. THIS IS THE FUTURE. THE CITY BELONGS TO ME. EVERY BOSS, EVERY GRIFTER. THEY DO WHAT THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO NOW. WHAT I TELL THEM TO.



AT WHAT COST?



OH, AT *GREAT* COST, BUT I SWEAR TO YOU, BATMAN-- YOU SET FOOT IN THIS PLACE AGAIN, I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF.



YOU UNDERST--

VRRRRM



YEAH. I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR HISTORY.

BUT YOU'RE GOING TO DROP THAT WHIP OR I'M GOING FULL ON *SHOCK MODE* WITH THIS BAD-BOY.





I LIKE HER. SHE'S *FEISTY*.

I'LL SHOW YOU ALL KINDS OF *FEISTY*.

BLUEBIRD, STAND DOWN.



BLUEBIRD...HAS A NICE RING TO IT...I REMEMBER SEEING A BLUEBIRD JUST THE OTHER DAY.

ISIS DROPPED IT ON MY PILLOW AFTER SHE ATE ITS HEAD.



SELINA...YOU KNOW HOW BAD IT IS OUT THERE...YOU KNOW HOW MUCH WE NEED WHAT YOU HAVE IN HERE.

I'M ASKING YOU...PLEASE...



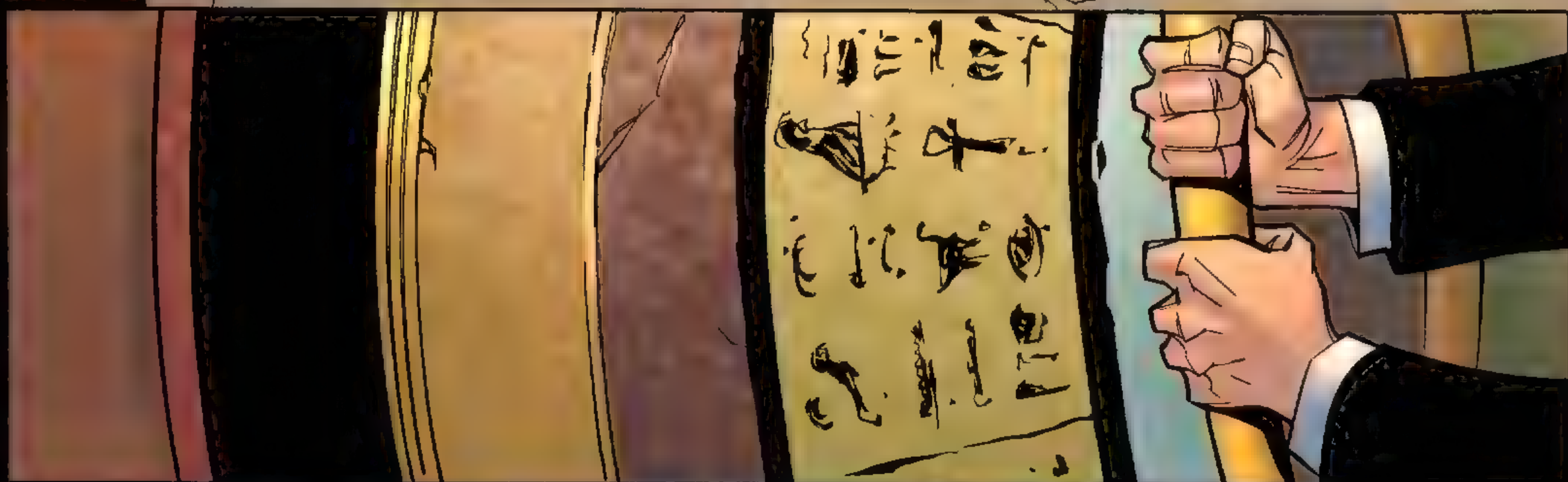
...PEOPLE ARE *DYING*.



LIKE I SAID...YOU ONLY HAD TO ASK.



OPEN THE
SAFE.



WHAT
THE--
IS THIS
SOME KIND
OF
JOKE?



NO...I'VE
ALREADY BEEN
QUESTIONING
HER FOR
HOURS.

SHE'S
THE *REAL*
DEAL.



HER NAME
IS STEPHANIE
BROWN...

SHE CALLS
HERSELF
SPOILER.

AND SHE'S
THE ONLY ONE
IN THIS CITY WHO
KNOWS HOW TO
STOP WHAT'S
COMING
NEXT.

THE STORY CONTINUES IN
BATMAN ETERNAL



Andy
KUBERT
BA





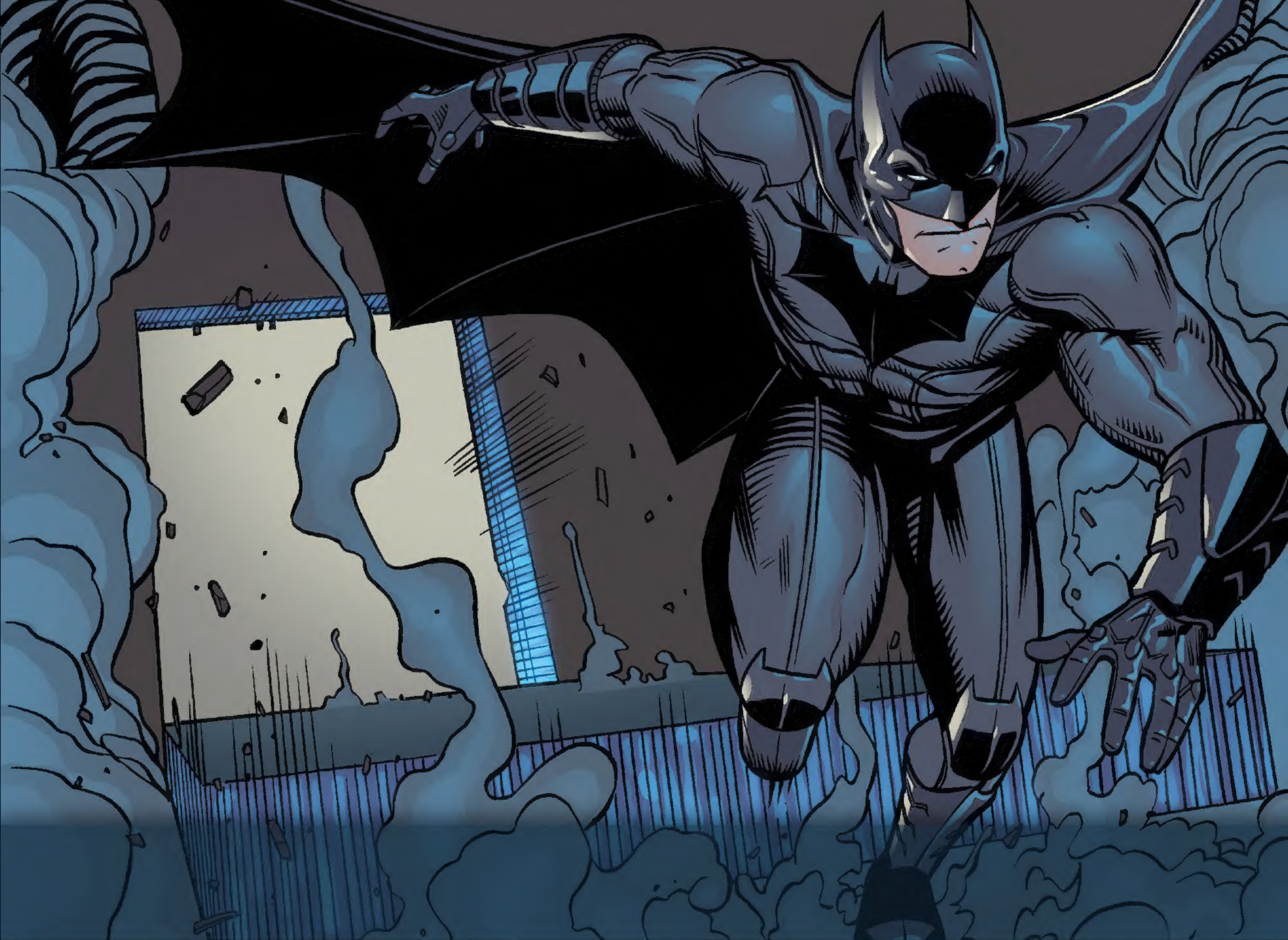
Capullo
13
400





BATMAN 28
Steampunk variant cover
by Howard Chaykin & Jesus Aburto





"Snyder might be the defining Batman writer of our generation." — COMPLEX MAGAZINE

"This is the Snyder and Capullo show. This is the work of two men at the top of their games. They have never been more confident in their storytelling." — NEW YORK POST

Scott Snyder and Greg Capullo's game-changing run on BATMAN set the comics world on fire with THE COURT OF OWLS, DEATH OF THE FAMILY and ZERO YEAR. Now collected for the first time, come the stories between the stories. In these standalone tales from the hit series, Batman grieves for a son, infiltrates Arkham Asylum and tracks a serial killer. Spanning from the Zero Year to the future of BATMAN ETERNAL, these stories expand and enrich the world of one of the most loved series in comics.

Joining SNYDER and CAPULLO is an all-star lineup of special guests including ANDY KUBERT, ALEX MALEEV, ANDY CLARKE, DUSTIN NGUYEN, WES CRAIG, MATTEO SCALERA, JAMES TYNION IV, and MARGUERITE BENNETT! This volume collects BATMAN #0, #18-20, #28, #34 and BATMAN ANNUAL #2.

